WITH OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

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A SECTION OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

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WITH OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

by

MRS. EMMA ANDERSON
AND OTHER MISSIONARIES IN THE FIELD

"Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim." Isaiah 49: 12.

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA
Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Portland, Ore.
Brookfield, Ill. Cristobal, Canal Zone

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Pacific Press Publishing Assn.
Mountain View, California

Preface

Since the days when those early apostolic heralds of the glad tidings brought home to the churches of Antioch and Jerusalem the reports of their conquests among the heathen, the mission story has never failed to enrich the spiritual life of the church, and to inspire God's children to respond to His call for workers.

Missionary information is necessary to missionary inspiration. Our young people, to whom the calls from the regions beyond come with special force today, need to lift up their eyes and look on the fields white already to harvest. They need to study the great mission fields of the world, and to know how God is using persons like themselves to bring the message of His grace into the lives of those who sit in darkness.

God has wonderfully blessed the heralds of the advent message in China since they entered that great country, only a few years ago. This book is not an attempt to tell the story of this work. It is merely a series of typical pen sketches, which will give the reader a concrete idea of our missionaries at work. We shall see their surroundings, understand their methods, appreciate their perils, and enter into their joy of seeing souls turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

This book was prepared especially for the Senior Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. The stories were solicited and edited by Mrs. I. H. Evans, who was office secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department, and who, with her husband, has since taken up mission work in the Far East. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Evans, and to our hard pressed

missionaries who have given us these stories out of real life.

I am sure I speak the sentiments of these workers when I say that all who have had any part in the preparation of this book will feel abundantly repaid if it shall inspire others to volunteer for service in this great needy field; for —

"A million a month in China
Are dying without God."

M. E. KERN.

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OUTLINE MAP OF CHINA, SHOWING ITS VARIOUS PROVINCES

Opening of the China Mission

Mrs. Emma Anderson

It is not my purpose here to outline a history of the beginnings of Seventh-day Adventist missions in China, but rather to narrate personal experiences in connection with the opening of this mission from the time of our leaving home, in December, 1901, till we were finally settled in China proper in April of 1903.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA OF MISSIONS

At this time, the world had suddenly aroused to a new interest in this vast and populous empire, which through ages of human history had lived largely to itself alone, separate from and quite independent of "the other half."

Nearly a hundred years had elapsed since Robert Morrison arrived in China. While the principal Christian denominations had formed missionary societies, and planted missions in various parts, still the work was going far too slowly to produce any definite impression on the life of the nation. Many times more people were born every day into heathen homes than even heard of the gospel in that same time. That is to say, heathenism was increasing many times faster than the gospel was spreading in China.

This was the condition in the autumn of 1899, when news of a strange disturbance in a secret order known as Boxers was flashed round the world. At first, the movement was directed toward unseating the foreign Manchu dynasty, then ruling China; but so skillfully did those in authority manage affairs, that in a few months it had developed into an organized movement

for the extermination of all foreigners on their sacred soil.

The aged and strong-minded empress, against whom the attempt was at first undoubtedly aimed, herself became an effective instrument in directing the murderous blow that fell with such deadly weight upon the missionaries,— men, women, and children alike. There was mourning in every Christian land, where were related the experiences of suffering and sacrifice endured by missionaries who had "loved not their lives unto the death." There was rejoicing, also, in every Christian heart that heard of the courage and loyalty of native Christians who chose to suffer torture and death rather than renounce allegiance to the true God and deny faith in His dear Son.

Once again the blood of martyrs became the seed of the church. Aroused by this terrible stroke fallen on their far too slender forces, missionary societies planned to increase greatly the number of their workers, and to provide at once better homes, schools, and other facilities for work. New treaty privileges were secured to the nations, by which missionaries were free to go everywhere preaching the Word. Thus the year *1900*, marked by persecution, bloodshed, and martyrdom, stands out, also, as the dawn of a new era of missions in China.

LEAVING HOME

It was in April of the following year that the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists passed a recommendation advising "that Jacob N. Anderson and wife, of Wisconsin, be invited to make China their field of labor."

At this time, my sister, Ida E. Thompson, was under appointment to Brazil, at the expense of the Wisconsin Conference. The appointment was afterward transferred to China, this conference still continuing her support.

On Christmas eve of 1901, the China group of three adults and our four-year-old son left our home *en route* by way of Chicago for San Francisco, from which port we were booked to sail by the steamship "America Maru" to Hongkong.

To the Mission Board, accustomed to dispatching workers to distant lands, this initial step to their entrance into a great empire of 400,000,000 souls was but a turn of the wheel of progress by which the third angel's message is to be carried to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. But to this detached group of prospective missionaries, it meant a complete revolution of life's plans, such as scarcely can be realized till it has been experienced.

Late in the afternoon of a dull December day, the overland train from Chicago stretched its length along the shore of San Francisco Bay. The dark gray of the sky overhead was reflected by the deeper gray of the waves rolling sullenly below. A heavy fog hung over the shore, rising like a vast, uncertain shadow before us. An awful sense of isolation and loneliness came over us, with the thought that from that day till seas shall be no more, thousands of miles of ocean depths like these would separate us from home and friends. Presently, however, our engine thrust itself into the shadow. The fog seemed lifting, and we were ushered into the life and stir of a busy city. Surely, we were not alone; with us was the promise, "Lo, I am

with you alway," and back of us was God's remnant church, pledged to sacrifice and to prayer till "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

ARRIVING IN HONGKONG

February 2, 1902, the "America Maru" dropped anchor in Hongkong harbor, not long before sunset over the hills of Tang. The ocean liner had scarcely swung taut on her cables when she was surrounded by a swarm of sailboats, house boats, sampans, and junks, seemingly come up out of the sea. Staterooms, saloon, and deck were well-nigh cleared of passengers when we finally lowered ourselves and our hand luggage into a boat, and were rowed ashore,— not into China, but to Hongkong, a small island belonging to Great Britain, lying just off the southeast coast of China.

No one met us at the jetty, either; and here, too, passengers and luggage had been cleared away, and things were growing quiet for the coming night, when half a dozen coolies drawing jinrikishas came rattling up. My husband drew out from an inside pocket the slip of cardboard he had cherished jealously the journey through, and read, "A. La Rue, 3, Arsenal St." The coolies shook their heads. The address was read again, slowly and distinctly.

"La Loo?" "La Loo?" the coolies queried blankly. Then the name of the street was repeated again and again.

"Ah! Hi!" came in response from a new arrival. Dashing into the crowd, he lowered his vehicle, loaded

A GLIMPSE OF HONGKONG AND ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR

in the small passenger, and began stowing hand baggage about the child.

"*Hi! Kwan Chong Kai!*" the coolie asserted.

"*Kwan Chong Kai!*" echoed a dozen voices, and as many coolies made a dash for a passenger or a piece of luggage.

Mr. Anderson was not so sure. To our ears, there was not the least resemblance in these words to the address we were looking for. So we managed to keep to our feet, and resolutely held on to our baggage.

Just then a British seaman came up. Yes, the coolies were right. He knew the place, and would himself take the lead to show the way. "All the chaps know Daddy La Rue," he explained. In about twenty minutes, our train of five one-man-power vehicles halted before a row of three-story buildings.

"Right away up these stairs, first floor,[1] door at your left," directed our guide. The glimmer of a small wall lamp revealed the location of the door, a stranger to lock and key. It yielded to light pressure, and we found ourselves inside a large, meagerly furnished room. Opposite the door, a low fire smoldered in the red brick fireplace. The light of an oil lamp on the table left deep shadows in the far corners, and the apparent size of the room was further increased by the blue-tinted, bare walls. Plenty of chairs were set about in convenient places, and several stood around the table, where books, papers, and leaflets were laid out invitingly. Straight-backed chairs and armchairs they were, all of them. There was not a rocking-chair in sight.

[1] In the East, stories are designated as ground floor, first floor, second floor, etc.

A JINRIKISHA AND ITS MOTOR

However, closer observation led to the conjecture that guests might be expected; for toward the other end of the flat, a small inclosure had been set up. The low walls, constructed of Japanese screens, were just taller than a woman's head. Not altogether new, but still rich in design and beautiful in color, were these walls that shut in the little bedroom. Inside were two small beds, covered head and foot with new white counterpanes. A bit of carpet lay between. Two chairs, and a washstand with utensils, completed the preparations.

Beyond the bedroom, at the extreme rear of the flat, was a tiny dining section, with barely room to admit of guests passing one at a time to seats around the small table. Beyond the main building, across an open court, was the cookhouse.

"Where does the smoke go?" we inquired later, on being initiated into the use of the queer little native stoves arranged on a tile bench like so many crocks in a row.

"Oh, never mind the smoke!" our host replied jovially. "It goes up this big flue when the wind is right, or any place it wants to when the wind is wrong. You will get used to that."

There was ample time for these observations, directed by our seaman guide, as we waited the homecoming of our host. In the meantime, other callers came in, pushing open the door as we had done — a scarlet-coated marine, a bluejacket, several stokers, and one or two royal engineers, distinguished by gold-plated buttons. These were some of the "chaps" from the steamship "Terrible," come ashore to meet the new American missionaries.

Nearly an hour had elapsed when the hall door opened again. "Well, boys, for some reason, they haven't come." The speaker pushed back a khaki topee, and wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Haven't come? Come in, and see if they haven't come!" returned the boys. As he entered, the light fell full on the flushed face of Abram La Rue. I shall never forget the doughty pioneer as I saw him that night. He was rather below the average height of five feet and eight inches, his well-knit figure stooped with the weight of its almost fourscore years. The kindly eyes were gray-blue; the firm, thin lips, clean shaven above, the chin and well-set jaw covered by a shorn gray beard. The thin white hair, brushed back from the temples and the full forehead, revealed the outlines of a face marked by trials and disappointments, with lines of gentleness and patience. The warmth of his handclasp, and the genuine cordiality of his welcome and hospitality, made us his friends from the beginning.

With permission from the Mission Board to select a field anywhere in the Pacific Ocean, Mr. La Rue arrived in Hongkong in 1888. "I just kept within the limits of my commission when I came here," he used to say mischievously.[1] His keen "eye to business" had not failed to appreciate the excellence of this location, on the crossroads of travel in the Far East, as the base for the work he had planned to do. Elder Haskell, on his trip around the world, met this pioneer missionary here in Hongkong, and renewed an acquaintance begun in California. At that time, 1899, Mr. La Rue

[1] At the entrance to its harbor, the island of Hongkong is less than a mile from the mainland of China.

had as companion Mr. Olsen, first officer on the boat by which he had traveled to China, who had been converted on the voyage. At the time of our arrival, our aged brother had lived in Hongkong for thirteen years, doing colporteur work, and keeping open house to "the boys" on shore. He made trips to Shanghai and Japan, and south to Singapore, Borneo, Java, and Ceylon, selling books on board vessels, and in harbors and ports where the steamer chanced to call. His simple faith and earnest missionary zeal won for him many friends among the seafaring men, who sometimes gave him free passage on their boats. Once he traveled as far as Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Hundreds of books bearing the third angel's message were thus scattered in various parts of the world.

Six weeks after our arrival, Brother La Rue was taken seriously ill of pneumonia. Only a strong constitution, preserved by strictly temperate habits, made recovery possible. He had an ardent desire to live till Jesus should come; but at the return of the season the following year, he suffered another attack of pneumonia with grave complications. All that skilled advice and loving care could do availed nothing. The vital forces were spent.

"When I am done, I want every cent to have been invested in this cause," he used to say. As the end drew near, he made a formal gift to the China Mission of the savings of his lifetime. This accomplished, he fell asleep almost as one in slumber, April 26, 1903.

OUR FIRST YEAR

To us who had come out full of enthusiasm for the new undertaking, this first year seemed, at the time, to accomplish little. One of the first and most difficult

lessons for the new missionary to learn is that the East has a pace all its own, and cannot be jogged into the Western trot by any amount of fussing.

Following Brother La Rue's recovery from the first illness, we set about fitting up a home for ourselves, where we could have a few hours of quiet each day for the study of the language. The rainy season was short that year, and the hot season came on earlier and hotter than usual. The atmosphere was oppressive, with a moist heat that gives the effect of a prolonged Turkish bath. Bubonic plague became almost a scourge, and cholera carried away more victims than for many years. In August, dengue fever became epidemic in the colony. All four of us were down at one time, with only a young Chinese boy for help. Miss Thompson had been under the care of a physician since the beginning of the hot season, as a result of extreme seasickness on the voyage.

We thought to better our condition by moving a little farther back from the sea, to a more elevated location. Here a new enemy awaited us. In the perennial leafy branches of a giant ban tree at the front of the house, and hiding in the underbrush on the mountain at the rear, were swarms of mosquitoes. Before danger was suspected, all the family but one had been inoculated with germs of malaria. As new missionaries came out, they were warned against taking any chances with the insidious mosquito; but in spite of all precautions, a large proportion of missionaries in China have suffered more or less from this nagging disease.

Later we realized more of the real value of this first year's experience in Hongkong. Six men from the

steamship "Terrible," who had been studying with Brother La Rue, were baptized soon after our arrival. Others became interested; and in the course of that year, five or six more were baptized.

International Film

"GOOD MORNING"

Two facts in particular had influenced our Mission Board to send its first installment of workers to Hongkong. First, Brother La Rue was there. It would have pained that loyal heart had he been asked to return home; but it was certain that in the event of a crisis such as might be expected at his advanced age, he ought not to be left dependent on the care of strangers. Second, the political condition of China was still unsettled. Hongkong being a British colony and well garrisoned, there was little likelihood that the Boxer movement would extend to the island in case of another uprising. Furthermore, many well established missionary societies had headquarters in Hongkong, and it was thought to be a favorable location from which to study the problem of carrying the third angel's message into all China.

STUDYING THE FIELD

From Hongkong, Mr. Anderson made a number of trips into the interior of the southern provinces,—to Canton and its neighboring cities and villages, through Kwangtung to the borders of Kwangsi.

I distinctly remember my first visit, in company with my husband, to an active mission station in the interior. The mission was at Shiu Hing, on the West River, at the western border of the province of Kwangtung. That city was a leading center for the manufacture and export of floor mattings. Formerly it was the capital of this province. In that time, some three hundred years before our visit, the Jesuit Recci, with his companions, had appeared before the gates, and asked permission to take up his abode there. These Jesuits professed to have become so attached to China and its people that their one desire was to be

allowed to build a little home in the city, where they might live and die in this chosen land. Of course, later operations revealed quite another purpose in their coming.

The missionary in charge was a young woman, daughter of a missionary in Canton, who had invited us to visit her station. Our steamer was late, and the city was shrouded in darkness when we arrived. But the small native boats came out as usual. One boat was distinguished by a brighter light than the others. As it drew near, we saw a man standing on its deck with a lantern in his hand. Our quartermaster hailed him, and a flow of words passed between them.

"They have come for you," the captain informed us. "That man with a foreign lantern is from the mission. He says he has been waiting for you here the past four hours."

We followed the lighted lantern through unevenly paved streets. Here and there was a lighted gambling house or opium den; otherwise the streets were dark as midnight. There was little danger we should become separated from one another — the streets were too narrow for that. We reached the mission house about ten o'clock, and were cordially received by our hostess and her Chinese helpers, who had tea prepared for us.

Next morning, we observed that we had occupied the bedroom of our hostess, it being the only one in the house. We noticed, also, that the house terminated abruptly in a flat roof, which apparently leaked in places. Our hostess explained that her missionary society had laid the foundation for a comfortable two-story house, with deep, cooling verandas all around;

but when the building had reached the second floor, and their intention became known, the neighbors objected. There was not another building so tall in all the city, they said — except the pawnshop, which, being a place of general public necessity, would of course not matter. Such a structure as these foreigners proposed would disturb the equilibrium of wind and water, and bring disaster on the community. A temporary roof was immediately put on, and further building operations were suspended.

In former times, when the preaching of the gospel in Shiu Hing was forbidden, and missionaries were not allowed within its walls, Dr. Graves had crawled in, at night, under the gates. At risk of his life, he

ONE OF THE WIDEST STREETS IN KUNSHAN

gained entrance for the gospel, and laid the spiritual foundation for this mission. When that opportunity had been secured, the missionaries sweetly put up with the inconvenience to which the superstition of their neighbors subjected them, rather than create prejudice by ignoring public opinion.

Breakfast was not served till nine o'clock that morning, nor on any morning, in fact. This is how that happened: A poor peasant woman, having heard the gospel, had a burning desire to read the Scriptures for herself, but could not go to school, because her help was needed in the fields. She was fifty years of age — and here let it be remembered that between three thousand and four thousand distinct characters are used in the Chinese New Testament. But she was determined to try, and walked four miles regularly every morning to the mission. Arriving at six o'clock, she studied for two hours, after which she returned to do her duty in her husband's fields.

From every excursion into the interior of the country, my husband returned with increased respect for the Chinese race, and a clearer realization of the wonderful influence the gospel has power to exert on the lives of men.

NECESSITY OF KNOWING THE LANGUAGE

A Chinese brother who had returned from the United States was very desirous of taking up some simple work in his native village on the mainland of China. He required no support for himself, but requested a small allowance for the rental on a house to be used by him as a place in which to receive the people and teach the Word. He brought with him letters of

GRINDING MILLET—A TYPICAL CHINESE MILL

high commendation from the brethren of the church in America, and we had every reason, even to the last, to trust him as a true disciple of Christ. In a short time, however, he was in all sorts of trouble,— distrusted by the authorities, in difficulty over his lease, on which the landlord determined to collect a double rent, since the house was used as a school by day and a meetinghouse by night. The teacher he had engaged complained of his small compensation. Our brother argued that he was receiving the same amount he formerly received as teacher of the village school, and should not expect more; for, "See," said he, "how few boys there are — not more than five or six!"

"Ah," retorted the teacher, "how should I be able to teach a good large school on a wage that affords me but a half stomach full of food?"

Speaking through an interpreter, it seemed quite impossible to clear things up to the satisfaction of the native people.

In whatever direction we turned, and whatever we attempted to do, we became more and more convinced that no one could become a really strong, independent worker in China until he had first learned the Chinese language. He should at the very least be able to use it freely in conversation and in public address, and should know enough of characters to enable him to read the Bible understandingly and to keep in touch with the life of the people through their current literature. This was apparently the least the missionary should do to put himself on the plane where eventually he might become "all things to all men."

We were told that ordinarily it requires from one to two or even three years for a missionary to acquire

a practical working knowledge of the language, and that he will find room for improvement even to hoary hairs. From the beginning, the work in China was built on the native foundation. The new missionaries understood, before leaving home, that their permanence in the field would depend largely upon their ability to acquire the language of the section of country where they expected to labor; and upon arrival in the field, they immediately settled into this line of study.

RECRUITS ARRIVE

Edwin H. Wilbur, and his wife, *née* Haskell, of Iowa, arrived in Hongkong at the close of October, 1902. These were the first reinforcements, and as it turned out, the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to enter real China. Mr. Wilbur was not robust; but weighing the probability that under natural conditions, a defective heart would wear as long in China as in any land, he prepared to make the sacrifice. He was a practical printer, and both he and Mrs. Wilbur had nearly completed a nurse's training. Both were enthusiastic missionaries. Within a month after landing in the Orient, they settled in the city of Canton, and plunged into the study of the Cantonese language. Here, in strictly native surroundings, they were obliged to supply the necessities of everyday life through the medium of Chinese words. From the first, they made excellent progress in acquiring the language.

Through the kindness of the Southern Baptist missionaries, from whom their house was rented, these new workers were supplied with a Christian language teacher, and with the regular service of a reliable

water-carrier. This latter was no small item, since pure drinking water was to be had only at mountain springs, several miles away. It was carried in buckets at the end of a pole on the shoulder of coolies. The price was one hundred cash (about five cents) a burden. If a coolie chooses to save himself the greater part of this laborious journey, he fills his bucket at a neighborhood well, or from a pool collected from a recent rain. He probably gets his "cash," but some one is liable to suffer from drinking impure water.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FIELD

Early in January, 1903, Erick Pilquist and his wife were released from the British and Foreign Bible society, and connected with our Seventh-day Adventist Mission. Mr. Anderson was requested to go to Honan, and plan with them for a new mission station in the very heart of China, and I was invited to go with him.

From Hongkong, we traveled eight hundred miles by steamer to Shanghai, thence by river steamer six hundred miles up the Yangtze River to Hankow. The last one hundred miles from Hankow was made over the Belgian Railway to Sin Iang Chio, whence we were transferred by wheelbarrows to San-li-ti-en. That is, our baggage was transferred. For when we saw the kind of conveyance that had been provided, we ourselves suddenly preferred exercise.

The great Yangtze River, with its tributaries, is the natural highway of Central China. At frequent intervals, populous cities, outspreading their walls, reach down to the water's edge, pouring into its vast tide of commerce products of the ever-virgin soil, together with the handicraft of its skilled workmen.

PART OF THE WATERFRONT, SHANGHAI

At its mouth, the stream is so broad as to appear like an arm of the sea; but as the steamer enters the real channel, the stream is seen to be comparatively shallow. Once on the way up, the steamer creaked, shuddered, and for an instant stood still. The machinery rattled helplessly. A moment of intense excitement followed. Then the engines took a deep breath, puffed heavily, and the vessel resumed her course.

"Almost got fast," the captain explained, pointing to a yellowish spot in the water, where the stern of our ship had grazed the end of a sand bar.

Farther on, the bed grows narrower, till from the steamer's deck, by aid of a glass, views may be had of the Yangtze Valley, one of the densely populated regions of the globe. Here rural village joins rural village, as closely as farmhouses adjoin one another in our Middle West. These circumstances again reminded us of the impressions made upon our minds by a like density of population in sections of the southern provinces. The magnitude of any undertaking by which the gospel light shall be caused to shine to every kindred, tongue, and people of China seemed incomprehensible.

HOW SHALL THE WORK BE BEGUN?

From that steamer on the Yangtze, lying before the city of Hankow, imagination traveled southward eight hundred miles to those cities and villages of the southern provinces. Before us another eight hundred miles stretched away to the fertile western provinces, and the borders of Turkestan and Tibet were not yet; to the northward lay eight hundred miles of fertile plains,

SOOCHOW AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF POZI-TU PAGODA

with Mongolia and Manchuria still beyond; while behind us were the populous cities of the coast plain. A circle with eight hundred miles as its radius and Hankow as its center barely incloses the heart of this great country. This is the beginning of a realization of what is meant by "China's 400,000,000."

And everywhere — from heathen altars *everywhere* — rises the smoke of idolatrous incense. In not one in forty of the villages of even this best-worked portion of China, the Yangtze Valley, had the gospel been proclaimed by any agent whatsoever; and in all the vast area of China, the third angel's message had not a herald. The question then was not, How shall the work be done? but, How shall this work be begun?

AN APPEAL TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1903

During this visit to Central China, Mr. Anderson was so moved by China's great need, and by the attraction of the wonderful gospel opportunities she affords, that he wrote a long letter to the Mission Board, setting forth the situation quite fully, and appealing for workers and means. This letter reached Oakland at the opening of the General Conference session of 1903, and Elder W. A. Spicer brought its contents to the attention of that body, thus:

"We have just received a letter from Brother J. N. Anderson in China. . . . He is in that land of 400,000,000. We have half a dozen workers there; and Brother Anderson reports that he has made a journey into the far interior, to the province of Honan, and there he found six adult Chinese ready for baptism. . . . They are men of intelligence, some of them being ready to go out into the work for others. The first

Seventh-day Adventist church has been organized in China, not along the seacoast, but in the far interior. . . . People are . . . inquiring after the truth. Now, with that situation pressing upon him, and with 400,000,000 souls round about him in the darkness, he writes to the conference, asking if it would not be possible to suggest that every conference in America send one of its laborers to enter that great land that we have neglected these fifty years. It may be thought too much, and that it is not a practical suggestion; but surely it would not be too much for China's four hundred millions. These fifty years we have heard of the woes and sorrows of China; but during these fifty years, we have never told suffering China of the glorious message of salvation that God has given to us; yet during all these fifty years, during every month of it, a million a month in China have been dying without God."— *W. A. Spicer, General Conference Bulletin, page 65, April 3, 1903.*

GETTING A START IN THE LANGUAGE

On returning to Hongkong from this, to us, most inspiring visit in Honan, my husband decided to lay aside everything else as fast as possible, and devote himself to the study of the Chinese language and people. The latter, we were assured, would be much the more difficult, but we could scarcely expect really to begin studying the people until we were able to communicate freely in their own words. Accordingly, he secured the services of the best teacher of Chinese available, who was engaged to teach the three of us, Miss Thompson, my husband, and me, for four hours a day. Part of this time, we read in class drill; but

a portion of each period was directed to individual drill on tones, in pronunciation, and in writing characters. This man had been trained by missionaries of the Berlin Mission, with characteristic thoroughness. He knew his business, and went straight to the point.

TRIALS OF LANGUAGE STUDY

We had now been in Hongkong a full year, and during this time, had studied with a teacher as a class for two hours daily, when we had been able to do so. But we were very dissatisfied with the results. It seemed to us we repeated the teacher's words exactly as he pronounced them; but after our best efforts, repeated over and over, he usually said, "Lee-ta diff'ence," or a Chinese phrase which meant, "About so," but which, as he pronounced it rather indistinctly, sounded to us exactly like "Chop it off." This was usually taken as a signal to proceed. I suppose he thought that what the "little difference" really was would dawn on the stupid brains of the foreigners sometime, and with true Oriental patience, he could afford to wait for that dawning so long as his pay came regularly.

When Mr. Wong took us in hand, he got to the point at once, and we soon found out wherein that "little difference" lay. When he pronounced the word *fan* in an upper, even tone, it meant *come back.* When he said *fan* in the lower-going tone, it meant *cooked rice.* In Chinese, the *tone* in which a word is pronounced has as much to do with its significance as the vowel sound has to do with an English word. One might as well say "sheep" and mean *ship,* as to pronounce the syllable *fan* without the proper tonal dis-

tinction. Some one has said, "Chinese is never spoken, but always sung;" and so it seemed to us as we readjusted our vocabulary of Chinese words on the proper scale of nine principal tones and several secondary tones.

This experience taught us that the best language teacher is none too good. We learned, too, that the more precise and exacting he is, the fewer mistakes one must unlearn; and that the royal way to get Chinese is to take it through the pores — that is, to sweat for it. It was a hard experience; but we were happy in it, for it was bringing us nearer to the real China.

ENTERING REAL CHINA

For fourteen months, we had camped on its borders, waiting opportunity to cross over into "the Flowery Land," as the Chinese have ever loved to call their country. This opportunity came when, after a residence of five months in Canton, Brother Wilbur's family required a change to more healthful surroundings. Accordingly they returned to Hongkong, and we moved to Canton.

The house that the Wilburs had occupied was to be our home. The building itself was a gray-brick structure of two stories. The dwelling was above, the lower floor being intended for a chapel. But the chapel's street door was shut, and padlocked with a heavy iron clasp and staple. How that empty room with its closed door spurred us on to diligent study! Here was a place ready for the telling of the glad news of salvation. Indeed, big Chinese characters over the door announced the place as literally the "Blessed Voice Hall." Many a passer-by read those words, tried the

lock, peered in through the iron-grated windows, then with a wondering look up into the open veranda above, went his way.

At the rear, connected with our house as part of the premises, stands the "old chapel." This is the spot to which Hung San Tsüen came for instruction in the Bible after those remarkable visions in which he believed himself to have been called to destroy idol worship out of China. From this old chapel, he went forth on that mission which, from a small beginning of reform in his own family and among his kinsmen and neighbors, later developed into the Taiping Rebellion. Though the but partial light of the leader was later greatly obscured by fanaticism and error, yet through this agency, there was cast into the religious life of the nation a leaven of truth which has never ceased to work. It was of interest to us that, following only the Scriptures as their guide, the Taipings adopted "the Ten Heavenly Rules" as the moral standard of conduct, observing "the seventh day as the day of worship, and of praise to God." Our first small training school for young men was after a time opened in the "old chapel," where the Taiping leader had been taught.

AT HOME IN CHINA

April, 1903, we reached the goal toward which our faces had been steadfastly set since we left home. We were in China at last, located in Canton, the great metropolis of South China, a city in commercial and political importance second to none in the land, unless first place be conceded to Peking, the nation's capital. As a Protestant mission center, Canton is parent of all.

THE RAILWAY STATION, PEKING

Within these native walls, and overflowing on all its sides, is a purely native population of two and one half million souls. On every hand were signs of that suffering need which had touched our hearts by hearsay in the homeland. How insufferably needy these souls now appeared by actual contact! That the soil of these sin-scarred pagan hearts was ready for the seed, was apparent in the curious, friendly faces that gazed after us whenever we went into the streets. What a splendid place was this in which to bury that "corn of wheat" men call one's life!

Bethel Girls' School

Ida E. Thompson

The first Seventh-day Adventist girls' school in China was opened in the city of Canton in the spring of 1904. At first, it was sheltered in a Chinese private dwelling house; but later a group of buildings erected by the Southern Baptist Mission for a boys' training school was purchased. The little day school, then transferred to more commodious quarters, became a boarding school as well, and was christened "Bethel Girls' School." This name was adopted in compliment to my native state. I had come out to China from Wisconsin, and was maintained at the expense of that conference. The Wisconsin Conference had called their intermediate school "Bethel School"; so this name was chosen for our mission school. Aside from this, Bethel — house of God — appealed to us as being an appropriate title for a Christian school set in the midst of a great heathen city.

I had been in China almost two years, and my heart was deeply stirred by the deplorable spiritual condition of its women, for whose uplift their own people appeared to be doing next to nothing. Our work in China was in its earliest beginnings, and money for all purposes was scarce. To help out, I had been teaching English to wealthy Chinese boys half a day, and studying Chinese under a teacher the remaining half day. As I was now able to read a little, and to speak a little more, in Chinese, I felt impelled to do something for these women, especially for the better class, whom I pitied most, because they were most helpless, most idle, and therefore most unhappy. In a letter to Elder

William Covert, for a number of years president of my home conference, I confided to him this great desire of my heart. "If there were only a small sum of money that could be used for the purpose, I certainly should undertake to open a girls' school," I said.

"GO AHEAD"

In less time than is usually required for mail to make that distance, half way round the world and back, the reply came: "Go ahead, and open a girls' school. Wisconsin will supply the means required for its maintenance." And so it did. Not for one year only, but for the first five years of its existence, the school was supported wholly by private gifts. The home people called Bethel Girls' School "our night school," because it worked while they slept.

Now that means was at hand, I moved to Canton, this metropolis of South China having been selected as the natural location for the headquarters of our work in this section. Elder J. N. Anderson and family had come up from Hongkong a few months earlier.

THE NEED

Imagine yourself in a great city of two and a half millions of people. At least half of this population is feminine; for nature, apparently in resentment against the teaching of the Chinese sages, seems to have multiplied the birth rate of the "inferior sex." In perhaps half the homes of this city, "wife" is a word to be used in the plural, and may include any number from two to twenty. Not one woman in a hundred can read sufficiently to gather information from the printed page. Education is denied to women, for the reason that to expend money in this way is thought to be

SOME OF THE FIVE HUNDRED IMAGES IN THE WA LUM TEMPLE, CANTON

virtually giving means to that other family into which she will be married at an early age. At any rate, what more is to be expected of these inferior beings than that they shall rear children, and make garments and shoes for the family? Since the Chinese regard a literary education as wasted on womankind, the majority of our neighbors in Canton naturally looked with suspicion on the motives of foreigners who promoted this innovation.

Under such circumstances, the opening of this first school was undertaken. A house was not easily obtained, as not every owner was willing to rent to a foreigner for such a purpose. Nor would every community allow a girls' school to be operated among them, for fear of its upsetting the social order and even nature itself. And not every Chinese house could be remodeled into suitable quarters for such an undertaking. However, through the persevering and persuasive efforts of our chapel boy, a place was finally secured.

THE BUILDING

The house selected faced a street of average width, but in fact so narrow that persons carrying umbrellas, or wearing broad oilskin hats on a rainy day, were obliged to tip these shelters on edge in passing one another. Along the west side of the house ran another such street. The windows, and all other openings except one door into the street, opened upon a court in the center. There was one very favorable feature about the place. On the east, an open space about the width of the average American country road or city street led down to the bank of Pearl River, nearly two

blocks away. Through this open space, the south wind, cooled and sweetened in its passage over the stream, found its way into the court and circulated through its living quarters. There was not a tree on the premises, nor a foot of open ground connected with them; but to the native mind, this mattered not, for Chinese children are sent to school to study, not to play.

GETTING RID OF OLD DIRT

The next step was to put the place in order. The inside of the walls of the house were of the same brick structure as was the outside, only the outside had been troweled and finished a little more smoothly in building. The mud walls were soon hidden beneath a snowy coat of lime. Windows were cleaned, and one or two new ones were put in, to admit more light and air. The woodwork was freshly painted, and the tile floors were scrubbed till the surface of each terra cotta square appeared distinctly outlined by its white cement.

Numerous questions were asked of the native workmen as they passed back and forth, bringing in materials and carrying out rubbish. Many a prying neighbor thrust his head in through the door as it was opened, to see what was going on. When the work was finished, a few potted palms and flowering plants were set about the court and in the windows. The customary red sign in black ink was tacked to the street door, announcing a free school for girls to be opened in this house on the twenty-fifth of May.

THE TEACHER ARRIVES

Missionaries of other denominations, pioneering the way into China, had often been obliged to begin their

school work with heathen teachers. We were fortunate to secure the service of a young woman educated in the Baptist Mission School, and therefore a Christian, though not of our faith. Two days before school was to open, the teacher arrived, accompanied by several older women; for no modest young woman might appear in public unattended. The small boys, always on lookout duty at the street doors, shouted to the women back in the courts, "A fine young lady is passing!"

"Follow her! See where she goes!" came the answer; and the black eyes of the women, peering through the cracks of the gate, followed her as far as they could see. In this way, the arrival of the teacher became another means by which the opening of the new school was announced.

THE SCHOOLROOM

If you had seen that room as it was prepared ready for school to begin, you would have thought it did not look much like a schoolroom; for its furniture consisted of barely one desk and chair, intended for the teacher's use, and a rather glossy-looking blackboard. By the time the new teacher arrived, five desks and stools had been placed by prospective pupils. The day before school was to open, there was an almost continuous stream of callers.

"Who may come to this school? May a girl come who is not handsome, but wishes to learn characters?"

"Will the girls who come here be taught to read the characters of our native land, or only the foreign language?"

"May slave girls come to this school and learn to read?"

"Must girls who have bound feet, unbind them before they may be admitted?"

To all such questions, one answer was given. Any girl who would conduct herself becomingly, and study faithfully, and provide her own books and desk and seat, would be cheerfully accepted. The school would be open for study every day in the week, but on the seventh day would continue for a half day only. That time would be spent in singing, and in reading the Holy Book.

EARLY MORNING OF THE "FIRST DAY"

The dawn of that opening day found us not without some fears and misgivings. But early, almost with

MUTE EVIDENCE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY THE OLD CUSTOM OF FOOT BINDING

the rising of the sun, the iron knocker sounded through the house: Bang! Bang! Clang!

"Asham, open door! I have brought a table for the little daughter [her mistress's child]. Pardon me, I ought not to ask it, but will you help me let it off my shoulder? Where shall I place it? Here are her books. Keep them safely for her." As she spoke, the servant placed in the doorkeeper's hands the precious bundle, neatly wrapped in a striped red and green silk handkerchief, and turned to go.

"Sit and rest, please; I will go to fetch the child."

"Walk slowly and well," courteously returned the woman at the door; "but really you must make haste, for these foreigners will begin exactly on time, at eight o'clock."

So they came one after another — twenty-five desks of all shapes and sizes and qualities, from poor pine tables on tottering legs to respectable teakwood articles with seats to match, and polished ebony sets. According to my judgment, the room (11 by 19 feet in size) was far too full, for the hot weather was already upon us; but this was Egoo's first school, and she was too elated with the joy and pride of her prospects to allow any to be turned away. With wonderful ingenuity, she arranged the tables compactly, leaving only a narrow aisle down the middle, and a narrower space at the sides, between the tables and the wall. This was more as a precaution against chill from the porous brick walls than to provide a passageway. How will she be able to keep an eye on their doings behind those tables, packed as they are? was the question in my mind. But Egoo knew better than I how little watching those eager children would require.

By seven o'clock, the pupils began coming, some carried on the backs of servants, others walking in care of a relative or servant carrying their books, while a very few ventured in alone. Each presented herself at the teacher's desk, and with a very low bow, laid on the table a little present, according as she was able to afford, of copper or silver coins snugly wrapped in red paper.

At eight o'clock, the bell was tapped, although every child was already sitting quietly at her desk. The teacher rose to open the school.

"Children," she said, "put your hands together, this way. Now close your eyes tightly — let no one open them till I bid you, for I am going to pray."

Not one of them knew what it is to pray; but each child, following the teacher's movements, laid her palms together, and drew the slender brown hands to her breast, closed her eyes, nor moved a muscle till the prayer was ended.

THE FIRST SONG

"Open your eyes. Now we will sing." Every eye was on the teacher's lips as she repeated a verse translated from "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." When the words had been learned, she led out in singing. The pupils were instructed to try to imitate her tones, and to sing, even though they did not know the tune. Probably not one of them had ever before made an attempt of this kind. Some craned their necks in a strenuous effort to reach the pitch, and others shrugged up their shoulders and drew down their heads in embarrassment. Some clenched their teeth in fright at their own voices, while others were so engrossed in attention

to the teacher that they stood with wide-open mouths, forgetting to make a sound. But that singing was fine; for the spirit of the whole exercise spelled, *I am here to do my best.*

The method of assigning the lessons, and the study period that followed, were quite novel to me. One at a time, the children were called to the desk, and each was taught how to salute the teacher, and to make a proper and deferential bow. It was Egoo's custom to sit quite motionless, without noticing the child in the least, till this token of respect was paid. Then she took up the book the child had laid on her table, and opened it at the place the Occidental would suppose to be the back page, but, true to the habits of our antipodes, at what was really the first page of a Chinese book. Pointing to the character at the upper right-hand corner of the page, she read, following with her finger the perpendicular line from top to bottom, pausing after each word for the child to repeat it. The process was continued till the pupil was able to read the lesson.

ORDER IN THE SCHOOLROOM

"Teacher, pardon me, but I know it now;" and with a graceful bow, the girl would go back to her seat, to

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From ancient times down to the revolution a few years ago, no one but a high official, or a doctor of philosophy, might stand upon the dragon. For any one else to do so meant immediate death by beheading. It was believed that the dragon gave power and authority to officials; and the magistrates, when addressing the people, stood upon the dragon's head. Very learned men, when lecturing to students upon subjects of philosophy, stood upon the dragon's head; for it was believed that the dragon gave knowledge and wisdom to men of learning.

"STANDING ON THE DRAGON"
See footnote on opposite page.

repeat aloud, over and over, the lesson she had been taught, keeping the place with her finger as the teacher had done. Then another girl took her place at the teacher's desk, and was put through a similar drill. When a dozen pupils, each with a different lesson, had got under way, those who began first felt obliged to raise their voices in order to hear themselves think. By the time work had been assigned to the twenty-five, the schoolroom was a Babel of voices.

Later the school was graded and classified with uniform lessons. This made less confusion. Often one child has the generalship to assert a leading voice; then the others gradually fall into line, till the whole may be heard repeating the lesson in concert. In time, one becomes accustomed to the din, and senses the dropping off of a voice or two as perceptibly as an engineer feels the failure of a part of his machine to work smoothly. No lesson was regarded as learned till it could be repeated from memory. That first year, the class in Bible committed to memory the entire Gospel of Mark.

OPEN HOUSE

Our doorkeeper had orders to admit visitors at all reasonable hours, and to allow them full freedom about the place, but always keeping them under her eye. Every part of the house, including my own private quarters, was held open to inspection on request of visitors. This was in order to convince the natives that we had no secret designs upon the girls, and no other motive than to be a benefit to them.

Visitors often walked about the place during school hours, making observations on its appearance, on the conduct of the school, and concerning the individuals

in charge. Taking in an impression from the white walls and the green palms, one remarks,

"How very clean and cool it is in here!"

"It certainly is a goodly place," replies a companion.

"Yours are very industrious pupils, indeed," is a compliment intended to attract the teacher's attention. But the teacher pursues her teaching, and the pupils their study, exactly as if no other persons were present.

"Teacher, where do you live? Ah, she is busy! Observe how steadfastly her heart is set on teaching children."

"Teacher, how much salary do you receive?"

"Teacher, how old is the foreign woman in charge of this school?"

When the Chinese teacher makes no reply, the visitor is quite likely to approach the foreigner herself.

"That is a durable garment you wear; did you make it yourself?" Awaiting a reply, the questioner may proceed to examine the stitches, in order to satisfy herself of the foreigner's capabilities at sewing. "Ah, it is only made on a machine!" she remarks depreciatingly.

"Are you married?" she inquires. Then, musingly: "Strange these foreign women do up their hair before marriage! Perhaps she intends never to marry."

All the information gained by observation and interrogation will be carried home, and told in the women's quarters. One can never know what avenues of usefulness may be opened to the school through an inquisitive visitor.

FESTAL DAYS AND CUSTOMS

A Chinese feast day is attached to almost every month of the year. As a rule, the girls attended school

on feast days as at other times, but usually in holiday attire. On such occasions, the schoolroom reminded one of an old-fashioned flower garden, with gay blossoms of every color. It was distinctly understood that ours was a Christian school, and absolutely without connection with the gods of the land; but the social customs of some of these festal seasons did overflow to the schoolroom. I refer particularly to the custom of sending gifts to friends at the time of the principal feasts. On these occasions, a servant, or a member of the family when no servant was employed, was sent from each family represented in the school, to bring congratulations and a present to the teacher. These gifts consisted of fruits, cakes, delicacies, confections, and roasts — duck, chicken, or pork. A small amount of money accompanied these articles, being wrapped in the customary red paper, and placed at the very bottom of the receptacle. Often a live chicken or duck was included.

The teacher accepted these presents graciously, and judiciously selected the portion she thought proper to retain. The remainder was replaced in the carrier. She kept the money altogether, a few copper pieces from her own pocket being wrapped in the same piece of red paper, and slipped into one side of the carrier, near the top. The bearer returned the carrier, with its remaining contents, to her mistress, reserving to herself only the red paper containing the coins, as a tip.

These gifts on occasions of festivals were intended simply as a token of appreciation of the teacher's faithful work. But in the course of the year, they amounted to a considerable and acceptable addition to her slender wages.

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE OF LEARNING—DRAGON IN THE FOREGROUND

A Sabbath session, which was really a prolonged Sabbath school conducted with one big class, was held every Sabbath forenoon. The children could not read; and there were no Sabbath school lessons in Chinese, even had they been able to study them. No helps of any kind had yet been provided; so we sang songs, and told or read gospel stories. At the close, there was given to each child a Bible picture card out of the stock sent to us by children in America. These bright cards were very precious to the Chinese children, who often lingered after school to hear told the stories represented by the pictures on their cards. When the pupils had learned to read, simple lessons were prepared, and copies printed on a homemade hectograph were given the girls to study.

As the confidence of our patrons was assured, our Sabbath session was merged with the regular Sabbath school and service at the mission chapel. The pupils met at the schoolhouse as usual, and from there marched in a body to the chapel.

A NEW SCHOOL HOME

In 1906, the Baptist Academy building was purchased; and from that time, Bethel Girls' School was lodged in its own home. That year, we opened a school home, and took in twenty boarding pupils. From this time, our work was much more effective, especially for the girls in the home, who were by this arrangement completely separated from idol worship as continually practiced in the family life. Regular hours for family devotion were appointed. Friday evening prayer meetings were held, in which the pupils began to take an active part. One small room in the building was

set apart as a prayer room. Only one student was supposed to enter at a time, except by special permission, when several might wish to pray together. Often on my nightly rounds to see that lights were out and that everything was in order for the night, I have heard voices from that little room pleading with a new-found Saviour for unconverted companions in Bethel School. He who hears in secret gave open reward. One by one, those girls in the school home rose in the Friday evening prayer services to confess the Saviour.

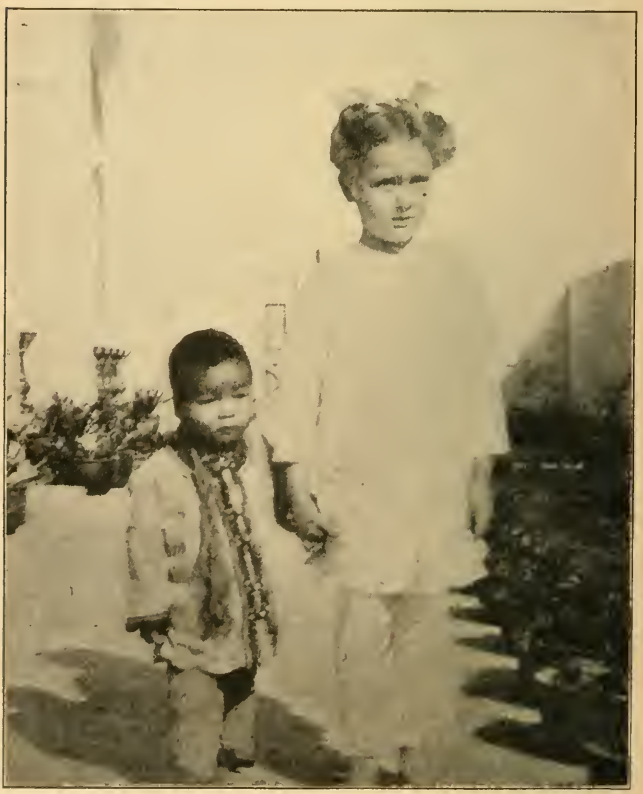
WORKING FOR OTHERS

A young people's meeting was held on Sabbath afternoon, conducted by the older girls of the home. There was no manual, no outline of study, no help of any kind. These leaders were wholly dependent on their Bibles for material, and on their memories for collecting the helps. Native custom did not allow them to go outside and invite the women to come in to their meeting, but invitations were sent out through the children who came to school from their own homes. Often the schoolroom was filled with women at the time of these meetings, and Bible readings prepared by the young leaders themselves were given with clearness and convincing power.

The attendance increased quite rapidly, since in our new quarters there was room for all who came. In a short time, we had an enrollment of seventy pupils, forty of whom lived in the home. I now had two Chinese assistants, and a woman to do the cooking for the students in the home and look after the care of the place.

There was much to encourage us in the progress of our pupils, but at times we were sorely disappointed.

Early in our experience, a very bright, energetic girl of fourteen years came into the school. She made wonderful progress in her studies, and her heart was evidently opening to impressions of the gospel. She



A RESCUED CHINESE BABY OUTCAST AND HER AMERICAN FOSTER SISTER

hoped to become a teacher, and we too entertained the hope that she might be truly converted and become a Christian teacher.

About the middle of the second year, she dropped out of school. I went to visit at her home, but no satisfactory explanation of her course was given. Soon afterward her chum, who entered school the same time with her, hinted that she suspected her friend was soon to be married. I called again, but with no better results. Soon I received an invitation to be among the intimate friends who should spend with her the last few hours under the parental roof. At the end, I saw her carried away amid the bitterest weeping, to become the plural wife of a man several times her own age, and whom she had never seen.

At another time, we heard it rumored that a wealthy family who had been keeping a slave girl in the school had suddenly met with a reverse of circumstances, and that it would probably be necessary for them to sell their slaves in order to pay their debts. A'Mui was a handsome girl of about twelve years, just blooming into youth, and naturally keen and bright. She was a firm little Christian so far as her experience had gone. We made an appeal for money to purchase her freedom. One hundred or more United States dollars would be required. Several favorable responses were made, and money was on the way — money given by the Sabbath schools of Oregon — to set A'Mui free.

I went to the house. I had been calling frequently of late, trying to clear the way for the deal in human life, which I was earnestly hoping might come through successfully. Imagine my feelings when I saw the doors closed, fixed with an official seal, and an officer of

the law on guard. A neighbor woman explained how, two days before, a foreclosure had been made, and the house and all it contained of furniture, concubines, and slaves had been seized for debt. But that night, with police guarding the door in front, the women of the house — those gay, frivolous women with bound feet, whom I had thought so helpless — had crept out and climbed up the carved ladders to the roof. By the aid of their servants, they crawled from housetop to housetop, carrying their clothes in bundles on their backs, and made their escape out through the streets of the city to no one knew where. A'Mui had gone with them.

HER FIRST STORY AND ITS EFFECT

The first mature woman to enroll in Bethel School stated frankly that her purpose was to learn to read, so that she might be able to entertain herself reading novels. We showed her a book that contained a very interesting story, and told her she might begin her study reading this story if she liked. The book was the Gospel According to Luke. She applied herself diligently, and became intensely interested; but being unable to get on fast enough by herself, she put every one under tribute to her object. At one time, it was to tell the name of a character she had forgotten, or to explain its meaning. At another time, she asked to have the passage read and explained, so that she might get the connection, and understand the story she was so anxious to hear. By the time she had finished Luke, the Scriptures had become so satisfying to her hungry soul, that she had no desire for novels. She was truly converted, loosed her bound feet, and became a very

effective help in the management of the school. Later she became an active worker for the Lord as a Bible woman.

"ANNA IN BETHEL SCHOOL"

One old woman came to the school after sixty years in heathenism. Her hair was white. No one thought she could learn to read, or that there was much hope of her becoming a Christian. She was a confirmed tobacco user, and continued to practice the habit secretly, although she knew it to be contrary to the rules.

One day this old woman sat in the schoolroom reading: "There was one Anna: . . . she was of a great age, . . . which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

Tears filled her eyes as she read. She stopped, and cried aloud: "O Miss, I will give up my evil habit! I will be Anna in Bethel School!"

The change had come, for light had shone into and illuminated her darkened soul. The remainder of her life was dedicated to loving service to Him who had unloosed her bonds.

"The world's great heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night;
And God alone can heal it, and God alone give light;
And the men to bear the message and to preach the living Word,
Are you and I, my brothers, and all others that have heard."

Through the Paddy Fields

(Extracts from the Diary of a Missionary in China)

C. P. Lillie

November 18, 1913

After months of steady routine work at the station, it seems good to be on the road again. Evangelist Hwang and I left Changsha this morning by rail, arriving at Giu Djou, a distance of one hundred li (about thirty-three English miles), by nine o'clock.

To those in the homeland, it may still seem strange to associate railroads with China. And again, traveling by rail may seem too pleasant and easy to be a real *foreign* missionary experience. Well, things in China aren't all hard and uncomfortable; far from it. The principal reason, however, that we enjoy the train, is because it saves so much time. Though really not very fast, it is quite swift compared with Chinese conveyances. That brief hour or two on the train this morning saves us a full day's time.

Railroads are playing such a big part in the prophecy, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"! Ostensibly they are built here in China for commercial purposes; but we know that deeper than the plans of men are the purposes of our God. He is providing facilities, in the great heathen lands, for the rapid spread of the message. I hope that Hunan's hundreds of miles of railroad will speedily become thousands.

This was my first train ride but one since we landed in China, just two years ago to-day. Our train sped through paddy (rice) fields, by big burying grounds, past quaint temples and shrines, past big farmhouses,

SOME HUNAN BELIEVERS AND ONE OF THE MISSION COTTAGES, CHANGSHA

past little villages of mud-built huts. It was very interesting. The hills are beautifully green yet, for winter comes late in Hunan; but the foliage of the trees is beginning to take on the tints of autumn.

Luncheon, consisting of a big bowl of rice, was served by the trainmen to all who cared for it. When all who chose to do so had eaten, the attendants brought hot towels, so that all could mop their faces after their meal. This is according to Chinese custom. Nearly every one, whether partaking of the rice or not, accepted a towel. These towels were wrung out of steaming hot water and handed out. Having been used, they were plunged into the water again, wrung out, and handed to other guests. In this way, several tens of people were quickly served with three or four towels and a single bucket of water. We refrain from commenting upon the complexion and odor of the towels.

We stopped in Giu Djou, a town on the Hsiang Kiang, only long enough to secure passage on a boat bound for Heng Shan. This boat had brought down a load of coal to Changsha, and the owner was glad enough to take some passengers on his way back. The craft is about thirty feet long by six feet wide, with a hold two and a half feet in depth. The middle part is roofed with a bamboo frame covered with bamboo matting, and provides lodging accommodations for the boatman and his family, his two helpers, and the passengers. Besides Hwang and me, there is one other passenger, a Chinese.

We wanted to start immediately; and as there was no wind, the boat helpers commenced "tracking"; that is, pulling the boat along the shore by means of a long

LUNG WHA PAGODA, TEN MILES FROM SHANGHAI

rope tied to the mast. By noon, some of the food that I had brought from home was much appreciated.

At a little place named Lo Kou, the master of the boat went ashore to buy rice; so I was glad to leave my cramped quarters, and disembark on the back of a boatman.

I entered the village temple, that being the most interesting thing in sight. Like most such places, it was dark and dingy inside, and the images looked commonplace. My attention was especially attracted by some bits of wood, polished smooth on one side and carved on the other, that were lying before the altar. *Da gua* they are called.

If any of the village people have a request to make of the god, they come and use *da gua*. After rattling off a petition, they throw two of the wooden bits to the ground. If both fall and remain face down, the suppliant tries again; for the answer is unfavorable. If both faces are up, the answer is not very good; so the worshiper usually keeps trying until he gets one face up and one face down. Then he departs satisfied.

One of the boat master's children was sick to-day. I didn't know what the trouble was, so I didn't offer any assistance, but I was interested in the treatment given. This method, carrying out the principle of counterirritation, is very common in China. Sometimes it seems to give relief.

The mother rubbed the baby's back with moistened hand, then began to nip the tender skin sharply between the first and second fingers. She nipped in one place until there was an ugly red mark there, keeping on till she had a row of such marks across the child's back, then across the abdomen the same. The treat-

ment took some time, the little one crying piteously all the time. If any one thinks it doesn't hurt, let him try it. At home, it would look quite heroic, if it was necessary for a mother to administer such a vigorous remedy; but this mother was apparently unconcerned. Poor baby, he will carry those marks for days!

I have worked nearly all day with Chinese dictionary and notebook, pestering my traveling companion with questions about this Chinese expression and that, and getting him to write the characters. The best way, however, to learn the spoken Chinese, is just to be thrown into the society of the people day after day, and mimic their talk continually. In this way, one's talk comes to have the Chinese accent, or what the Chinese call *wei dzi* (flavor).

These boatmen had never seen a foreign lead pencil before, and thought mine very wonderful. When I used an eraser, their admiration was unbounded. You see, the Chinese use a brush with which to write their characters. They have no erasers. They are very clever, however, at making over characters they have written incorrectly. It seems to be quite a common trait here in China, "fixing up" things so they will pass. However, this same trait is not uncommon in other lands, America not excepted.

NOVEMBER 19

We anchored with other boats last night at San Men Tan, so named because there are three channels in the river at that place. These river boats do not travel very much by night, and they usually anchor in groups for mutual protection.

I made my bed by spreading one quilt on the floor for a mattress, and two more for covering. The floor

was uneven, and I missed my comfortable mattress at home. I left my camp cot at home this time, because I can't sleep warm on it in cold weather. My fellow passengers rolled up in their heavy padded quilts, covered up their heads, and went soundly to sleep.

It was so foggy early this morning that we could not see the men who were pulling the boat; but the fog lifted about nine o'clock, and we are having a beautiful day, but no favoring wind to speak of.

Boats of this size have two or three helpers. The master of the boat steers. The rope by which the boat is pulled along is about three hundred feet in length. When the men decide to pull the boat instead of pushing it with poles, they pole the boat vigorously for a few minutes, then scramble out, hastily play out the ropes, and get to pulling, if the current is not too swift, before the boat loses its momentum. It is an interesting operation to watch. To make the work easier, they attach cloth bands to the rope, which they throw over the shoulder. The men do their work without much apparent effort, save that shown by the forward incline of their bodies. I suppose it is hard enough.

One of the first things I saw this morning was an immense raft of logs, on its way to market. These drift down the river hundreds of miles. They are steered by means of a huge oar at either end. Some of these rafts are so large that many men are needed to steer. They build houses upon the rafts, in which to live during the trip. If the cargo is bamboo poles, they usually employ themselves splitting some of them, and making bamboo cables and other things for the

AMERICAN GUNBOAT AND NATIVE CRAFT, SHANGHAI

market, so as not to lose any time. It looks rather startling to see logs enough to make a good-sized village floating down the river, with houses upon them, and men and dogs moving about and acting as if they had always lived there.

By and by my companions got up and made their toilet for the day. This means, first, a noisy rinsing of the mouth with water from the hand basin; then a tongue scraper vigorously used; then the face mopped with a hot towel. (The Chinese do not use dry towels, as Westerners do.) The boatmen's breakfast followed. I ate home food, having brought enough for several meals.

When the boatmen anchored the boat to eat, I went ashore, and walked about to get warm, for the morning was chilly. I gathered some of the wild chrysanthemums that grew in profusion on the banks. I took a turn to-day poling the boat, and found it warm work.

One thing about these Chinese boats is pleasing. They are very clean. Strange that in China, where many of the houses are unspeakably dirty, these ignorant boatmen take great pride in keeping their boats scrupulously clean!

We have seen many fishing boats to-day, the men not using hook and line, but nets. I often think, when I see these simple fishermen mending their nets, or letting them down for a draught, of our dear Saviour and His association with the fishermen of Galilee.

I am getting better acquainted with the boat family to-day. It consists of a man and his wife, their two plump little children, and two helpers. The men are all very approachable. I don't understand their talk very well; but notwithstanding, we have had a so-

ciable time. One can get along without talking much. For instance, I asked the boat master how old he was, and he merely held up four fingers. That meant, of course, that he was forty years of age.

The prow of the boat is the family altar. It can properly be called such, for it is the only place on the boat where they worship. This family have no images on board. They say that their god is *wuh so buh dzai dy* (omnipresent); so they don't need his image. However, their patron saint (the river god) is to be found in some of the large temples. At Nan Yueh, I know, special devotional services are held at times to secure his favor. I have asked Hwang to show me this particular god when we get to a temple where they have him.

NOVEMBER 20

This morning, I tried pulling on the rope, and found it a leg-aching business. It is not such tame work, either, as it looks from the boat. There are high bluffs here; and once when the man at the helm suddenly changed the course of the boat, to avoid running into a sand bank or a rock, I narrowly escaped being pulled over the bank. This would have meant a tumble of twenty or thirty feet. By and by we arrived at a deep gorge. I wondered how in the world I was ever to get over that six-inch-wide teetery pole bridge, and pull on the rope at the same time. The man for whom I was substituting, seeing my embarrassment, seized the rope and tripped blithely over on his bare feet. As for me, crossing that little ravine, figuratively speaking, made my hair stand on end.

The fall planting seems to be about done. The peas and the hardy, frost-proof beans are already two or

three inches high, and will mature early in the spring. The turnips now coming up will be in market before spring. The buckwheat is yet unharvested, also some late tobacco.

We feared that when we came to China, all the old familiar plants and flowers must be sacrificed, and that with China's teeming millions, there would not be room enough for many flowers to grow. But God is not so partial to us Western people as that. How happy we were one day to find some dear homely dandelion faces smiling up at us in an old temple yard! Strange surroundings, it seems, for our old friends! There are dainty wild roses in the country in the spring, pink ones and white. One variety blooms in great fragrant white clusters. I saw them last spring trailing from a tree top, thirty feet from the ground. I gathered fall asters this morning, just such as we gather by the roadsides in America; and tea flowers, large, white, and sweet. The tea plant blooms in the late fall; and the seeds (which, by the way, have no commercial value) grow during winter, and mature in the spring. Isn't that odd?

Tea leaves are picked two or three times during the spring and summer, and cured for market. There are no tea plantations in the immediate neighborhood of Changsha; so we have not had an opportunity to watch this interesting procedure.

To-day I asked my fellow passengers what methods the Chinese have of preparing the leaves for market, and I will jot down the gist of what they said. Some parts of their description certainly would not lead me to crave tea as a beverage.

The tea leaves are picked by women, and thrown into big baskets. In their haste, however, some of the leaves miss the basket, and fall to the ground, and often are not gathered up until evening. In the meantime, these leaves form a carpet for the playground of naked children, and babies whom the mothers cannot leave at home, and numerous dogs.

The tea leaves thus gathered are placed in big earthen jars several feet in diameter and about three feet deep. Then a man gets in and treads the leaves with his bare feet until the juice begins to flow a little. (This is one of the tasks that the women escape, because of their small bound feet.) The leaves are tramped down hard, covered over with any old clothes and bedding available, and left to heat. This may take six hours or thereabouts. If they fear that the color will not be good — perhaps a bit yellow — they sometimes scrape the soot from the bottom of their kitchen utensils, and mix with the leaves as they are tramped.

The tea, so far prepared by the country folk, is now bought up by agents, and goes through other processes before it is ready for market. It is dried over a coal fire; put through sieves to sort into different grades; winnowed to free from dirt; dried some more; then it is packed into boxes for the foreign market.

There was a fine wind during the middle of the day, which died away toward night. However, by dint of pushing and pulling, we arrived at Heng Shan at twilight. The next thing to do was to tip the boatmen. The tipping system is well rooted here in China. The tip is called wine money or tea money. If you should ever travel in China, you would have no occasion to worry lest you forget and leave a place without tip-

ping the "help." You will be saved that embarrassment. The men on our boat began talking wine money before we had arrived; and when I gave them what Hwang said was about right, they made a great fuss. If I had paid them double, their complaint would have been proportionately louder, as they would have decided that I was an "easy mark." By adding a few coppers little by little (of course, Hwang had planned for all this when he told me how much to give them), we finally got away. Calling a man to carry our luggage, we entered one of the gates of the old city of Heng Shan.

In America, what makes a city is the population and the form of government. In China, strictly speaking,

NANKING WALL AND TAIPING GATE

only a populated place that has a wall about it may be called a city.

Heng Shan is a city. Judging from the appearance of the wall that surrounds it, it is very old. No doubt this wall was built long before Columbus discovered America, perhaps a millennium before. It is made of stone and brick, is about fifteen feet high and ten feet wide, and has six gates.

The name of our young evangelist at this place is Kwang. We have three canvassers here also. Just now one of our older preachers (Evangelist Li) is here arranging for the repairing of a newly rented chapel, so he is to be our host at this place. Fat and jovial, with loosely fitting robe, round cap, and closely cropped hair, he appears the typical medieval friar. Mr. Li is the only evangelist we have here in Hunan who possesses any considerable means, and he entertains lavishly. I am jotting down some of the things that were served for the evening meal: vermicelli, eggs, fish, oranges, peanuts, melon seeds, sweetmeats, etc. The meal was well prepared, and we ate heartily. The Mandarin term for eating heartily is *chi bao liao* (eat to repletion). As the Chinese use it, it is no empty phrase.

After supper, we had a meeting, which was attended by all our believers living in the city. All listened attentively to the Word of God.

One of our Heng Shan church members has died since I was here before. He was a dear old man. It was my blessed privilege to baptize him. Although so feeble that he could barely stand, he entered the water courageously, and emerged from it shouting: "A-li-lu-ya! A-li-lu-ya!" I am confident that he will

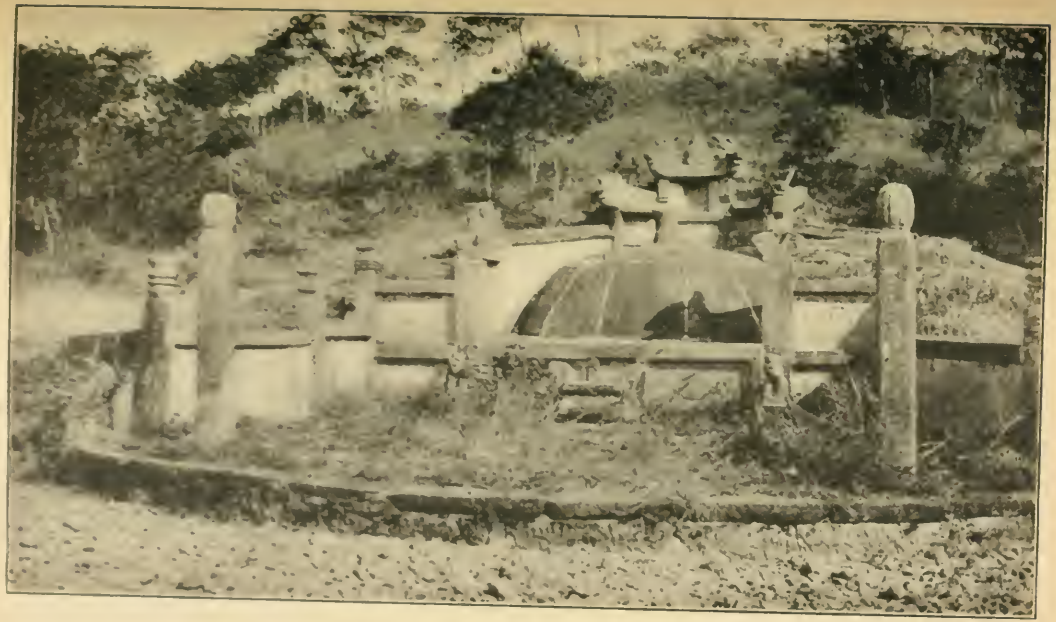
come up triumphant in the first resurrection. It rejoices our hearts to see old Chinese men and women accepting this message. At our spring meeting, Pastor Cottrell baptized an old woman about eighty years old, who had recently accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Her son bore her down to the water's edge upon his back, for the bank was steep. It was a touching sight.

Another church member here is quite old, and lives in wretched circumstances; in fact, she has barely enough to eat to "keep soul and body together." This sister lives in a house that is hardly fit for American pigs. The gospel is her all. Sometimes she shows her respect to the pastor when he visits Heng Shan, by bringing him a little present. When such a poor creature brings me a handkerchief full of eggs, or some other little gift, it makes me feel somewhat as David felt when his brave soldiers brought him water from the well of Bethlehem. It is almost too sacred to use.

NOVEMBER 21

Last night, with a little straw under my bedding, I slept fairly well; and I got up this morning in fine trim for a busy day. My room has a wooden floor and a good table, so I am quite luxuriously housed.

I spent much of the forenoon talking with our church members and workers in this place. One of them has recently received papers to sell, and is doing well. He is working with a spirit that will win souls to Christ. A year ago he was making much trouble for our evangelist here; but after a time, this message got hold of his heart, and every one testifies that he is a changed man. As I listened to him this morning, telling of his experience, and looked down into his



THE TOMB OF A WEALTHY OFFICIAL

beaming face, I felt more confidence than ever in the transforming power of the gospel.

A big funeral procession passed by the chapel this morning, escorted by bands of Chinese music. The immense coffin was borne by scores of men, coolies called for the occasion. In addition to the music, the affair was further enlivened by a continual roar of firecrackers. Following the coffin were the mourners, those of more means riding in chairs, the others straggling along behind on foot. All were draped in coarse white cloth, and there was much wailing and a great display of handkerchiefs on the part of the women.

As I stated before, Heng Shan is an old, old city. It has some good shops, but on the whole is rather squalid, with narrow, roughly paved streets, and a superabundance of ill fed dogs. I am almost tempted to wish that the people of Heng Shan were as fond of dog meat as are those in some other places in China; then perhaps there would not be so many of the creatures in evidence. A few months ago I was walking outside of this city, and came upon a frail little box, which had been dug out of a fresh mound of earth. It had been broken open and was empty. I turned to the nearest Chinese questioningly. *"Gou cha liao,"* he remarked in a matter-of-fact way. *Gou cha liao* — the dogs have eaten! Sometimes the little ones are not buried at all — simply thrown out for the dogs to devour.

There is a good market here. Food is plentiful and cheap. Eggs can be bought for nine cash each. At the present rate of exchange, that would amount to about four cents a dozen, American money. I wish some of my friends in America could buy eggs in Heng

Shan. Peanuts can be purchased at two or three cents (gold) a pound. Seven or eight cents will buy a fine umbrella. Of course, it is not such an umbrella as would be counted stylish in England or America. It opens up flat, and is made of bamboo and oiled paper. These umbrellas are painted red or blue or green, and present a gay appearance. With good care, they will last a long time.

This afternoon, we made a formal call on an official who has been very kind to us. Among other things, it is his duty to look after the welfare of foreigners. We also called on a Baptist missionary who was a fellow passenger on the "Chiyo Maru" when we came to China. He greeted us courteously, and we passed a pleasant hour together. We plan to have another meeting this evening.

NOVEMBER 22

This has been a happy Sabbath day. Three men followed the Master in the ordinance of baptism. We have had practically an all-day meeting. In the morning meeting, Hwang presented the subject of baptism in a clear, convincing way. The Lord is especially raising up men in these heathen lands to be leaders of their own people in proclaiming the last message — men of ability and consecration. Hwang is one of these. Seven years ago he was under the bonds of heathenism. His text this morning was John 3: 1-8; and I have jotted down the substance of what he said in his discourse:

"Nicodemus was a man who had watched Jesus, and become convinced that He was the Son of God. He had made this start toward being a Christian, but he needed repentance. Jesus told him that he must be

born again,— born of water and of the Spirit; and he marveled greatly.

"What does it mean to be born of water and the Spirit? Please read Matt. 3: 16. As John was preaching the gospel of repentance and baptizing, Jesus came; and He too was baptized with water. When Jesus came up out of the water, the Spirit of God rested upon Him. As the Spirit of God rested upon Him, so it will rest upon every one who comes from the water to live a new life in Christ Jesus.

"A preparation for baptism is necessary. There must be confession, and a turning away from sin. Ps. 32: 1-5. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and willing to forgive. Let us study carefully the two words *hwei* and *gai*. [*Hwei gai* is the Mandarin expression meaning repentance; *hwei* means regret, *gai* means to reform.] The mouth may say the words *hwei gai* without the heart's experiencing real repentance. It is not enough simply to *hwei*, but one must *gai*. It is not enough simply to deplore one's bad habits; one must turn over a new leaf. Going down into the water in baptism, is immersion of the body. Genuine baptism must be that of the heart. Is it not enough to confess our sins and forsake them? — No; we must follow the example that Jesus set.

"After Jesus' death, He was buried; but on the third day, He came forth. Baptism is a type of that death, burial, and resurrection. We ought to leave our old life in the watery grave.

"Because we have sinned, we ought to die. God saw us in the bonds of sin, and sent His own Son to die in our stead. When we accept Jesus, our old sins

BAPTISM AT LOHTSING, KIANGCHE MISSION, 1918

are nailed to the cross. If we sin again, we crucify Jesus afresh."

Evangelist Li is a source of great amusement to me. He has an extraordinary sense of humor for a Chinese, is very eccentric, and does many unexpected things. For instance, when we were singing, in this morning service, Li suddenly stopped to rebuke some one in the audience who was out of order, then started in again singing where he left off. Of course, he came in half a bar behind the rest of the singers, and finished the verse accordingly. However, none of the Chinese noticed.

While we were questioning candidates for baptism to-day, one of the brethren referred to another brother as *lao hu dzi* — old whiskers. (To be strictly honest, I should put a comma between "old" and "whiskers.") In America, we should think this rather rude; but in this case, the speaker was very respectful. You see, a father and his son were among those present. The father was designated as *lao* because of his riper years, and as a *hu dzi* because that was one of his distinguishing features. Whiskers are comparatively rare in Hunan, and are numbered among the blessings.

Our testimony service to-day was excellent. Following this service, we observed the ordinance of feet washing, and partook of the Lord's Supper.

The baptismal service was peaceful and quiet. This service always calls out a crowd of curious spectators; but to-day they were quite respectful, and I think those baptized received a great blessing.

NOVEMBER 23

This has been another day marked by many pleasant experiences. I received an odd present from a

Chinese gentleman. I was too curious about the toilet set that he carried, consisting of an instrument for scratching the ears, an ear spoon, and a toothpick, all made of steel and attached to a dainty silver chain; so he insisted on giving it to me. Protestations usually

A BARBER PLYING HIS TRADE IN THE STREET

count very little in China, in such a case, except for politeness; but I really thought he wanted me to have the set, so finally I accepted it. The most interesting toilet articles in China are the back scratchers, consisting of a little ivory hand, with a long handle, or a narrow strip of bamboo curved and carved at one end to represent a hand.

My friends at home would be amused to see me using a Chinese wooden comb. It happened that after the baptism yesterday, I crawled into a little covered boat to put on some dry clothing, and left my comb behind in the boat. So I secured the only thing available.

Li made a feast to-day for ten of his friends, including the Baptist missionary, Hwang, and me. The menu included beef, fish, goat flesh, and chicken; but there was also celery, bean curd, and fruits, so I got through the meal without violating any vegetarian principles, and had a plenty.

I am attaining some little knowledge of Chinese table etiquette, and hence can dine out with less embarrassment than formerly.

As far as appearances indicate, there is no endeavor in China to get the highest place at feasts. Undoubtedly the higher place a man gets at table, the better pleased he is; but outwardly he makes a great protest when asked to "go up higher." It takes some time to get the guests seated. When a person has finished eating, he holds his chopsticks aloft, or waves them about, as much as to say, "I am done; please excuse me." Sometimes he says, *"Mau mau dy chih"* (eat slowly); and the other guests murmur, "We are eating a good deal." This done, it is quite proper here

for one who has finished eating to leave the table. One by one the guests get up and leave. Of course, all this is in Hunan. I do not know what customs obtain elsewhere.

A BAMBOO FOREST WHERE WILD FLOWERS GROW IN ABUNDANCE

Dinner over, we set out into the country to visit some inquirers, and first called on Dr. Liao. He lives in a rather attractive little cottage, approached through a bamboo grove. There were orange trees in the yard, and shrubs of various kinds. The doctor was drying herbs, spread out on mats in the yard.

The cottage itself, though very humble, looked quite trim and tidy. Walls of mud, floor of mud, thatch of straw, windows of paper,— that describes most Hunan country houses.

We had a good chat with the doctor brother, who seems not to be so much of a quack as some of his fellow practitioners. From what I have heard, I am afraid that these Chinese physicians are a bad lot. Certain it is that the ailing Chinese "suffer many things of many physicians"— and so patiently! A Chinese man will stand and have a needle four or five inches long pushed through the muscles of his chest, up to the needle head, and not flinch.

Then we visited a young man who is much persecuted by his family because his godly living is a rebuke to them. After that we visited Brother Liu, who is a well-to-do farmer, and has a big family of grown sons. These have all married and settled down on the old farm, but none of them are Adventists. They entertained us very hospitably. Brother Liu leaves the management of the farm to the young men, and is one of our regular canvassers. He canvasses because he loves to be doing the Lord's work. We stayed until evening, and came home by torchlight.

NOVEMBER 24

This morning, we left Heng Shan, pausing first at the chapel door, and with bowed heads asking for a

heavenly benediction to rest upon our brethren and sisters of that place, and for God's protecting care to be over us in our journey. I left Brother Hwang here, planning to join him later at Hen Djou. Li accompanied me on the road winding through the paddy fields to Nan Yueh.

I walked, and Li was carried in a chair, much to his mental discomfort. He is so stout that the walk of ten miles to Nan Yueh was more than he could well accomplish, but he thought that it didn't look well for him to ride and the pastor to walk. I always walk short distances, partly to save money for the mission, and partly for the pure love of walking, both of which motives are mysterious to most of the Chinese. The heathen Chinese thinks the foreigner's money is unlimited; and to walk when one can apparently ride just as well as not, is very amusing, from his point of view.

The Heng Shan official has insisted that a soldier accompany me until I arrive at the next big city, not that there is any special danger on the road, but because it is the custom at this place. So I start off with a big soldier at my back, a strapping six-footer, armed with a big knife, which he carries in a sheath,—a wicked looking thing two feet long, and about four inches wide near the point.

Two of the young men from Heng Shan escorted me a long distance on my way. It troubled me much to have them hang in the rear, at a respectful distance, like servants. They insisted on keeping away behind, almost beyond speaking distance.

There is a fairly good paved road, or rather path, leading from Heng Shan to Nan Yueh, the stone worn

smooth by the feet of travelers. Inasmuch as horses are very little used in this part of China, the roads are narrow, and the paved part is usually just wide enough for a man to walk in. Sometimes two chairs, meeting, have great difficulty in getting by each other. These path roads remind me of a remark of one of our Chinese preachers. Speaking of the road to destruction, how smooth and wide it is, he said it is like a *ma lu* (horse road). There came to my mind memories of some of the horse roads over which I have traveled; and doubtless if he had seen them, he would not have used the expression in such an unqualified sense. But truly the Chinese roads are often narrow. I was greatly amused to see two men with huge hats trying to pass each other to-day.

The most interesting things on this road are the numerous village shrines. One of these, which I will briefly describe, is perhaps eight feet high and four feet square, and is well made of brick. The front is open. Inside, behind a wooden grate, are two little wooden idols. Here the villagers come to burn paper and incense. This particular shrine had lately been sprinkled with chicken's blood, and then some of the feathers had been stuck on. I asked why the feathers were used. The reasons given were that the use of feathers greatly honored the god; also, as the feathers trusted to the blood in order to adhere to the shrine, so the worshipers were thereby taught to trust in him, to cling to him for help. By the shrine were two great stone tablets. One was erected in honor of those who repaired the road at such and such a time, with a long list of names affixed; the other was a warning issued

to thieves and robbers at a certain time not to practice their depredations on that road.

About noon, we arrived in Nan Yueh. Nan Yueh is only a village, nestling down at the foot of a mountain range, but it has one of the most noted temples in China. Truly Nan Yueh is Satan's seat for this section of the world. From the eighth to the tenth month, the roads leading hither are filled with long columns of pilgrims. Thousands arrive daily, waving smoking sticks of incense, and singing their weird songs of praise.

We have only a little company of believers in this place, and they are so glad to greet us when we come! After a warm welcome, we had a nice dinner of rice, greens, and bean curd. I feel quite at ease now, scooping rice into my mouth with chopsticks.

Dinner over, we started for the country, to see a young man who lived two or three li away. He wished to be baptized at this time. The family consisted of him, his mother and wife, and one little boy, a fine child. It was a pleasure to talk with the aged mother. She has not yet accepted the message, but she loves Jesus, and we encouraged her to walk the way of eternal life. We were treated to peanuts, parched beans, and squash seeds. I was hungry, and they tasted good. The yearly income derived by this family of four from their few tiny fields, which is all they have to live on and clothe themselves with, is about twenty-five dollars, American money.

Returning to the village, we called at the home of a shoemaker. He is a heathen, but his only son has accepted Christ, and is now in our training school at Shanghai preparing for service.

We spent the afternoon visiting with and encouraging the believers. In the evening, we held a preaching service. The room was crowded, and the attention was excellent. They expressed great pleasure listening to my broken Chinese. How courteous they are! I imagine that if a Chinese spoke in one of our American gatherings in such broken language, it would be hard work for us to restrain our amusement.

Another of the students at our Shanghai school has relatives here in Nan Yueh. After the service tonight, one of them approached me and introduced himself. When he mentioned his brother, I said, "He is a good man."

"Oh," he said, "but formerly he wasn't good," and he went on to tell what a bad case he was. "But after he began to come to your chapel here, a change came into his life." So this heathen bore a splendid testi-

A BUSY SHOEMAKER

FORMER TAOIST PRIEST, NOW A CHINESE COLPORTEUR

mony to the power of the gospel. God grant that this man also, who is convicted of his sinfulness, and testifies to the power of the gospel, may fully come out on the Lord's side.

I have been writing with a crowd of men and boys around me, and many faces framed in the open window, all very curious to see the stranger; but I am quite accustomed to being stared at, and don't mind.

NOVEMBER 25

Last night, I went to bed with the solemn tones of a big temple bell ringing in my ears; and this morning, before the light of day, its deep intonations again reminded me that I was in Nan Yueh.

Visitors came flocking in this forenoon, many of them from mere curiosity, some of them to ask the foreigner about the Western country. Among the visitors was an intelligent looking Taoist priest. I speak of him as intelligent looking because so many of these men are heavy featured and uncouth in appearance. We questioned several candidates for baptism. Four of them were accepted.

I was thankful, on this visit, not to have to sleep in a room with a coffin, as on a former occasion. One part of this building is rented to the mission; in the other half, the landlord himself resides. When the foreign pastor comes, the landlord usually gives up one of his rooms for a guest room. He has an aged mother. In all homes where there are elderly people, their coffins are prepared early, in anticipation of their death. The old woman who lives here undoubtedly takes great comfort when she looks at that big box, knowing that her future resting place is assured. Chinese coffins

are not made of boards, but of blocks of wood, so they are very heavy. Good ones are expensive.

It sometimes happens that although the coffin has already been provided, there is not money enough on hand to pay for the funeral when death occurs; for good funerals call for a large amount of money. There are the priests, and the paper house, and the paper horse and cow, and the music, the firecrackers, and other things to arrange for. Sometimes the relatives want to bury their dead in some distant place, and haven't the ready money for the traveling expense. In such cases, the coffin is sealed, and left in one of the living rooms of the house, sometimes as long as six months, sometimes longer.

The hour came for baptism, and we went outside the village to a clear mountain stream. It seems most fitting to administer this rite in water pure and clear

A GRAVE MOUND NEAR SHANGHAI, WITH COFFINS AND FUNERAL URNS

as crystal; but in many places in China, we have to baptize in a muddy river.

Many villagers followed us. After the usual hymn and prayer, I stepped into the water. As I did so, a shout of derision went up from the crowd; but as the candidates followed one by one, and were buried in baptism, a hush came over those assembled.

Then we gathered at the chapel for the celebration of the ordinances. I was very happy this afternoon as one of these new brethren tenderly laved my feet, and I in turn ministered to him.

So far on this visit to Nan Yueh, I have not been to see the big temple. I have been leaving that for to-morrow. To-morrow also I must get another view from that beautiful mountain top. Several of the Chinese brethren plan to go with me.

Early in the morning, some little boys came in, and I entertained them for a while. Presently I succeeded in turning their minds toward Jesus, and we had a children's meeting. How did I entertain them? — By telling them how we call our animals and pets in America. Then I asked them how they call their cows, and pigs, cats, etc., and requested them to teach me. They were tremendously amused at my efforts to imitate them.

A young man came in to have a talk with me. I liked the frank way in which he spoke of his faults. He said he wanted to overcome, and by and by be baptized. Alas, it is so easy for these Chinese to confess their sins, and so hard to let go of them!

NOVEMBER 26

Early this morning, I arose all aglow with the prospect of climbing the mountain, but after waiting sev-

eral hours for a clear sky, gave up the idea. Next I must go to Hen Djou; but since it is a full day's trip, I will stop here one more night. Putting up at night on the Hen Djou road is very bad.

STONE IMAGE OF TURTLE AT THE NANKING TOMBS

Because of the turtle's long life, stone images of that reptile have borne for centuries the Chinese records of departed princes and priests.

I have spent the day talking with inquirers and visiting temples. There are several big temples here; but the largest, the far-famed Nan Yueh temple dedicated to the god Shang Dy, is especially worth mention.

The temple yard is about five hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide. On either side is a colonnade formed by two rows of big wooden pillars, extending the entire length, and supporting a tile roof. Upon entering the temple yard, the first thing to visit is the enormous stone turtle, which is supposed to protect the place. This turtle is magnificently executed and wonderfully lifelike. It is carved out of black marble (made in two sections), and smoothly polished.

Resting on its back is a tablet of the same black marble, twelve feet high, covered with inscriptions. Surmounting the whole is a block of gray granite, twelve feet long by four feet wide, embellished with scroll work and dragons.

Approaching the temple, we came to two stone houses, each with a big open door, into which packages of paper money are thrown to be burned. The money thus used by the worshipers is supposed to be transferred to the spirit world, so that their departed friends may have the wherewithal to secure temporal comforts. Of course, it is not real money that they burn, just a cheap imitation. In the month of August, when the pilgrims number thousands daily, these stone houses become roaring furnaces. It would be interesting to know how many tons of paper are burned here yearly. From a safe distance, the suppliant throws his package of paper into the flames, and then kneeling again and again, bowing, touches the rough pavement with his forehead.

On his way up the steps to the temple, the pilgrim pauses to polish some coins on the surface of a great dragon. (The likeness is carved in bas-relief, on an immense slab of white stone.) The coins are taken home, and children wear them on their bodies as charms to protect them from disease and danger.

The main temple is a large structure. Including the stone platform upon which it stands, it is about one hundred seventy-five feet long, and seventy feet high. The gilded tile roof is turned up at the corners in real Chinese fashion. Under the roof is a broad facade, decorated with dragons and fierce looking birds, all done in gilt and green. The temple is supported by huge granite pillars.

The stone platform is surmounted by a stone fence, the panels of which are white stone ornamented with exquisite carvings, trees, flowers, birds, and animals standing out in bas-relief. Chinese art is not along the same lines as ours. Looking at it from the standpoint of the Occidental, much of the work of the Chinese artists is very crude. They do not seem to attempt accuracy of outline and nicety of detail. However, the effect is sometimes magnificent.

Outside the entrance of the temple is an immense brazen basin, said to be for the god Shang Dy to wash in. As we were looking at it, a procession of priests came, escorting a group of pilgrims bearing incense and precious wood to burn before the altar inside.

It is quiet here to-day, and usually is, except during the special season of worship. Then dense crowds surge through the gates, and the air is rent by the shrill cries of the worshipers. Again and again the

chant arises, ascribing omnipotence to that thing made by men's hands. To see and listen makes one's heart ache.

Just inside the temple, two big idols, about twenty feet in height, guard the place, each with a mighty battle-ax in hand. Shang Dy stands behind an inclosure of wooden pales. His upper part is veiled — one must pay a fee and go inside in order to look upon his face. His gorgeous skirts of green and purple are all that can be seen from without. Before him millions have bowed in reverence. To his presence countless aching hearts have come, seeking for help, oh, so vainly! Millions of dollars, some of them very hard-earned, have been expended. And still the empty form goes on.

There is a big barrel-shaped drum here, six and one half feet in diameter — a wonderful drum. The slightest tap with a lead pencil starts deep reverberations that rumble for a long time.

So much for this temple! Five miles away, at the top of the mountain (3,500 feet above sea level), stands another, a very old one, also dedicated to Shang Dy. The steep ascent to the summit is made by stone steps, not a few of them cut out of the solid rock. The view from the summit is wonderful. All along the ascent are temples, some large and some small. Here a person may count gods by the thousand. Near the top is a Chinese library, reported to be very, very old. Getting the building material up that steep mountain side must have been a great feat. The temple at the summit has an immense brazen burner, which is said to have taken three hundred coolies to carry up.

At still another temple that I visited to-day in the village, a service was conducted that reminded me very much of the service of the Roman Catholic Church. The music of the big orchestra was the best Chinese music I have ever heard — very pleasant to listen to. The sweet, plaintive strains, the incense-laden atmosphere, the gorgeous robes of the priests, their dignified movements, the solemn chants,— all could not fail to impress the visitor with a feeling akin to awe.

NOVEMBER 27

The mountains were still thickly shrouded with mist this morning when we started out from Nan Yueh. To-day I took a chair.

This day has not been very interesting. The chair coolies plodded stolidly along, and the big soldier tagged behind. I walked, too, part of the way. I don't enjoy riding in a sedan chair. It makes the men who carry me beasts of burden. Then, too, I am heavier than most of the Chinese, of which fact they are not slow to remind me. So I walk much more than the mere love of walking would induce me to do, just to ease my conscience. How they grumble when I get back into the chair, after walking a spell!

Of course, it isn't light work — two men carrying another man mile after mile over all kinds of roads. All the carriers in China have to work hard. In Hen Djou, a city of perhaps three hundred thousand people, there isn't even a jinrikisha or a wheelbarrow. Everything is carried on the back or shoulders of men. But pushing a heavily laden wheelbarrow over roughly paved streets is cruel work, too.

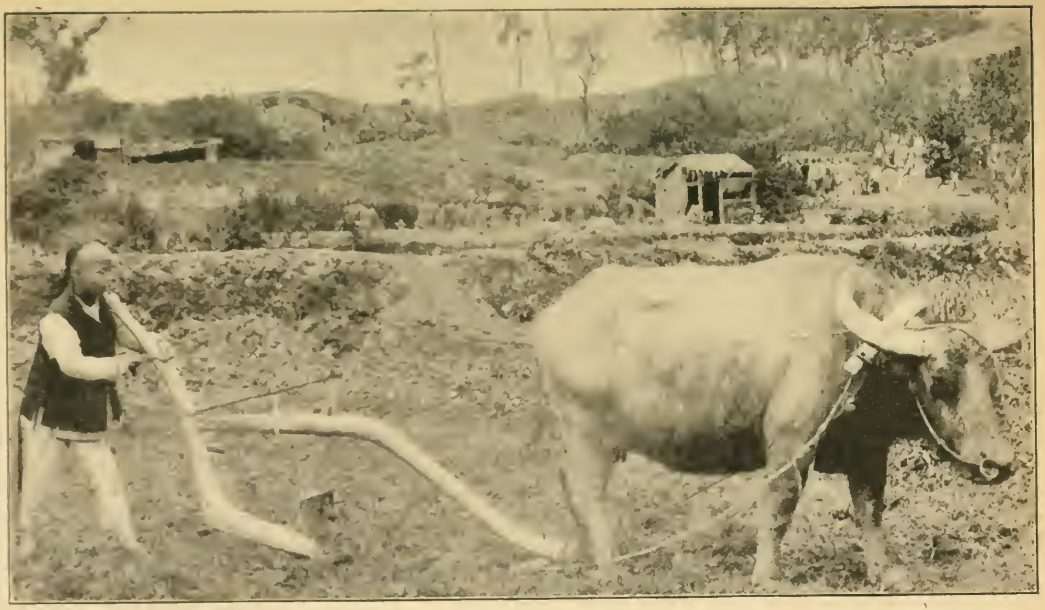
In the country, there are cattle to help out with the plowing and the harrowing; but all the burdens that have to be carried are committed to men. Sometimes wheelbarrows are used, when the roads are good enough. Remember, I am writing of local conditions, not of Chinese conditions in general.

The most comical thing I saw to-day was a small boy watching the family buffaloes as they browsed near a field of beans. It was raining; so the little fellow had perched on the back of a big buffalo, raised his umbrella, and sat there as dignified in appearance as an emperor. These buffaloes (water cows the Chinese call them), although so large, are very docile, and a child can manage them readily. They are fine to use when cultivating the rice fields. Their broad feet are at home on land, in mud, or in water. Although so heavy, they splash drowsily along, knee-deep in mud, with apparent ease and content. They are great swimmers. On a hot summer day, they love to lie in a pool, with only the head above the surface. They enjoy plunging under, too.

NOVEMBER 28

It was about eleven o'clock when we arrived at Hen Djou. We ought to have reached here early in the evening, but the chair coolies were a disappointment. They apparently didn't care whether we got anywhere or not. About dusk, we arrived at the village of Djang Mo Sz. Hen Djou was still ten miles away, and the coolies refused to go any farther; so we secured passage on a small boat. The boatman rowed well, and in due time we arrived.

As the city gates were already shut for the night, there was nothing to do but sleep outside. We had



PLOWING, CHINESE FASHION

some difficulty finding a lodging house; besides, it was rather uncanny groping about the dark streets, and I was just a bit glad of the big soldier with his big knife. After a while, we found a place to sleep; and as Providence would have it, one of our church members was staying there that night. In the confusion occasioned by our arrival, he was awakened, and recognizing my voice, left his bed to greet me. A bed next his was given me, and I had a pleasant chat with him before falling asleep.

Early this morning, we entered Hen Djou, and found our way to the Seventh-day Adventist chapel. Here I dismissed my bodyguard. To-day I have enjoyed meeting again the few brethren and sisters we have here. Thus far the work in Hen Djou has gone slowly; but we have a stronger man here now, and hope for better things.

Many of our church members in this place are named Hwang, which means yellow. Not a very inspiring name in English, is it? But yellow in China is the imperial color, and Hwang is a very common family name. Other common surnames are Li, meaning plum; Djang, meaning to grow; and Wang, meaning king.

The weather is cold and drizzly to-day, and I have appreciated the charcoal fire. It is quite cozy. These charcoal fires are not healthful; but in wintertime, they give these cheerless, dark Chinese houses just a suggestion of coziness. There is rarely a window where the healing, cheering sunlight can stream in. Some of the Chinese are fond of plants and flowers, but these are usually found in a court outside the house.

It was in Hen Djou that I sipped my first cup of chrysanthemum tea, made of chrysanthemum flowers, not the leaves. There is one hospitable home here where it is always served. I have no way of finding out whether the beverage is healthful or not. However, it is quite pleasant to drink, and I am sure that it does not stimulate.

To-morrow is the Sabbath day. I am looking forward to it with much pleasure.

NOVEMBER 29

The guest chamber at our chapel here is the loft, so last night I scrambled up a ladder to bed. It was a stormy night. The rain beat down spitefully on the tiles overhead, and violent gusts of wind came in through the lattice window. My bedding was very damp, and I could not keep warm. I got up before light, descended from the loft, and tried to get warm over the little fire that had been left burning overnight. I hope we shall have a sunny day soon. It has been very damp for two or three days, and my bedclothes feel almost as wet as if they had just come from the wringer. There is no way of drying bedding inside; we must wait for a bright day, and hang it out of doors.

This morning, I was stamping around vigorously to keep up my circulation. A Chinese brother stood by, looking calmly on. I said to him: "I am so cold my feet ache. Aren't you cold?"

"Yes," he said; "my feet also ache."

I should like to know what he was thinking as he watched my performance. Patient Chinese! These discomforts that Westerners make such a fuss over,

they accept as a matter of course. Some of them never have been comfortable, and don't expect ever to be. Often, when they are cold, they won't admit it, that is such a trifling matter. I have heard a man whose limbs were shaking and teeth chattering with cold, declare with all solemnity that he was very comfortable.

The little children look comfortable to-day in their padded clothing. The tiny ones are about as wide as long, just a chubby face peering out of a bundle.

Some brethren from a distant place dropped in and partook of communion with us. We had a precious season with the Lord.

I found one brother and his family in desperate circumstances. The place they live in is indescribably wretched, and they continually suffer for the bare necessities of life. This brother belongs to the old school of Chinese scholars. He is well educated according to the old standards; but with the increasing use of the printing press, and the almost complete revolution of the Chinese educational system of late, he is practically useless.

When he came to the chapel to see me, he looked pitiable. He wore a worn-out waist and trousers, and a flimsy old cotton *sonza.* (The *sonza* corresponds to our coat, and is long enough to come down to the ankles.) I am dressed warmer than I ever dressed for a New England winter, yet I suffer from the cold. Besides the two heavy suits of underwear that I am wearing, I had another suit with me. I clambered up to the loft, got it out, and told the brother to put it on. When he next appeared, he had discarded part of his former rags, as being out of place with his new ap-

THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL, WUCHANG

parel, and wore the American underwear, only partly concealed by his shabby old *sonza*.

The brethren, suspecting that I didn't sleep well last night, have brought me some Chinese covers; so I think I shall sleep better to-night.

NOVEMBER 30

The principal business to-day was to look for a new place to rent, as the chapel we are now using is no longer suitable. The Chinese brethren thought that if I went along, perhaps the mission could not rent to such good advantage. It is marvelous how rents go up when it is known that the prospective renter is a foreigner. The plan is, therefore, for the foreigners to keep in the background until the amount of rent wanted is talked through.

I looked at some more temples — a favorite diversion. On a beautiful hilltop outside the city is a temple containing the most miscellaneous collection of idols I have ever seen. One god has forty-eight arms; one has a black face; the distinguishing feature of another is his exaggerated eyebrows; still another has a tripod in his hands.

There is a bell at this place which is said to have fallen direct from heaven. There is also a much treasured black stone, believed to have come from the same source. It has been imbedded in the outer wall of the temple. If the visitor throws water upon the stone, and then looks at it from the proper angle, he sees the city of Hen Djou mirrored in its surface. The reflection is not now perfect, because the stone has not always been carefully guarded, and has been scratched and defaced by rowdies. However, it is a wonderful stone.

There is another temple here that contains clay figures depicting all the supposed terrors of hell. It is the Chinese Buddhist conception of the punishment of the wicked, I was told. What I saw there was frightfully realistic. I am sure that if I were a heathen, and believed what I saw there, I should be frightened enough to keep straight one long while.

Men and women are there represented writhing in the flames, imprisoned in stocks, being sawn asunder, being disemboweled, falling from cliffs, being flayed alive, in the coils of serpents, etc.; and accompanying each portrayal is an inscription telling what sin the poor creature is being punished for. One subject is a man in a caldron of hot oil. A devil is standing with a fork in hand to prevent him from climbing out, while another devil is blowing at the fire under the caldron to make it hotter.

One other item that may be of interest is the incense that in some of these temples burns perpetually. It is made in great coils that are suspended from the ceiling. Some of them are supposed to burn just one month.

In the evening, we invited a young man who a year ago was a heathen, to talk to the outside audience. He did very well indeed. It is wonderful how rapidly, under the tuition of the Holy Spirit, some of these young men develop in the message.

To-morrow I must go into the country to look up an elderly couple who have moved so far away that they cannot come regularly to service.

DECEMBER 1

Early this morning, one of the brethren and I started for the country to find our old friends. On my

previous visit to Hen Djou, this couple were very desirous of being baptized; but when we questioned them, we found that they were not keeping the Sabbath perfectly, and needed further instruction in other matters. So I promised them that if on my return they had grown in grace, they might be baptized.

On our way, we met hundreds of farmers coming in to market, not riding in "democrat" wagons, but walking with two big baskets of produce suspended from a bar of wood, or a section of a bamboo pole, thrown across the shoulder. The loads were mostly of rice, vegetables, and eggs. Two men were carrying a pig to market on a stretcher.

We enjoyed the walk. We lost our way once, but retraced our steps, and finally arrived at our destination. Our brother is a country school-teacher; and, as I expected, on approaching his place, we heard a small babel of voices, droning away at their tasks. One little lad was reciting at the top of his shrill voice.

In a small, dark hovel, Brother Dju lives and instructs his ten small charges, giving them the rudiments of an education. He teaches only two of the "three R's," reading and "riting." "Rithmetic," or the use of the abacus, they pick up at home. I asked the teacher to get the children started again at their tasks; but he said that as long as I stayed, it was impossible. The good man's wife was not at home. We sat a little while, then came away, Dju assuring us that they would both come to the chapel to service on the morrow.

DECEMBER 2

The weather is still very bad. We visited believers this morning, coming back to a fine dinner. This

afternoon, one man and one woman were baptized, and received into church membership. On account of the inclemency of the weather, Mrs. Dju, who is old and feeble, decided to wait until another time.

A MAN OF LEARNING, A CLASS MUCH REVERED IN CHINA

The water in the river is very low now. On the beach, the water was too shallow for baptism; so we all boarded two big boats, and had them rowed out toward the middle of the river, where the water was waist deep. We had no difficulty with the brother, but the sister had to be lowered into the river and pulled up again. However, she went through the ordeal with good grace. The water was icy cold, and I suffered; but the brother and sister declared that they did not mind the cold, and I don't believe that they did.

The Chinese had a good laugh at my expense to-day. It all came because of my curiosity. When I see anything out of the ordinary, I persistently inquire until I understand what it is. Two or three times lately I have seen what to me was an object of great mystery. It is a small red package, in shape like a brick, only larger, suspended over the doors of dwelling houses, outside.

Now I wondered what superstition could possibly be connected with this red package. Sometimes in Hunan we see a small looking-glass over a house door, placed there to keep the devils out. When a devil comes to the door to enter, he sees his own likeness in the glass, and, becoming frightened, turns back. I thought this mysterious red package might also have some charm about it. Well, I found out that it was only a weight, connected with an apparatus for raising and lowering a big lamp that at night hangs outside the door. The Chinese greatly enjoyed my discomfiture.

We haven't found any place to rent yet. Most of those available are higher than the mission can afford

to pay. And there are some property-holders who won't rent to a mission.

To-day I visited a home that made my heart ache, it was such a miserable hovel. The man and wife are members of our church. I hope they will have a beautiful mansion in heaven.

We are planning to leave to-morrow for Yen Djou. The chair bearers are engaged for early in the morning.

DECEMBER 3

My slumbers were disturbed very early this morning, by some fuss in the near neighborhood. The first thing I heard was a man's voice, stern and commanding, and the shrill tones of a woman's voice apparently raised in appeal. "Why," I thought to myself, "some of our neighbors are quarreling early!" I might have settled myself quite unconcernedly to sleep again, for such occurrences are all too common in Hunan; but the shouting was suddenly drowned by a general hubbub. Then came the cries again, and another hubbub, a shouting and banging, and firecrackers. Then I knew that it wasn't a row; for when there is a quarrel, there isn't time for firecrackers.

The chapel boy got up and went out, curious, I think, to know who was concerned. It seems that there is a woman in a neighboring house who is very ill. She was apparently breathing her last this morning, when her relatives and friends who had assembled, had recourse to an old custom. The nearest relatives shouted to her to bear up, not to give way to death — much as we might try to keep a tired child from slumber, only with intense desperation. Then all present, with voice, beating of furniture, setting off of firecrackers, and

apparently every other method they could devise, made as much of a racket as possible, to keep the death angel from claiming the sick woman. I asked the chapel boy later if this performance had had the desired effect, and he said the woman was better.

But as we left the chapel this morning, the intensity of the cries of grief from still another house told us that there death had just claimed its victim. It is common, when walking on the street, to hear the cries of those mourning their dead. To them, death is so terrible; for they mourn as those who have no hope.

On reaching the river, we found that the boat which had been engaged for us was very comfortable. What made it so was the fact that it was partially filled with rice. Sleeping on rice is luxurious after reclining on hard boards, I can assure you.

The weather is drizzly and chilly yet. We haven't seen the sun for a week. I settled myself down for a good study of Chinese characters, with Hwang as my tutor. He will accompany me to the next two stations. A Brother Djou is also going as far as Lei Yang with us. Our next stopping place will be Yen Djou, one hundred and fifty li by water from Hen Djou. There we have a large company of believers. I haven't seen much of interest to-day. We are passing through a comparatively flat country — a country of rice fields for the most part.

DECEMBER 4

We were overjoyed this morning to see the sun again flooding the earth with light. I had a thoroughly enjoyable time, walking along the path on the bluffs, or through the fields where the Chinese farmers are busy with their fall work. In some places, the air was

heavily perfumed with the fragrance of the lovely wild chrysanthemums. I passed through a fine oak grove, and gathered acorns. The sight of me frightened some poor children dreadfully. I met them on the steep river bank. One poor little fellow was almost

THE CHINESE FARMER, CONTENT WITH THINGS AS THEY ARE

paralyzed with fright. He kept falling, in his efforts to get away; and I feared he would tumble down that steep place into the river.

Many Chinese parents coerce naughty children into good behavior by threatening to call a "foreign devil" (foreigner). Once a refractory child was brought screaming to the door of a chapel where I was staying, to scare him into submission. Another time, as I was passing through a small village, my attention was at-

tracted to a tiny baby lying in a basket. There were probably twenty flies walking about on his tender face, and the little thing was crying piteously. I paused a moment, wishing I could do something for the child. The young mother happened to look up, and saw a foreigner who was suspiciously interested in her baby. With a cry in which fear and defiance were intermingled, she bounded to the cradle, clasped her baby to her breast, and stood there glaring at me like an animal at bay. Without doubt, when she saw my attention attracted to her baby, her mind reverted to all the old stories she had heard when a child, of foreigners catching little children and gouging out their eyes to make medicine, etc.

Some of the Chinese were reaping buckwheat, pulling it handful by handful; some were digging sweet potatoes; others were plowing. It is rather amusing to me to see a huge buffalo drawing a light wooden plow that a twelve-year-old boy could carry about easily. These plows look rather crude; but they are quite cleverly made after all, and do good work in the soft, yielding soil.

The boat came along rather slowly, so I didn't wait for it, but kept on walking, and arrived at Yen Djou chapel about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here I found a group of believers awaiting our arrival. They rushed into the chapel when they saw me coming, and brought out great strings of firecrackers, and set them off. Thus I arrived in the midst of a tremendous uproar. Then hearty individual greetings were exchanged, after which the Yen Djou friends all hastened to prepare something good for us to eat. Hwang and Djou arrived soon after I did.

Yen Djou is a shipping place for coal. It is only a village, and not very prepossessing in appearance; but most of our inquirers here are shopkeepers in comfortable circumstances. One of our colporteurs came to this place to sell papers a year and a half ago. In his zeal for the truth, he incurred the resentment of the Catholics, who have a strong mission here. A mob of them came with their friends, one day when he was giving a Bible reading, seized him, together with another man who was very favorable to the truth, and brought them before the county magistrate, who is a Roman Catholic. They imprisoned them for forty days. Far from stamping out the interest in this place, this incident only deepened the desire to hear the gospel. The inquirers fitted up a chapel at their own expense, and then sent an appeal to Changsha for a preacher. We have had an evangelist here now for eight months. This is my second visit to the place.

The people are very rough, but the gospel has done wonderful things for some of them already. At the time of our former visit, some of them pleaded for baptism; but we thought it best for them to wait. Now there are many here who want baptism, some of whom are manifestly unconverted. May God give us wisdom to know who should go forward in this solemn rite.

DECEMBER 5

I find this dirty, tumble-down-looking Yen Djou very interesting. It is the scene of considerable activity. All day long a line of men and boys bearing baskets of coal, passes through the village to the bins on the river bank. The mines are about nine li away. The carriers daily make three trips to the mines and return, carry-

ing about one hundred thirty pounds of coal to a load. What a waste of human energy! It would be interesting to compute how much coal these people (there are about a thousand carriers here) could move in a day, compared with what a handful of men with modern conveniences could move.

Yen Djou is a market place. That is to say, on certain days, the country people for many miles around flock here with produce to sell. Manufacturers come with their wares, small merchants come to sell notions and sweetmeats, fakers bring their wheels of fortune. Sometimes an acrobat displays his skill. On these days, Yen Djou is a bustling and busy community.

The curse of the place is strong drink. The people also smoke great quantities of tobacco, many of them

THE BIRD OF THE COOLIE HAS AN AIRING, THE SAME AS ITS ARISTOCRATIC RELATIVES

using long bamboo pipes, some of which are four feet long.

This section of Hunan produces great quantities of *cha* oil. China produces several kinds of excellent vegetable oil, but *cha* oil is most common in Hunan. It is not sent to market in casks, but in baskets. Think of sending cooking oil to market in baskets! These baskets are lined with paper especially prepared for the purpose, and each one holds about a hundred pounds of oil.

This morning, we examined candidates for baptism. Six were accepted and went forward in the rite. This was the first time the inhabitants of Yen Djou ever witnessed a baptismal service, and the brethren were baptized amid the jeers and ridicule of many of those assembled. May God grant that some of those who to-day ridiculed, will yet follow their Saviour in baptism.

We hope to see some of the Yen Djou women ready for baptism later. Because very few of the women can read, they are usually more backward than the men about accepting the gospel. As their husbands live the gospel, and our evangelists' wives labor with them and influence them to attend preaching services, the honest-hearted will gradually be gathered into the fold of Christ.

DECEMBER 6

It was a very pleasant occasion to-day, when those baptized yesterday were received into church membership, and we all met around the Lord's table.

Many came to-day for medicine and advice. I have been quite busy looking at bad eyes, dressing sores, etc. I only wish I could do something for them worth

while. The best I can do will bring only temporary relief.

Early this morning, I strolled out of the village for a little quiet time with God, and was a bit vexed to be followed by some of the brethren. They said they were afraid I would fall into the hands of the Catholics. I found a little hillock, covered with old trees, where the heathen come to worship. Stuck into the crevices of trees and stones, were the oddest emblems of worship imaginable,— the heads of fowls mounted on bamboo sticks, and carefully veiled with paper. The sticks were decorated with strips of white paper and red cloth. This must be a local custom, for I have not seen it elsewhere.

A poor old man came into the chapel to-day, wanting medicine. He was nearly blind from cataract. I told him that my eye medicine would not do his eye any good, but he insisted on having some. My heart ached for this old man. Scarcely any one in this region has good eyes.

To-day was market day here, and the country people came in large numbers. I was an object of great curiosity. As I picked my way through the crowd, some of them good-naturedly pawed me over, as if I had been an object for sale in some curiosity shop. They wanted to see and feel my clothes, ask the price, etc. I essayed to distribute some literature, and do a little missionary work; but most of these people understood hardly a word.

DECEMBER 7

To-day was our calling day in Yen Djou. We didn't have much time yesterday to visit the believers in

their homes; so this morning, we started out to make the rounds of the village.

We find the people here kind-hearted and hospitable — almost too hospitable. It is exceedingly difficult to avoid any of their good things. One of the treats they are fond of preparing for guests is three or four hard-boiled eggs, peeled, and served swimming in a big bowl of sweetened water, without salt. The first egg tastes pretty good; but imagine yourself eating two under great pressure, and then being served with the same "delicacy" at almost the next house. I should enjoy seeing some of my friends try to handle this dish with chopsticks, and hear the accompanying remarks. I can manage now to pick up a hard egg with chopsticks, and eat it that way. Another recipe calls for three or four hard-boiled eggs, also served with sweetened water, made quite thick with boiled chestnuts and Chinese prunes. A variety of dainties is usually brought on, including cakes, sweetmeats, melon seeds, and peanuts. I often have recourse to the peanuts, as they are generally served in their shells, and so are quite germ-proof. The melon seeds are palatable, but not overly clean.

After dinner, we took leave of our good friends here, eight or ten of them escorting us for some distance on our way. May our heavenly Father keep these babes in Christ! We dislike to leave them in that wicked place, and our preacher there is not very strong. Sometimes the appeals for help are so urgent that we have to thrust out men who are young in the message, and inexperienced; but the Lord has often blessed their feeble efforts in a wonderful way.

After a walk of five miles, we arrived about dark at Djang Lo Shu. We have no regular preacher here; but the inquirers in this neighborhood have rented a house, and repaired and whitewashed it, so it makes a nice place of worship. A few men meet here on the Sabbath for prayer and Bible study, and sometimes one of our evangelists visits them. We held a meeting with some of the inquirers who live near, then, as we were very tired from the exertions of the day, went early to bed.

DECEMBER 8

We were fortunate enough to meet several more of our farmer inquirers this morning. As it was market day here, many of them had come in early with produce. They pleaded most earnestly for a preacher, for they are like sheep without a shepherd. I believe there is material enough in this country neighborhood for a substantial church.

Djang Lo Shu is ordinarily a quiet little place; but this morning, it is all a bustle. I am always interested in what the farmers have to sell. I saw some sweet potatoes here, that were simply enormous in size.

After dinner, we called a man to carry our luggage, and walked on to Lei Yang, a distance of twelve miles. It was a pleasant walk, for the weather was fine. The country is not so beautiful as in springtime and summer, when the rice fields are covered with growing, living green. The fields are dry now, but the country is still attractive.

Several of the people we met on the road to-day took me for a Catholic missionary who often passes through this region. One old man very devoutly knelt in the road to do me reverence. I made haste to tell him that

RICE CULTURE. EACH PLANT IS SET OUT BY HAND.

I was not the "holy father" he thought I was. I think less of my newly acquired beard since this experience. Most of the Catholic missionaries in China are heavily whiskered; hence the mistake.

We arrived at Lei Yang about nightfall, where we received a warm welcome. The friends there had prepared a feast for us, to which we did full justice.

Lei Yang is a beautiful little city, as Chinese cities go. The houses are well made, of excellent brick, and kept in good repair. The Roman Catholics have a handsome church here.

A good number came to hear the Word this evening. I don't try to preach much at Lei Yang. The people here, especially the country people, speak practically a different dialect. When Brother Hwang talks with the country people, he too needs an interpreter.

It is quite trying to meet so many local dialects when traveling about. I understand that in some of the other provinces, there is the same difficulty. To illustrate: In the parts of Hunan that I have visited, I have heard the Chinese character for "man" pronounced *reen, yine, yin, ween, zren, nyin, hsin,* and *yun,* with variations.

DECEMBER 9

A sister came in to-day, complaining bitterly. In her absence on Sabbath, when she came to attend service, her house was entered and robbed. She wanted the mission to take the matter in hand. We comforted her the best we could, explaining to her the proper relation between church and state, and that it would not be best for the mission to do anything about the matter. There is little hope of her getting

any satisfaction, for the Lei Yang country is notoriously ill governed.

After a careful examination of the candidates for baptism, we concluded that three were ready; and accordingly the baptismal service was appointed for this afternoon. One of the candidates is an elderly man and not well. After he had been accepted for baptism, he came in and said that as he was in pain again, he thought he had better wait until some other time. I assured him that he needn't fear any bad results from following his Lord in baptism; so he took courage, and was baptized with the others. As we returned to the chapel after the service, he said that the pain was all gone, and he gave God the glory.

Our little church here now numbers fifteen. Some of the members live thirty li away, on the top of a little mountain called Siao Hwang Sha, "Small Yellow Sand." It is a remarkable place in which to live. The top of the mountain — if it can properly be called the "top" — is a basin, well watered with numerous springs. There is no apparent outlet; but some little distance from the edge of the valley, and surrounded by level fields, is a tiny hillock, with two holes at its base — entrances to two caves. Into one of these caves, the surplus water, a stream of considerable size, plunges headlong; and through this mysterious passage, it finds its way to the foot of the mountain. The other cave is fairly dry, and has been explored for a long distance.

This mountain top is peopled by a branch of the Wang tribe, who live up here quite apart from the rest of the world. They seldom leave their valley except to market their hemp and ginger and sweet potatoes,

which grow here to perfection. They are a sober, industrious people, and quite friendly to the gospel.

The oddest thing I have seen in Lei Yang is a grove outside the city wall, that is used as a sort of halfway place for the dead. If any one has a dead body that it is not convenient to bury, and he doesn't care to keep it in the house, he may set it out in this grove. I think that is the idea. At any rate, there are a number of occupied coffins in the grove.

DECEMBER 10

Those who have never lived in the East cannot appreciate what a blessing is Western promptness and method. Yesterday I asked our people here to order a chair for me, so that I should have no difficulty in getting away from Lei Yang very early this morning. The brethren did the best they could. Some chair bearers were here at the chapel until late last evening, bargaining. The brethren tried to make a bargain with them, but thought their rates unreasonable, so it took a long time to talk the matter through. This morning, the chair coolies came; but after much conversation, they decided that they didn't want to make the trip anyway, the roads were so bad in the direction in which I wanted to go, etc. By this time, it was late, and no other men were available. I didn't leave Lei Yang until ten o'clock, and then I walked. Brother Hwang and I separated here, he returning to his station at Hen Djou, and I going on to Yu Hsien, where the next outstation is.

My road to-day wound through the rice fields again, now through the valleys, now around steep hillsides, with level paddy fields on every hand. Wherever there is a spring or stream of water, the hillsides are ter-

A GREAT SAVING OF PRECIOUS ENERGY

raced. Where the hillside is steep, the fields, of course, are very narrow. For the most part, the country in this Lei Yang district is very fertile, and pretty.

We didn't make very good time. My carrier was slow, and my luggage is heavy, so we walked only twenty miles. We arrived at Shi Dzi Gai late in the evening. We passed a place, to-day, where some people were just finishing a funeral feast. As the house was small, and the guests were many, the tables were set in the narrow street. We could hardly get past the place.

The Chinese observe one funeral custom that is very amusing. They make a big goose (some call it a swan) of yellow paper. They are very clever at making these paper geese, and the likeness is excellent. They perch the creature on a long pole above the house. I can't find out what significance this custom has. Some say that the spirit takes its flight into the other world on such a bird, and that a large paper, some feet in length and breadth, is posted up on the outside wall of the house, giving notice of the spirit's departure, the route to be taken, etc. I suppose it is quite distressing to the family concerned; but I must confess that the sight of these geese perched on high impresses me very cheerfully.

The people in this part of Hunan have a queer way of stacking straw. Instead of stacking it on the ground, they put it up a tree, fastening it by bundles in a circle to the trunk of the tree. The stacks are much larger than one would think possible, and quite shapely. A grove of pine trees decorated in this manner is a grotesque sight.

This truly is a country of villages. Scattered farmhouses are very few. By village I don't mean a post office, a blacksmith shop, a grocery store, and a schoolhouse. I mean just a thick cluster of houses; for the country people in southern Hunan literally live in clusters. In a day's journey, like mine to-day, one passes through scores of them.

DECEMBER 11

Last night, we slept at a miserable Chinese inn at Shi Dzi Gai. It was an evil-smelling place, and had no ventilation to speak of.

I succeeded this morning in getting a chair, and we started out early, but we made only about twenty-two miles to-day. One of the chair coolies doesn't seem to be up to the mark. The road led through a somewhat wild country, much of it uncultivated, and some of it well wooded. I was rather glad that the man who carried my baggage was not an absolute stranger. He is known to our people, and is interested in the truth. It was a great pleasure to travel through some forest, and I saw the first squirrel to-day that I have seen since leaving America.

About dusk, we arrived at Djang Lan Wang, and I happened accidentally upon the only Christian in that place. I made my supper of what the Chinese call *bao dzi*,— hot steamed bread, with brown sugar inside,— quite eatable. Much to my relief, I found a room that I could have to myself, and locked myself in.

DECEMBER 12

I have seen much holly to-day, and the sight of the gay, cherry-colored berries has added to the pleasure of the journey. During the forenoon, we came to an

orange-growing district. I bought nine big oranges for five coppers. I thought of some of our dear people at home, probably paying fifty cents a dozen (those who can afford to buy any), and wished they could share this treat with me. At noon, one of the chair bearers — in spite of the fact that I have been walking half the way — played out, declared that he was exhausted, and would go no farther. I paid the men for the distance we had come, and finished the journey on foot, arriving at Yu Hsien about an hour before the Sabbath.

In the evening, I preached to a good crowd, some eager to listen to the Word, others merely curious to hear a foreigner talk. I am well understood here.

DECEMBER 13 (SABBATH)

This has been a blessed and very full day. At every outstation, I make a point of talking with all the church members individually as to their religious experience; and on Sabbath days, there is usually a splendid opportunity. Then I make suggestions as to the betterment of the Sabbath school, counsel with the evangelist, and usually conduct the ordinances and lead out in a consecration service.

The Lord has been blessing in this place of late. Formerly there was some dissension among the believers, but all are united again. Four went forward in baptism to-day, three of whom were sisters. Then, for the sixth time within a month, I had the privilege of meeting with my Chinese brethren and sisters around the table of our Lord.

About noon, twelve men, members of the only other mission here, came to pay their respects. Our earnest preacher, Dzao, took advantage of their visit to

JUST A COMMON STONE BRIDGE, SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS OLD

present to them some phases of the threefold message. If he maintains the same zeal and tact that he displayed to-day, surely some of these people will accept the truth for this time. The other missionary society here felt very bitter when we entered this place to labor, and they do what they can to hinder their people from coming to us; but in time, the honest-hearted will be gathered out. We prefer, in the mission field, to carry the gospel first to those who have never heard it; but we could no longer resist the appeal made by those in this place who were interested in the third angel's message.

I am pleased with the sisters who were baptized to-day. They look as if they would be a substantial addition to our church. It is encouraging that so soon after the opening of our chapel here, three women have accepted Jesus as their Saviour. They have unbound their feet, discarded their earrings and other ornaments, and seem to give evidence of a genuine change of heart.

DECEMBER 14

I have been visiting to-day with our evangelist and the believers. Dzao has been an inspiration to me on account of his prayerfulness; and some of the believers have been so enthusiastic in the message, that my soul has been fed.

At home, we have hard work to persuade our people to enter the colporteur work; but in Hunan, we have no trouble on that score. Even if they have a good means of getting a livelihood, many of them are eager to be in the Lord's work.

One brother sixty years old has been asking me if he can canvass for our literature. He is a mason, and

gets along fairly well at his trade, and we have as many colporteurs now as we can look after well; so I tried to dissuade him. I told him that Yu Hsien is a small town, and that in order to make a living, he would have to leave home and travel about, that he was too old to walk and endure hardship. He replied that he and his wife didn't need much,— only a little rice and greens to eat. They had already given up tobacco and pork for the truth, and were not afraid of added hardship. The old man made me feel a bit ashamed of myself and of some of our people at home.

The brethren and sisters made their week-of-prayer offering to-day. It was not large — only a few dollars; but I was pleased. I know that some of them actually sacrificed — that they "gave until they felt it."

In the evening, they came bringing me things to eat on the journey to-morrow. Brother Dzao, knowing that I am fond of roast sweet potatoes, brought me about a peck. One brother brought oranges. Another brought cookies.

DECEMBER 15

It was cold and drizzly this morning, and the men whom I had engaged didn't want to go. By and by, it stopped raining; but the roads are very slippery, and we won't get started now until to-morrow.

I have found a good deal of comfort to-day huddling over a little charcoal stove. Brother Dzao and I went out to visit an old pagoda this afternoon. It is about sixty feet high, with a spiral stone staircase inside. There was a good view of Yu Hsien from the upper windows, but nothing of special interest inside except some memorial tablets. We had a season of

prayer out there on the hilltop, and came back feeling refreshed and strengthened.

DECEMBER 16

I got an early start to-day, and am fortunate to have a man with a wheelbarrow to carry my baggage. I wanted one for myself, as they are much cheaper than chairs; but there was only one to be had. On my former trip from Yu Hsien, I went by wheelbarrow. The conveyances lack springs and back, otherwise they would be quite comfortable. They are different from American wheelbarrows — the wheel is much larger, and is in the middle of the barrow.

The chair coolies were inclined to grumble, as usual, because I was so heavy; but I got out several times and walked, and we all got through the day quite good-naturedly. At noon, I warmed up some of my roasted sweet potatoes, and they tasted good. I gathered as much holly to-day as I can take home with me.

I saw a touching scene to-night, and one I shall never forget,— a big boy in his teens caressing his old mother. I wouldn't have missed seeing it for dollars. It was encouraging, for it is a rare sight indeed in China. It made that old Chinese inn look homelike.

DECEMBER 17

To-day has been much like yesterday, rather uninteresting. This must be because I am nearing the end of my trip, for every day has its surprises. At the end of two years' residence in China, I am still on "enchanted ground."

One thing that has come to me as a novelty is that the chestnuts here don't wait for Jack Frost to open

ECONOMY RATHER THAN COMFORT

the bur; they are two months ahead of him. That, to a New Englander, is incomprehensible.

But everything is different in China. In rowing, the Chinese push instead of pull. When greeting their friends, they shake their own hands instead of their friends' hands. They dress in white when they are mourning their dead. They write their books wrong side before. Even the crows are different. Most of these Hunan crows wear a great white collar. They look as if "Fairbanks twins" had been here, and left at the beginning of their work.

In the middle of the afternoon, rain set in, and it was bitterly cold. The chair bearers refused to go any farther, and we had to put up for the night at an inn. It was a typical country inn, the house being built out over the highway.

In the evening, the Chinese built a fire on the floor, and fed it with straw until bedtime. It was very smoky, but cheery nevertheless. Sitting in the circle, chatting with the Chinese, I could almost imagine that I was a Chinese too. I tested a package of sweetmeats that some of the people in Yu Hsien had brought for me. The flavor was suspiciously like pork fat; so I distributed them among the Chinese, who were delighted. I rather think that for once I was the "lion of the occasion."

I had been congratulating myself on having a nice room for the night; but at bedtime, I found that the door could not be closed. However, there was no other room available.

DECEMBER 18

To-day I have been in a real flutter of excitement, for I am nearing home. We got started very early

this morning; and as there is a fine gravel road leading to Li Ling, the men walked briskly, and we made fine time. We went through a country where the women have unbound feet. It was good to see them.

We arrived in Li Ling about nine o'clock, just in time for breakfast. As Brother Cottrell visited this station recently, I stopped here only a few hours, talking with Evangelist Wu and some of the brethren who happened in. This afternoon, I took the train for Changsha. I have been traveling for a month in a kind of horseshoe course, and boarded the train this afternoon only a few stations above where I got off a few weeks ago.

Now I am on the home stretch. I have started every one in the car, who recognizes characters, to reading a tract, and I am very happy. It will be good to be at home again, to see my dear ones, to sleep in a soft bed, and converse in my native tongue.

We are almost there now. I have been peering impatiently out into the darkness for some time, and humming "Home, Sweet Home."

May God bless the workers and believers at these outstations, till I see them again.

Entering Szechuan Province

F. A. Allum

Early in the spring of 1914, M. C. Warren and I left Shanghai to take the first trip made by Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to the far distant province of Szechuan. We had before us more than two thousand miles of travel, mostly by river boats — a distance that could not be covered in less than two months. We left Shanghai on March 3, and had a very pleasant trip to Hankow. While on the boat, I sold forty copies of our Chinese *Signs*.

We were met at Hankow by Frederick Lee and S. G. White, and had a pleasant visit with the brethren there. On March 11, we went from Hankow to Yencheng, Honan, by train. The day we left Hankow, the daily paper had an account of the killing, by White Wolf's band of robbers, of a Norwegian missionary, Dr. Froland. They also severely wounded another missionary of the same mission. This took place at Laohokau, in northern Hupeh.

However, we had a pleasant and safe journey to Yencheng. We saw numerous bands of soldiers on their way to fight White Wolf and his robbers, who are estimated to be about three thousand men. The railway seemed carefully guarded, and soldiers were stationed at nearly every bridge. According to the reports of native Christians, conditions have improved in eastern Honan; but the western part, which is very mountainous, is still in the hands of the robbers.

Our object in going to Honan was to select Chinese workers to go with us to Szechuan. R. F. Cottrell, superintendent of the Central China Mission, and his

NATIVE CRAFT ON THE HAN RIVER AT HANKOW

committee, generously allowed us perfect freedom to select any workers who were willing to go. After an earnest season of prayer with J. J. Westrup and the Chinese members of the Honan committee, two men were chosen. Their names are Dju Dzi Ih and Shi Yung Gwei. Both men expressed their willingness to go wherever God called them. One of these men had to travel ninety li (thirty miles) on Friday to his home to acquaint his wife with the suggestion that they now labor in Szechuan. These devoted people packed their belongings Saturday night after sundown, and on Sunday traveled ninety li to the railway station in order to take the train next morning for Hankow.

ENTRANCE TO A TEMPLE AT KUNSHAN. A FAMILY OF SIX PERSONS MAKE THEIR HOME IN THE HOUSE BOAT

The other evangelist got ready equally fast. This shows how the spirit of this message can stir the Oriental, and make him truly God's minuteman.

After our return to Hankow, another worker, Li Fah Kung, was selected. He also is of Honan, and is a faithful man. We did not see him before we left Hankow, but waited for him in Ichang, which place is four hundred miles west of Hankow, and one thousand miles from Shanghai. Here we made arrangements to take a native boat for Chungking, Szechuan, which is over four hundred miles from Ichang.

We were very fortunate in securing our house boat, which had three good-sized rooms, and plenty of deck space; in fact, it was the largest Chinese boat on which I had ever traveled. The captain had several letters of recommendation, written in English, from well-known missionaries, in which they stated that he was a reliable man. In all this, we recognized our heavenly Father's leading. The price for the boat, including such Chinese food as they served, was $115, Mexican. This favorable price was due in a large degree to our faithful evangelist, Dju Dzi Ih.

The captain of our boat guaranteed, in his written contract, to land us in Chungking twenty-one days after we left Ichang. We arranged to have the boat stop every Sabbath from sunset to sunset, and planned to improve our opportunities to preach to the people at the places where we stayed over the Sabbath.

From this time on, I will let this account take the form of notes from my diary.

MARCH 27

We left Ichang by a native house boat, which some one has said resembles a gypsy caravan afloat.

Before leaving Ichang, the boat people killed a fowl and spilled the blood on the front of the boat, and also stuck some of the feathers on both sides of the boat at the front, and placed some on each side of the front cabin, and also in the middle. The captain's wife beat a gong vigorously; and at the same time, they burned paper money and fired off crackers. They reason that if they only burn paper money and do not fire off crackers, the gods will not know that they are worshiping them. The whole system of heathen worship is to pacify the evil spirits, which are said to make their home in the waters of the great Yangtze Kiang.

Our boat ascended the stream about one mile, and then we anchored, as the captain had not finished his preparations for the journey. As he will not come on board until sundown, we shall remain at this place over the Sabbath.

MARCH 28

We spent a very pleasant Sabbath. In the morning, we had Sabbath school; and afterward I spoke to the crew of our boat, who number eighteen in all. I concluded my remarks with an appeal to them to give up smoking and the drinking of wine. One man decided right away that he would not smoke any more, and immediately threw his pipe into the river. He has not smoked since.

MARCH 29

Leaving Ichang about 6 a. m., we sailed almost due north for about five miles, and at this point turned west and entered the famous Ichang gorge. One who has traveled in nearly every part of the world says of this gorge, "It looked as if we were sailing through a chain of mountain lakes."

Having a favorable wind, we soon arrived at a place called Hwang Ling Miao, thirty miles from Ichang. Here I took a picture of the many rope sheds. There must be at least twenty miles of rope for sale here. These ropes are made out of bamboo, and are used for hauling the boats up the rapids.

About 7 p. m., we came to the first dangerous rapid, called Ta Dung. We had already passed two rapids to-day. It took us over half an hour to pass this rapid and make three hundred feet up the river. We anchored for the night above the rapid. In all, we made 120 li to-day (about forty miles). This is splendid for China. Truly God has been good to us.

MARCH 30

We left our anchorage above the Ta Dung rapid about 6 a. m. A head wind was blowing, so we made slow progress. About 9 a. m., we arrived at a place called Tung Ling Tan, where we stayed until 2 p. m. A little after this hour, we slowly crossed the Tung Ling rapid. Here the passage is very dangerous, for there are many rocks hidden in these whirling waters, and right in the middle of the stream lies an enormous rock, which may be forty feet above the stream or as much below it, according to the condition of the river. It was here that the German steamer "Sui Hsiang" was lost. She struck this rock, and in a few minutes sank in one hundred and fifty feet of water. Thirty missionaries were on board; but only one foreigner, the captain, lost his life. However, many Chinese were drowned. Among these was the son of a mandarin, who was returning to Wan Hsien. His servant helped him into the "red boat" (the Chinese lifeboat); but he, seeing no immediate danger, foolishly returned to

the steamer to secure some valuables that were in his trunks. Before he could secure them, the vessel sank, and he was lost. Thus, on the one hand, we see God's special protection over the missionaries, and on the other, the loss of life of those who trusted in uncertain riches.

After ascending the Tung Ling rapid, we stayed some time at the Tung Ling village, and finally crossed the first and second rapids at Tsin Tan, and arrived at the third rapid about 6 p. m. This rapid at low water is the most dangerous one on the river. Here many boats are wrecked and many lives lost. The loss of life would be greater but that the Chinese have stationed lifeboats at all dangerous points on the river.

We anchored below this rapid for the night; for at 6:30 p. m., there were no fewer than twelve boats ahead of us, and each boat must wait its turn to be hauled up the rapid, as the passage is not wide.

MARCH 31

We did not try to cross the Tsin Tan rapid until 3:15 p. m. When we did try, I had about the most thrilling and dangerous experience I ever had in China. Brother Warren had already safely gone up the rapid on another boat, and was on the shore taking pictures of our boat as it ascended the rapid. All the Chinese Christians being on the shore, I was the only one of our party on board. We had seen a good many boats go up safely, and therefore did not think we should have much trouble. But the captain was on shore directing the efforts of the fifty or sixty "trackers" who were to pull the boat up the rapid, and the pilot in command made the mistake of launching out too

far into the rapid, and thus allowed the boat to dip into a whirlpool, and it shipped so much water that all the front compartments were filled, and then it keeled over so badly that all thought it was going to turn over. I climbed with difficulty to the highest side of the boat and prepared to swim for my life.

RAPIDS IN THE UPPER YANGTZE, AT LOW LEVEL STAGE — THE FIRST OF THE EXPENSIVE RELAY POINTS IN RIVER TRAFFIC

It would have been a terrible swim, and might have ended fatally, for the water was rushing by with tremendous force. However, God's protecting hand was over me, and the man in command cut the tow-line with a hatchet at just the right time, and the boat righted itself. The next danger was that it would sink, owing to the large amount of water that it had shipped; but by the frantic efforts of the crew, the

water was quickly bailed out, and the boat was beached. During this time, I was working hard to get our things out of the hold of the boat, in order that they should not be spoiled by the water. On the boat's reaching the shore, Brother Warren assisted me in this work. One of my boxes of books was damaged by water, and our provisions also suffered.

We realized that God's word was fulfilled to us in a wonderful way in this experience. We had just read at our noonday prayer meeting Isa. 43: 2: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Surely this scripture was fulfilled to us in a literal way. To our heavenly Father we offer sincerest thanks, for He heard our prayers.

Our Bible woman told me, after it was all over, that her twelve-year-old boy cried bitterly when he saw the danger I was in, and then he prayed to the Lord to save me. He is a fine little fellow, and always gives good testimonies in our social meetings. At present, as we have no cook with us, he is acting as our cook, and is rendering good service.

APRIL 1

As I write this, I am sitting in a Chinese inn facing the river. In the distance I can see our boat, with the Australian flag still flying at the mast, and the Chinese flag at the stern. I am encouraging the captain to try again to-day to cross the rapid. He, poor fellow, has had his many bags of rice soaked, and is not feeling any too happy about the matter; and besides, what is worse than all, he says he has "lost face." However, I think he will try again to-day. We are taking our goods off the boat and having them carried above the

rapid; so if the boat goes down this time, we and our goods will be safe.

To-day no fewer than four boats have been wrecked at this place, and one man lost his life. The others were saved by the lifeboats. In one case, they also saved a dozen pigs, which were thrown into the river when the boat was wrecked.

Since writing the above, I have helped the trackers pull our boat up the rapid. We had more than sixty men on shore pulling; and with the men on the boat, there must have been over seventy engaged in this work. These men pulled like mules to get the boat up the raging water. The whippers (leaders of the trackers) screamed, cursed, and struck the men in order to make them pull harder. We had two long bamboo towlines attached to the boat. One of these lines was thirty-six hundred feet long, and was secured to a stone pillar on the shore. The other was more than one thousand feet long. Two safety lines were fastened to rocks nearer the boat. These emergency ropes save the boat from being dashed on the rocks if the two towlines part. The captain frantically shouted his commands to the first whipper, and he in turn passed the command along to the next whipper, and finally it reached the men, accompanied with curses and blows.

"Some idea of the force of this enormous volume of water may be given by mentioning the exploits of the steamship 'Pioneer,' which on three consecutive occasions attacked this rapid [that is, Yeh Tan rapid, which is not so fierce as the Tsin Tan] when at its worst, and, although steaming a good fourteen knots an hour, failed to pass. She was obliged to lay out a

long steel hawser and heave herself over by means of her windlass, the engines working at full speed at the same time. Hard and heavy was the strain, gaining foot by foot, with a tension on the hawser almost to the breaking strain — a veritable battle it seemed with the mighty dragon of the Yangtze."

This gives some idea of the tremendous force of the water at these rapids. However, I am glad to say that

CARGO BOAT ON THE HAN RIVER

our boat crossed safely, and by 9:30 p. m. all our things were once more on board, and by 10:30 we went to bed. I was tired, very tired, and slept like a child until next morning.

APRIL 2

We left Tsin Tan about 10 a. m.; and, having a strong, favorable wind, we traveled fast. During the day, we passed several rapids, but they were not so dangerous. At one place, our towline broke, and we drifted downstream; but as we were not in a dangerous place, no harm was done. Farther on we saw a number of wrecks. The poor boat people managed

to save a lot of cargo from the river, and have it on the banks of the river drying in the sun.

The first place we passed after leaving Tsin Tan rapid was Hsiang Chi. Here we saw cuttings for the Hankow-Szechuan Railway.

We passed Yeh Tan rapid (the one referred to in the preceding quotation) at 3 p. m., without difficulty. There we saw nearly a score of tents belonging to men who are surveying the railway line to Szechuan. Farther on, at a small place called Ba Dou, we saw two foreigners and a number of Chinese surveyors also engaged in surveying the route for this railway. It seems that erelong our field will be connected with the rest of China by railway. Thus these men are unconsciously helping to spread the third angel's message by preparing quick means of communication.

APRIL 3

At 12: 30 to-day, we leave the province of Hupeh and cross into Szechuan. It is inspiring to us to realize that after a delay of five years (it is five years since I was first appointed to this field), the message is at last to go to the 88,000,000 people of West China. We read Rev. 14: 6-14. Thank God, His word will never fail; and this message will go to all the world in this generation, and then will the end come.

APRIL 4

Last night, strange to say, it snowed upon the mountain tops; so to-day it is very cold. The wind is still favorable, and soon we shall reach Kweichowfu, a city of about 40,000 people. We have already made thirty miles to-day, and it is only 11 a. m. This is fast traveling for China.

We arrived at Kweichowfu about twelve o'clock. A little below this city is a celebrated brine well, on a small island, or sand bank. The salt water is dipped up in buckets and emptied into wooden troughs, through which it runs to large iron pans. There is enough brine to keep one hundred and twenty large pans constantly in use during the season the well is worked. One authority says that one million five hundred thousand pounds of salt are made here annually. This island is above water only from January to May, and the manufacture is confined to those months.

In the city of Kweichow is a noted Roman Catholic church which is said to date from 1662. This shows how early the papacy entered this part of China.

April 5

We stayed in a small market town over Sabbath. It is called An Pin, which means "rest" and "peace."

We had Sabbath school at 11 a. m., and then organized the first Sabbath school in Szechuan. We elected M. C. Warren superintendent, and Dju, our Chinese evangelist, secretary. After this, we entered the town, and the evangelist and I spoke to the crowd that soon gathered. The people listened well, and our own souls were refreshed as we told the story of the cross. In the afternoon, I held a Bible study with a Christian from another boat, which was detained by adverse winds. We studied the three messages of Revelation 14.

April 6

We left An Pin early Sunday morning; and at 11 a. m., we passed another rapid. We finally anchored below the Shintu Lung (New Dragon) rapid, which is

regarded as the worst rapid in Szechuan, just as the Tsin Tan is regarded as the worst in Hupeh. This rapid constitutes the last formidable stepping stone, during low water, *en route* to Chungking.

"It was formed by a landslip as recently as 1896, when the whole side of a hill falling into the stream reduced its breadth to less than a fourth of what it was previously, and produced this roaring rapid. According to Chinese myths, the landslip which produced the rapid was caused by the following circumstances: The ovum of a dragon was deposited in the bowels of the earth at this particular spot, which in due course became hatched out in some mysterious manner. The baby dragon grew and grew, but remained in a dormant state until quite full-grown, when, as is the habit of the dragon, it became active, and at first awakening, shook down the hillside by a mighty effort, freed itself from the bowels of the earth, and made its way downstream to the sea; hence the landslip, the rapid, and its name."

APRIL 7

About 7 a. m. this morning, we began to ascend the Shin Lung rapid, which we passed in half an hour. Now we are over the worst of the rapids; in fact, the captain tells us that the others are of no importance. We are indeed glad, for we have seen no fewer than thirteen wrecks thus far. Nearly all these were boats that were going downstream. We had hoped to reach Wan Hsien to-day, but the wind is not favorable. We have not made over twenty-six miles to-day.

APRIL 8

We arrived at Wan Hsien about 12: 30. This city is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Yangtze.

It is the finest city we have yet seen in Szechuan. At nine o'clock in the evening, we anchored at a small place called Yang Ho Gi. We have made only thirty miles to-day.

APRIL 9

About 5 p. m. to-day, we passed a place called Hsi Giai. This is a district that is infested with robbers, owing to the fact that four counties meet here, and, as the magistrate of one county has no jurisdiction over the other counties, the robbers, when chased by the police, simply cross to another county and are safe. Such is the system that China is still using.

We anchored about three miles above Shi Bao Dzai (Precious Stone Refuge). This is a very interesting place, for here is a massive rock, the top of which is crowned with a series of temples. The only way to get to these temples is to climb the many flights of steps in the nine-story wooden tower that reaches to the top of the rock. This is the most striking thing we have yet seen. The place was originally one of the cities of refuge where the people could hide from any danger that might threaten the community.

We found, on climbing this hill, that all the idols in the temples had been thrown down and destroyed by the soldiers during the revolution. While at this place, our evangelist sold twenty copies of the Chinese paper.

APRIL 10

Since we left the Shin Lung rapid, the river is as quiet as a mountain lake. Now and then there is a small rapid, but none that is dangerous. In many places, we see Chinese searching for alluvial gold, and the river is now called the Gin Sha, or Golden Sands.

However, owing to the crude methods used, they do not make much money from their mining, although they work very hard. Thank God, we are in search of better gold; and our prayer is that He will give us

A GROUP OF PILGRIM GUESTS AT A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

the persistence of the Chinese people, in finding the souls that are to our heavenly Father more precious than gold, which will some day perish.

April 11

Friday evening, we anchored at a busy market town called Gao Gia Djen. Here we stayed over Sabbath. How thankful our weary trackers must be for the Sabbath rest! Friday evening was spent in a social meeting held by our second evangelist, Shi Yung Gwei. He brought out some helpful thoughts in the course of his remarks, and my soul was stirred as I listened to his earnest prayers.

April 12

To-day we had our Sabbath school on the boat, and then entered the market town, and from the steps of an old temple now used as a school, we spoke to more than two hundred persons. The Lord gave us liberty, and we had good attention. As the evangelist was speaking, I entered the school, and asked the teacher's permission to speak to the students. This was given, and I found that there were forty boys and twenty girls in attendance. After concluding my remarks, I asked them to repeat John 3: 16 after me, which they willingly did. May God's Spirit care for the seeds of truth sown in these young hearts!

April 13

We left our Sabbath resting place early. Our trackers are in fine spirits, and are the most willing lot of men I have ever had in China.

We hope to reach Chungking this week. Then we shall get our mail, and have a change in our diet. Our bread is now seventeen days old. It has become moldy

several times, but we have held it over the flame of the fire until the mold was burned off. This was our only method, for our oven did not arrive in Ichang in time for us to bring it with us. We are also running short of provisions. Yet we have nothing to complain of. God has been very good to us.

We reached Feng Tu Hsien about noon. A little below this city is a picturesque mountain some five hundred feet high, which is literally covered to the top with temples and large trees. We spent about an hour looking at the place. Some of these temples are very old, and some of the monuments are said to have been erected more than a thousand years ago. There are more than twenty large-sized temples on the mountain. The gods of these temples are supposed to control the fires of hell. Perhaps in the remote past this place was visited by an earthquake, which may account for the idea that it is the door to the lower regions.

A very peculiar form of worship is noticed in one temple. There are nine large serpents, carved out of wood, and painted, hanging from the beams, that receive special worship.

The goddess of mercy is shown in another temple, with a thousand hands and eyes, which represent her ability to see and help those in need. Here, and in other temples, we see thousands of carved feet suspended from the beams. These have been placed there by women who are said to have been cured by the goddess.

Before the king of Tartarus, Yen Lo Wang, were numerous representations of eyes, hands, arms, feet, hearts, lungs, etc., which had been placed there by

those who had been healed in any particular organ by his satanic majesty.

We finally climbed to the top of the last temple, and there saw two celebrated worthies of the Han dynasty seated at a table playing chess. The story is that one of them gave the woodchopper boy, who is intently watching the game, something in the form of a date stone, and the boy became oblivious to time, and watched the game for over two hundred years. At last, one of the worthies touched the boy, and suggested that he return home. When he came to himself, his clothes had rotted away, and his hatchet was consumed with rust. And further, on returning to his home, he found that no one knew him. Thus you see that the Chinese also have a Rip Van Winkle.

APRIL 14

We anchored to-night a little above Foochow.

APRIL 15

We anchored below the fine pagoda at Chang So Hsien. A few miles below this city, we see a Chinese coal mine that is worked according to Chinese methods. The Chinese miners wear no clothing except a cap, to which they attach a lamp. They have cars with iron wheels, but the cars run on wooden rails. They obtain a good quality of soft coal.

APRIL 16

At evening, we reached a town called Mu Tung. We are now within thirty miles of our destination.

APRIL 17

We arrived at the custom station, which is ten miles from Chungking, about 4 p. m.; and by 6: 30, we anchored at Chungking. The long journey of 1,500 miles

is now over. It has taken over five weeks to make the journey from Shanghai to Chungking, Szechuan. That is, it takes longer to go from Shanghai to Chungking than it would take to go from Shanghai to New York. Yet all say that we have made a quick trip. From

A "MODEL" SCHOOL IN FOOCHOW

Mackenzie and Company, a firm that handles nearly all the foreign goods shipped to these parts, we learn that during the month of April, they had eight thousand taels' worth of goods damaged, and three thousand taels' worth totally lost, by wrecks on this river. (A tael equals about sixty cents.) Fortunate indeed is he whose boat escapes all the perils of this rock-bound river. Personally we realize that our safe journey is

due to the fact that we have a God that is mighty to save.

[May 1-15, 1915, at the general meeting of the Asiatic Division held in Shanghai, Brother Allum gave the following brief report of our work in Chungking from the arrival of our missionaries till that time:]

After our journey of three weeks in the house boat, Brother Warren and I had to remain a further three weeks on the boat under the frowning walls of that ancient city, which looked so forbidding to us as day after day went by, and we still failed to secure a suitable building for our chapel. But finally, in answer to earnest prayer, we were led in a remarkable way to secure a building near the Tung Yuen Gate, which is the most important gate on the land side of the city. It opens to one of the largest and most interesting highways found in China. It is wide, well paved, and busy, and leads from Chungking, over mountains and through valleys, to the capital of the province, Chengtu, about five hundred miles distant. Any one coming into Chungking from this highway must pass our chapel door.

The principal work conducted at this station is evangelistic. We have also a small dispensary, and a night school was conducted for several months during the summer. Although we have been at work here only a few months, the results are encouraging. We now have an organized Sabbath school, which has grown until there are five regular classes, with an attendance of about forty. We also have one school with eight students, and a church of ten members.

WALL ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD, YING DJOH FU, ANHWEI

Early Experiences in Old Cathay

FREDERICK LEE

A STORMY VOYAGE

The day had arrived on which we were to embark on the great ocean liner for distant China. The last nail had been driven into our boxes, the last purchase made, the last trunk strapped, the last baggage man paid. Lonely thoughts companioned us as we passed familiar places for the last time, and said farewell to friends and loved ones. Soon, too, the final good-by was spoken, and as the shades of evening were falling over the land we loved, our boat glided through the harbor gate, and out onto the vast ocean beyond.

It was a stormy voyage. Like a toy in the hands of a giant, the ship was tossed about until we feared it would part asunder. Giant waves reared their angry crests, and dashed against its sides; the wind whistled and shrieked like a living thing.

Two days, three days, the storm raged. We were driven two hundred miles out of our course, and could make no headway. Down in the heart of that throbbing boat we lay, longing for land, and despondently counting off the days and the miles, while the officers took grave counsel together. It seemed a question whether the old boat would weather the storm.

But at last the day came when we sighted land, far away on the dim horizon, like a bank of cloud. All day long we strained our eyes to catch that view, now appearing, now fading away. That night, we went happily to our berths, knowing that at break of day we should be safely anchored in a harbor of Japan.

NANKING ROAD, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF SHANGHAI

Beautiful indeed was the scene that greeted our eyes the next morning. In the distance, above and beyond the city, rose the graceful outline of Fuji, looking just as ornamental and unreal as it appears on so many Japanese screens and vases and dishes. Its tall, snow-capped cone, veiled with fleecy clouds, caught the first rays of the morning sun, captivating us with its splendor. As we stood on deck that calm, lovely morning, and gazed at this wonderful vision, the worry and unrest and distress of past days rolled away, and our hearts were at peace.

Soon the bustle of landing began in earnest. Quaint little water craft swarmed about our boat; and when we reached the jetty, we began to realize that we were indeed in a different land. Such swarms of "Japs"! And in what diversified attire!

After a few hours' rest, we took the boat again, and continued our journey through the lovely Inland Sea, one of the world's beauty spots. Soon we were at the gateway of China, the busy city of Shanghai.

SOJOURN IN THE CITY OF CONTRASTS

Our first three months in China were spent in Shanghai, the gateway of the East. It is a city of strange contrasts,— a city where the Chinese do most of the work, and the European pockets most of the profits; where jinrikisha and wheelbarrow compete with street car and taxicab; where large Western stores look disdainfully down on small native shops. Here one meets the nationals of every country of Europe and of Asia, and may enter shops of every country under heaven. Here the inland Chinese come to learn of Western ways, and after a longer or a shorter sojourn, return

home to elaborate on the wonders of Europe and America, of which to them Shanghai is the pattern. Here also come the European and the American to "see China"; and having seen Shanghai, they return home, an authority thereafter on "things Chinese."

After spending three months studying the Chinese and their language, we were asked to take up work in northern Anhwei. Feeling that we too had learned much while in Shanghai, we took our departure full of confidence; but we soon found that we had learned little of *real* China in that polyglot city.

BEGINNING THE JOURNEY

The date of our departure was set for March 1; and many days previously, we were planning to that end. A launch was hired to tow the house boat, and a stock of groceries and other necessary supplies was laid in.

Our party consisted of my wife and me, and three other Americans,— the superintendent, the director, and the surgeon,— who were escorting us on our maiden trip "interior," as the missionaries say. We also had with us a Chinese teacher, who was supposed to help us over every linguistic difficulty. Two of our number could speak Chinese quite freely; and we ourselves could say, "*Chih gwo ban muh yu?*" ("Have you eaten your food yet?"); "*Ni yao gi go tsien? Na shih tai do*" ("How much do you want? Oh, that is too much!"); and a few other necessary and unnecessary phrases.

In the buoyancy of youth and the bliss of ignorance, we started out on our long trip. Though our way was beset with uncertainties, we had no misgivings. No palatial steamers carried us by water, no smoothly

moving trains speeded us over the land, no "homey" bungalow awaited us at the end of the journey. Nevertheless, we looked forward with joy to our new work, far away from critical eyes and disturbing attractions.

The first stage of the journey was to the city of Chinkiang, on the Yangtze, at the entrance to the Grand Canal. Here we were to hire a house boat, and make other arrangements for the trip inland.

Before setting out, the party was divided into three groups. The first, consisting of the director and the Chinese teacher, accompanied the launch to see that it arrived safely at Chinkiang. This group, which was to steam up Soochow Creek, started first; Mrs. Lee and I took the large Yangtze River steamer to the same port, as the launch was too small to carry us and our luggage; and the superintendent and the surgeon waited half a day longer, leaving Shanghai by train.

Thus our race was planned, and to each group was given the proper handicap; but it was a case of the last arriving first, for the superintendent and the surgeon were at the dock to meet us when we arrived, and we four were waiting when the launch party landed. They had become stranded in the mud, and then wedged in among a throng of boats, which pressed on one another from shore to shore of the little creek.

A LAND OF DARKNESS

China is a land of intense night. With the going down of the sun, a black pall seems to enshroud the country, and a sense of isolation and loneliness presses upon the stranger. As our boat steamed on into the

darkness on the evening of the second day, we felt ourselves in an unreal world; but when, presently, the lights of Chinkiang began to twinkle faintly in the distance, our courage came back, and we were soon ready to smile at our forebodings.

How we strained our eyes looking into that dimly lighted dock, and scanning the hundreds of faces that swarmed upon it! What if there should be no one to meet us? What if the superintendent and the surgeon had not arrived? Where should we find shelter? In sudden panic, we remembered that we did not know where to look for an inn, and that our stock of phrases did not include one asking to be directed to a place to sleep.

But in a moment, we saw the superintendent waving his arms, and heard the surgeon calling a cheerful greeting. Instantly the coolies swarmed about us, apparently with the intention of tearing us to pieces. Loudly they shouted, *"Yu hsing li muh yu?" "Yu hsing li muh yu?"* It seemed to me they were "calling names" (*li* sounding like "Lee"), but they only wanted to know if we had any luggage. When we turned to our cabin, they rushed ahead, and grabbed our packages and boxes and suit cases. Confusion reigned; but presently our belongings were assembled and distributed, one or more being placed at each end of the carrying poles of the coolies, who trotted off with their burdens to the accompaniment of *"Eh-O! Eh-O!"*

DREAMS OF HOME

Following through the dark, narrow, winding streets, lined with small shops, in which tiny tallow dips flickered, and cast grotesque shadows on the

dusty walls, we came presently to the front of a Chinese hotel. The coolies deposited our goods upon the floor; and after the usual haggling over the price, they dispersed. The next thing was to sort the lug-

A ROW OF CHINESE CLOTHING STORES

gage, find our folding cots, unroll our bedding, and try to make ourselves comfortable for the night. Who can censure us if, while the "singsong girl" in the next room shrilled her weird ditties through the midnight hours, we dreamed of the comfortable beds of home, clean water for drinking and bathing, and familiar faces to greet us with the return of day?

Early in the morning, we were awakened by the hustle and bustle of a large and active city, and by the shouts and noises arising from the crowded street below. The clang-clang of the itinerant restaurant man, the tinkle-tinkle of the "salted peanuts" boy, and the lusty shouts of *"Reh bing! Reh bing!"* from the little lad selling hot biscuits, all came up to our window, awakening us to the realities of our new environment.

Stepping to the window, and trying to pierce its gloomy face, we caught the first view of our surroundings, which were anything but inspiring. Below us lay the broad expanse of the muddy Yangtze. Along the edge were anchored boats and launches of every description, while far out in the stream were two small gunboats. Some distance from the shore, too, alongside the floating docks, lay two large river steamers, belching forth smoke preparatory to steaming up the river to Hankow, five hundred miles away. A rickety little launch, crowded with coolies, cast off its line, and started on its perilous way across the river, to the mouth of the Grand Canal.

Along the shore, in the murk and squalor of centuries, were countless mat huts, in which witch-like women fanned the open fires, and grimy men stirred the noodles in the pot, and cursed the women because

AMONG THE MAT SHEDS, HANKOW

the fire was not hotter. Scurvy dogs and hairless cats ran hither and thither; a disfigured beggar rolled along in the mud, calling for an alms; and a blind and noseless leper knocked his head on the ground, as the people passed, in a vain effort to arouse their charity.

THE SEARCH FOR A HOUSE BOAT

The day was passed at the inn, waiting for the launch to come. As we viewed the scenes before us, our minds naturally turned to visions of home — broad fields, clean streets, parks in which laughing children played, and drank at sparkling fountains. What a contrast to the miasma of filth and disease before us! The very air seemed polluted, and the ground upon which we walked reeked with contagion. But we dared not think too much upon these things; for we were to learn to live in this land where, to the Chinese mind, there are no microbes, and where filth is unknown.

All day we searched to find a suitable house boat — suitable to our needs and to our pocketbooks. Seeing that we were "outside country" men, the boatmen raised their price to about four times what it should be. The more unstable and ancient the craft, the more the captain would expand his chest, and the higher the tariff he would charge. "I will not go for less," was his ultimatum.

At evening, we thought that a boat had been secured; but just as we were to retire, a middleman rushed in, saying that our man had decided not to go. "The way is too dangerous. There are many robbers at this time of year. It is a big responsibility to take care of four big teachers and one grand lady. You must pay at least ten dollars more," we were told.

We were perplexed; but just as we were about to give up hope of securing a proper boat at a proper price, and were sorely troubled over the nonarrival of the launch, in walked the director, as calm as if he had been on time instead of two days late.

Next day, the haranguing over the price of the house boat began again; but finally the contract was signed, and the middleman who had helped us secure it was paid off. It was dark when our goods were transferred to the boat, but we gave a sigh of relief. Surely now we were ready to start on the last lap of our journey!

But not without further trouble. Just as we were settling down in peace, in walked the ex-captain and veteran pilot, and announced that the boat was too heavily loaded. There was too much luggage and there were too many passengers. He would not go; we must get another boat; that was his ultimatum. But our patience had reached its limit for that day; and the old man, seeing we meant business, backed away, and left us to slumber.

We woke early, hearing the rattling of chains as the anchor was hoisted, the splashing of the pike pole in the water as the boat was pushed about, and the "puff! puff!" of the little launch, which was being attached to the house boat. Soon we were gliding out over Yangtze, heading for the mouth of the Grand Canal. We were off.

UP THE GRAND CANAL

Laboriously the little launch tugs our house boat up the rushing waters of the Grand Canal. Noisily we steam past stately sailboats loaded with government salt, past picturesque villages, past ancient walls in-

closing busy and crowded streets. Everywhere the "chug chug" of the "fire-wheel boat" calls attention to the coming of the "outlandish" men, who are never satisfied with the calm, dignified pace of the Oriental,

ALONG THE GRAND CANAL

but are ever rushing on as fast as fire and smoke will carry them.

Throngs of men, women, and children tumble out of houses and huts, and stare open-mouthed as we pass. If we pause a moment at some busy mart or village

wharf, crowds of tousle-headed, dull-eyed, ragged and dirty Chinese, with their characteristic bland gaze, swarm about our boat, and peer in through windows and cracks to get a glimpse of the "most honorable lady from the West," who dare not come out and be seen.

No matter how we may plead, cajole, threaten, or command, they continue to stare. Suddenly one of us makes a quick move, pulls out a small black box with an "eye" in the center, and with it looking them straight in the face, tells them he is going to take their picture in that little box. How the crowd scatters, knocking over babies and young children, who set up a great howl! No, indeed! they will not allow that evil eye to get hold of their souls, and imprison them in the box for the "outlandish" man to do with as he pleases!

Strange things have these natives heard of the foreign devils,— that they dope tea with "Jesus medicine," which, when the people drink it, somehow fills them with that strange doctrine; that they go about collecting the eyes of little children with which to made medicine. No wonder they rush off in every direction, fearing lest this harmless camera be some new arrangement to entangle their souls in the meshes of the foreign-doctrine net.

TELLING THE GOSPEL STORY

At other times, we ask the people to come nearer, and promise to tell them a story. They grin sheepishly, and come. The Chinese story-teller is a leading character in nearly every countryside, and the people

of China are like children in their love of tales. This is necessarily true in a land where so few of the population ever learn to read.

Then we tell them "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," and watch their faces closely to see if any response is kindled there. When a point is made that they comprehend, they nod their heads, and say, "I understand." The fact that the foreign man speaks in their own tongue fills them with amazement. "Why, he says the same words that we do!" they exclaim. But others stubbornly refuse to listen, and say, "*Wo buh dung*," which means, "I do not understand."

THROUGH THE LOCKS

Two days we traveled up the Grand Canal, passing through several queer locks. Where the stream formed rapids in its downward rush, great butments had been built out from the shore, leaving only space enough for one boat to pass through. This made a sudden rise in some of the locks, over which the boat must be dragged or down which it must shoot, as the case might be.

When we were going up the stream, a crew took charge of our boat, and began tying to it many bamboo ropes, which were fastened to awkward looking windlasses on the shore. Crowds of women and children stood about with poles, with which to turn the windlass and wind up the huge ropes, thus pulling our boat through the locks. All this time, a man standing on top of the high dam was beating a huge brass cymbal, and calling out orders at the top of his voice. He was in charge of the whole operation, and enjoyed his brief authority to the utmost.

Great was the excitement when the boat went slowly through the locks. Furiously the officer beat his cymbal, loudly the onlookers shouted, and vigorously the women turned the windlasses. It amused us not a little to see one of our number (but which one, I shall not tell) keep his eyes glued to his book during all this performance. Firecrackers were "going off" within a few feet of him, the cymbals crashed over his head, the people shouted themselves hoarse; but he scarcely lifted his eyes.

LEFT BY THE LAUNCH

Next day, we left the swift waters of the canal, and entered a large lake. The water in the river coming from the lake was so swift that the launch could no longer tow us. It therefore left us, and proceeded ahead. We hired about a dozen men to pull us along with a rope, which was fastened to the mast of our boat. Thus slowly but surely we advanced, and at last cast anchor in quiet water. By this time, it was quite dark.

The next morning, when we stepped out on the deck to look for the launch, it was nowhere to be seen. As we were wondering what had become of it, a man in a small rowboat approached, and told us that the launch was stuck in the mud about a mile back, and that even if it could be released, it would be unsafe to go on, as the river ahead was very shallow. This was the last we saw of the launch, and we were now left to the mercy of every unfavorable wind.

HOW MUCH FARTHER?

On we struggled, sometimes waiting in a dreary harbor because of a high head wind, sometimes travel-

ing at the rate of a mile an hour, and more rarely at the rate of four miles an hour. As day succeeded day, our patience was greatly tried. Every evening, we would step up to the captain, and ask, "*Hwan yu gi go li lou?*" These were the first words we could speak with any intelligence, and they mean, "How many li have we to go?" A li is a Chinese mile, and is only one third of an English mile.

Very indifferently the captain would reply, "There are yet several tens," and we would know about as much as we knew before. He never would tell us how much longer he thought the voyage would take us. Apparently as long as money was coming to him, and food to eat, he was content.

Each night, we cast anchor, usually near some tumble-down village. And each morning, if the wind was favorable, we heard the hoisting of the sail, and then felt the gentle gliding of the boat in the water before we were up. Living in the crowded quarters of that house boat during those long days was intensely trying; but little by little, we approached our destination, and after fifteen days of waiting, sailing, and towing, we were near the small city to which we were going.

About the middle of the forenoon, the captain announced that we had but twenty miles more to go, and he thought we could make it that day. However, at sunset, we still had some distance to travel, as the stream had made a wide detour. Two of our company left the boat at this point, and went across country, and Mrs. Lee and I improved the time by "breaking up housekeeping." We repacked our various belongings, rolled up our bedding, and prepared to disembark.

Still we waited — hours, it seemed to us — for the end of the journey. About 10 p. m., we heard the sound of voices, the rattle of chains, and the splash of the anchor falling into the water. Rushing to the front of the boat, and peering into the darkness, we saw the flickering lanterns of those who had come to meet us. Then a fat, jovial face was seen, and in a flash my hand was clasped, and I heard the welcome sound of the Chinese Christian greeting, "*Ping an*," which means, "Peace be with you."

Pastor Han and his flock, being told by the two who had walked ahead that we were soon to arrive, had come down to the landing to welcome us to our new home.

Arrangements were quickly made, and we soon began the march up the dark, narrow path leading to the city gate. When the gatekeeper was awakened, and the gate opened, we went on, the lanterns casting fantastic figures on the walls of the little shops on each side of the narrow, dingy streets, and revealing wretched objects lying in the doorways. It is hardly to be wondered at that the darkness got somewhat on our nerves, and we were relieved when we arrived at Gospel Hall, our future home.

Through a series of courts and buildings, we were led to the home of the Chinese evangelist, who lived in the back of the high-walled compound; and almost at once many shining-faced Chinese stepped up to greet us. As it was late, we were taken soon to the house that was to be our new home.

A HOME FAR FROM HOME

Left alone in that strange house, my wife and I looked into each other's eyes, to discover, if possible,

PUPILS OF A HONAN CHURCH SCHOOL

the emotion within. We were both young, and naturally had high ideals of what a first home should be and how it should be arranged. We took the small lamp, and arm in arm looked around to see what this one-roomed home was like. The floor was made of bricks laid on the damp ground; already its chill was creeping up our limbs. The walls were of mud, the roof was of straw, and there were two openings into the room besides the door. These were supposed to be windows, but they were so heavily latticed and papered that hardly any light and no air could penetrate them.

In one corner of the room stood a little, round, iron Chinese stove, which had one hole in the center, where coal was to be burned. There was no place for a pipe to carry off the smoke. In another corner were two long benches, across which we threw our springs and mattress. Together we knelt and asked God to bless our new home, and then lay down to sleep, soon to waken to a strange and different world.

FAREWELL

After two days, the friends who had accompanied us departed, and we were left alone. We had been but three months in China, and now we were left to sink or swim, with no one who could understand a word of English to help us out of any difficulty in which we might become involved. Many weeks we lived in our adobe hut, poring over that difficult language, that we might acquire enough of it to speak with understanding.

During those weeks, we endeavored to remodel a Chinese house in the same compound, which would be more healthful for us to live in. Holes were knocked

in the walls, and real glass windows were put in. A board floor was laid, and a bamboo ceiling and partition were put up. The work progressed slowly, and many times we became almost disheartened. Trees must be cut down, then sawed into timber with long handsaws, after which the boards must be dried and finished before the work could be done.

The workmen were very slow. Often during the day they would squat down and drink tea and chat, while we, utterly helpless, fretted inwardly at the delay.

As I look back to the time we spent in those dark, damp quarters, where day after day a lamp must be kept burning in order that we might see to read or write, I wonder at the fortitude and courage of my uncomplaining wife. Week after week, she never stepped foot outside the high walls that shut in our little courtyard from the outside world. Few were the walks we took, for the crowds following us made it very unpleasant for a woman.

Sometimes we would go outside the city walls and search for a quiet nook or a grassy spot where we could sit and breathe the fresh air; and finding no such place, we would rest awhile on some grave mound, the only place we could find with even a sprinkling of sod.

THE REMODELED HOUSE

At last, the day came when we moved into our remodeled home; and a joyful day it was. The glass windows and the rough board floors seemed the height of luxury to us. But even here we found little privacy; for heads were likely to bob up at any moment, and curious eyes peered in at all hours.

Slowly we were acquiring the language. Night after night, our Chinese friends and neighbors crowded

about our doorstep, and talked with us, drawing out all our resources of understanding and speech. Day by day, the number of our sentences increased; and on every hand, we were receiving praise that we could talk "just like the Chinese." After two months more of study, I decided to try to lead a meeting, and chose the quarterly service. Although the words were necessarily simple, and the sentences short, we had a good meeting. God saw fit to use an inexperienced instrument, and souls were touched. From that time, we became bolder in the language, and ventured to do more and more; and after a few more months, we were in active work, holding services every day. Those were happy days when we began working for the Master in China.

During the same time, Mrs. Lee was making good progress in the language; but her vocabulary led along a line a little different from mine, consisting as it did of the names of pots and kettles, soups and salads, prices of sweet potatoes and peanuts, etc. Besides this, she needed a little strong and forcible language with which to awaken the sleepy and shiftless cook.

Many were our perplexities, in those days, with cooks and washerwomen. The cook would let the soup scorch, and the woman would run off with the soap. One day, after many exasperating experiences, and the disappearance of many articles, Mrs. Lee went into the kitchen, and found it full of smoke. By the stove sat the boy cook, sound asleep, with the dinner burning up as fast as possible on the hot fire. That boy lasted about five minutes; then we were looking for another. The next applicant was tried for a series of days, and proved so much worse than the first, that we

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A CHINESE SAWMILL

forgave that repentant youth, and took him back on condition that he try to keep awake while at work.

A "CHRISTIAN" FUNERAL

During those first months, many strange experiences came to us because of our ignorance of the various customs of the people. I was asked to conduct the funeral service of the mother of one of the new converts. She was a Christian; and the son, the eldest of the family, desired for her a Christian burial. The rest of the relatives and friends were heathen, and were determined to have a heathen ceremony.

I told the son I could not conduct the service if any heathen superstitions were practiced, and he promised that none should be; so finally I consented. As I led the service, read from the Gospel of John, and offered prayer, the heathen family, dressed in white, the symbol of mourning, stood all about me. Then the procession was formed. I had not seen anything that looked out of the way, and felt that we were getting along nicely.

My place in the procession was just behind the large coffin, which was carried along the narrow streets by eight men, the chief mourners marching ahead of it. Crowds of Chinese stood in their shop doors and watched us pass. With a sense of disquiet, I observed that some smiled, looked at me, and then pointed at something.

When we came to the city gate, the bearers set the coffin down and rested. After going ahead to speak to one of the mourners, I noticed, as I returned to my position, something on the front of the coffin, and going nearer, found some paper with holes punched in

it, some incense, and a bowl filled with food. I asked what these things meant, and was astonished when told that they were an offering to the dead. The relatives said the soul of the dead woman must have money to spend and food to eat in the place to which it was going!

Naturally I was deeply chagrined to reflect that I, the gospel pastor, had escorted a heathen funeral to the grave, marching through the crowded streets, where everybody had seen. At once I declared that I would not take another step until the things were taken away; and, much embarrassed, the elder son stepped up to remove them. Then another said he would take them back home; but instead, he sneaked them along, I was told, and managed to place them on the ground by the coffin when my attention was attracted elsewhere.

IN THE MIDST OF FAMINE

During our first fall and winter, we lived amid extreme suffering. A great flood came rushing down over the lowlands bordering the Hwai River in the eastern part of the province, and spreading out over the extensive wheat fields, ruined untold quantities of food, and washed away thousands of homes. Winter found hundreds of families homeless and without food. These wandered about in large companies, taking with them the few remaining fragments of home, and going from town to town and from city to city begging for help. Men, women, and children went from shop to shop and from home to home with their baskets and bowls, asking for food of any kind. What little flour they could secure was mixed with the ground bark of trees and made into bread. Everywhere the fields

were covered with smoke-blackened holes over which had been placed the iron kettles where the people had cooked their meager meals.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE WEST GATE OF THE TARTAR CITY, PEKING

A friend and I took a walk into the country one afternoon, and saw a group of these people. They were sitting on the ground in their rags, a pitiful sight indeed. Many were mere skeletons. Children were moaning and wailing. Small babies, wrapped in ragged quilts and packed in large baskets, were uttering faint cries.

As we passed among them, several of the men surrounded us, and seizing us by the arms, demanded help. They said we must help them, or they would not let us go on. Not knowing how we could help those hundreds of starving people, we struggled to get away; and they, seeing that we must come back that way, finally released us, and waited for our return.

After a short walk into the country, we saw there was no other way to get home but by the path that led through this crowd of beggars, so we turned to retrace our steps. As we approached them, we saw a movement among the men, and knew they were determined to hold us up again. We hurried by; but before we had gone very far, a number of men seized each of us, and with angry looks demanded money. We gave them all we had, which was little enough. But this did not satisfy them; we must promise to send them more.

A river separated us from the city. We had come across on the ferry, which was not far distant. Gradually we edged ourselves along, the crowd surrounding us and determined not to let us go. One of the men said, "You must go and see the official for us, and demand that he let us cross the river and beg for food in the city." We replied that we had no power to do such a thing. All this time, we were getting nearer

the ferry; and at last we jumped on, although several men held to our arms. For some time, they would not let the ferry go. Finally a Chinese friend who was on the ferry told the men to let us alone and begone. He argued with them determinedly, and after a while, they angrily jumped off the boat, and with threats let us go.

During this time of famine, hundreds of families turned beggars; and as they became desperate, they began to rob. Children and even men walking along the street, seeing a stack of bread in front of some bakeshop, would step up as if to buy, snatch a piece of bread, and bite into it quickly, thus spoiling its sale.

A HOLDUP

The officials ordered these poor people to keep out of the cities; and the country roads became very unsafe, with thousands of hungry and desperate men and women all about. Late one afternoon, I took my little mule to go for a ride into the country, that being the only way to get relief from the narrow, oppressive courtyards. Much as Mrs. Lee desired to get a breath of fresh air, it was often impracticable. I rode some distance before I noticed that it was growing dusk; then, knowing the condition of the country, I turned to hasten back. Soon I saw ahead of me, in front of a dilapidated temple opening directly off the road, two suspicious looking men pointing in my direction. When they saw that they were observed, they immediately disappeared within the temple.

There was nothing for me to do but ride on as quickly as possible. Just as I came abreast of the temple, out sprang these men, caught hold of the mule, one on either side, and angrily demanded money. I

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A POOR MOTHER OF CHINA OFFERING HER BABIES FOR SALE

had nothing but a few cash with me, and this I gave them. They shook the mule's head in anger, and started to search me. Striking right and left with my little bamboo whip, I succeeded in loosening their hold on the frightened burro, which, finding itself released, shot forward and made hasty steps for home.

DEATH PREFERRED TO LIFE

In these months of famine, thousands died of starvation and famine fever, many falling by the wayside without burial. Women cast away their children, or disposed of them in some other way. One woman smothered two children back of our house. Another, in desperation, threw her child from the top of the city wall near our home.

Two hungry men were sleeping in an old, filthy temple. One awakened, and seeing the other asleep, thought him dead. Looking all about to see if any one was near, he took out a knife, and started to cut some flesh from the man's exposed leg. With a yell, the man awoke, and the frightened would-be cannibal fled as fast as his legs would carry him. Frequent rumors came to us from distant villages of parents cooking and eating their little ones. Many times, mothers asked us to buy their children, often for as little as a dollar apiece.

As winter progressed and spring came on, the famine became worse and worse. Those who had escaped death were stricken with famine fever, which in most cases overcame its victim in less than six days. One day, a wagonload of dead were taken from the city, and thrown into a large hole just outside the north gate. Throughout the nights, the moans and cries of little

children on the street came to our ears, driving sleep from us. Children, mere skeletons, of five and six years, wandered about without father, mother, friends, or shelter of any kind.

FAMINE RELIEF

A little money came into our hands, and we did the best we could to care for a few of these unfortunates. Other missions also helped, and the government sent wheat and money; but the small amount each person received seemed only to prolong his days of starvation. One day, I visited a relief station where those who had received tickets (these were passed out at midnight each day) could secure a bowl of food. Never shall I forget that awful scene,— the long line of distressed people, some almost too weak to stand, waiting their turn to receive a bowl of soup, the stronger shoving the weaker ones aside and receiving their food first. Here an old woman, a mere bundle of bones, staggered along with a dirty bowl in her claw-like hands; there men once strong walked on legs that looked like sticks, their eyes sunken, and the skin tight drawn over the high cheek bones; over there some poor creature, too weak to walk, was crawling along on hands and knees. The sight haunted me for days. Such suffering and misery can never be understood by those who have not seen it and lived in the midst of it.

Hardly a year passes in China that does not bring its famine, more or less severe, to some part of the land. No wonder those who know the blessed hope, long for the day when King Jesus will say of His people, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more."

The Missionary at Work

FREDERICK LEE

"COME"

From distant Shensi, far beyond the reach of railways, came one day early in 1915 a letter telling of many who were interested in the truth we love, and of some already keeping the Sabbath. They had received this light from a faithful colporteur who had visited their village and remained with them many days.

The letter closed with the plea: "Oh, pastor, we want more help; and unless we have it, perhaps the little flock will scatter! Come, oh, come, and visit us!"

SHENSI MENTIONED IN PROPHECY

Shensi is the most interesting as well as the most ancient province of all China. It is called "the cradle of the Chinese race." Not only is it renowned in profane history, but it is also mentioned in the sacred page. Seven hundred years before Christ, Isaiah said, "Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and *these from the land of Sinim.*" Isa. 49: 12. And it is generally agreed that "the people of Sinim are the Sinese [Chinese]. Chin was the name of a kingdom of some importance in Shensi, one of the western provinces of the Sinese land."

According to Chinese chronology, the first king of Chin reigned 185 years before Isaiah wrote his prophecy. It is from this kingdom that China derived its name. Sianfu, the capital of Shensi, has been the royal city of four great dynasties: the Djou dynasty

at the time of Samuel; the Chin dynasty; the Han dynasty at the time of Christ; and the glorious dynasty of Tang. This city is said to have been founded by Wu Wang, the martial king of the Djou dynasty, in the twelfth century B. C., or about the time of Samuel. When Isaiah uttered his prophecy, the Sinese country was no doubt a place of fame.

The prophet, even at that early date, looked forward to the consummation of the gospel in all the earth; and having seen its workings in western and northern lands, he turned to the east, where his eyes fell upon the oriental kingdom of Chin, which is now the Chinese province of Shensi. And, as he looked, he saw, as it were, little lights bursting forth in the darkness, and knew them to be the lights of the gospel of the kingdom, shining forth from the hearts of men and women. Then he saw angels going forth in the last day to the four corners of the earth, gleaning its last harvest. Some flew to the west, and others to the north; but still others flew straight to this land, and returned to the heavenly garner with their arms overflowing with the golden grain they had gleaned.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Shensi derives its name, "West of the Pass," from the fact that it is situated to the west of the famous pass of Tungkwan, near the bend of the Yellow River where the three provinces of Shensi, Shansi, and Honan join. It has an area of 75,270 square miles,—about equal to that of England, Wales, and Scotland combined. It also has the same general shape (that of a cone) as the isle of Britain, its narrow peak piercing the Great Wall and entering into the sands

of Mongolia, and its broad base resting upon the high mountains separating the province from Szechuan.

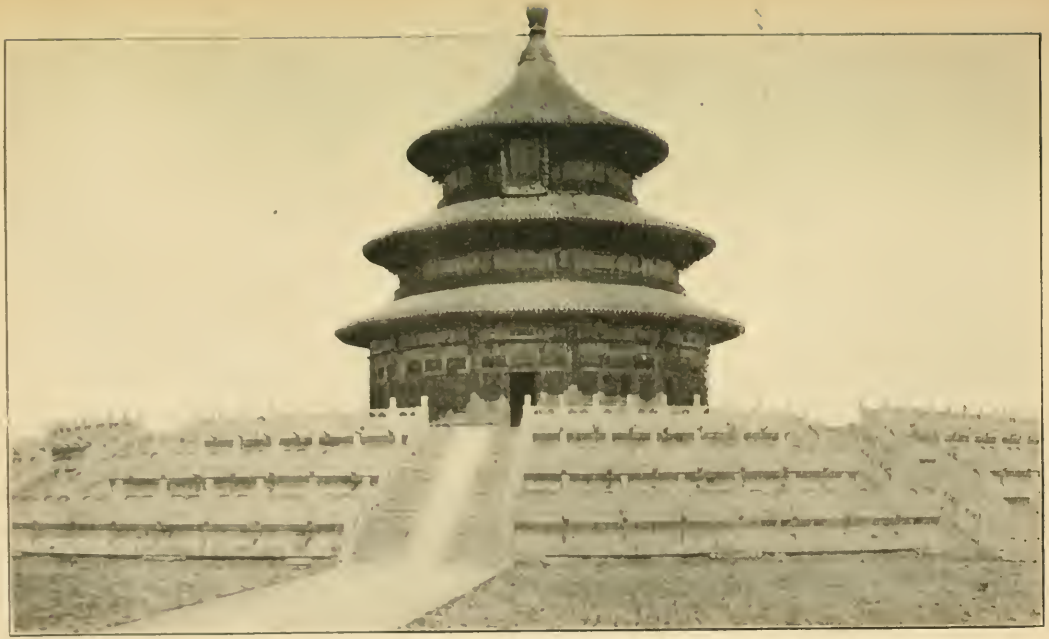
Shensi is divided exactly in two by a well marked chain of mountains, which has an altitude of 11,000 feet. The northern valley, or the Sian Plain, is the shape of an oval. It has about "four thousand square miles; and into this are crowded the capital, thirty-four cities, and an average of one market place to every square mile." In the center of this plain lies the stately city of Sian, where many historic battles have been fought, and through it runs the ancient highway of intercourse with Western countries.

The whole face of the country is covered with huge grave mounds, the burial places of the great kings of the East. Here lie the remains of Shih Hwang Di, famous in history for the destruction of all the books in China, and credited with the building of the Great Wall. His grave mound covers many acres. In 1900, Sianfu was a city of refuge for the Chinese court when it fled from Peking.

THE PEOPLE OF SHENSI

The population of Shensi is only about eight and one half millions. This is a very light population in comparison with that of other of China's provinces. Honan, which has a smaller area, has thirty-five millions; and Shantung, with one quarter less area, has thirty-eight millions. This small population has resulted from the many rebellions and famines through which the province has passed. Even to-day we see the results of these calamities.

Shensi was no doubt the first province of all China to receive the gospel, probably as early as the fifth



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

century after Christ, and there are traditions of an earlier date. In the Hall of Ancient Tablets in Sianfu, in which are preserved more than three hundred ancient slabs, there are two stone tablets bearing the picture of one "Thomas, who came from the west." While the tradition of Thomas's trip to China is not well founded, yet there is in this celebrated museum one slab giving positive proof that at a very early date Christianity was widely known in the empire, and was in favor at court. This is the Nestorian Tablet, bearing a date equivalent to A. D. 781.

The tablet records the travels of Nestorian missionaries from Syria, who arrived in the empire in A. D. 635. These men were ushered into the emperor's presence, the slab says, and "the sacred books were translated in the imperial library. The sovereign investigated the subject in his private apartment. When he became deeply impressed with the rectitude and truth of the religion, he gave special orders for its dissemination." The record further states that "while this doctrine pervaded every channel, the state became enriched, and tranquillity abounded. Every city was full of churches, and the royal family enjoyed luster and happiness." Many of the phrases used on this tablet can apply only to the Christian doctrine. When this form of Christianity had become quite flourishing, the Mohammedans entered the country, and utterly wiped it out, so that later there were but few traces of this sect.

MODERN MISSIONS

The part of Shensi in which we are most interested is the most famous part of the province, the Sian

Plain. The entry of the gospel into this region is connected with an interesting immigration of native Christians from the province of Shantung, mostly members of the English Baptist Church.

I will relate the story as told to me by one of the leaders of this company, who, thus migrating from their homeland, were the first to bring the light of the gospel to North Shensi. This man was one of those who founded "Gospel Village," all the members of which were Christians.

Over thirty years ago, when famine was raging in Shantung, hundreds of persons emigrated to Shansi and Shensi. Pastor Liu, with a party of a hundred of his neighbors and friends, started out with their possessions on the long journey of nearly one thousand miles to the west. The women and the children rode in the two-wheeled carts; most of the time, the men walked. When they had traveled for eighteen days, their money ran out, so they stopped for a time in Honan. Here they passed through many trials, often having hardly enough to eat. But Pastor Liu was brave. He understood somewhat the use of foreign medicines, and the money he took in from "doctoring" practically supported most of the party for a number of weeks.

After a time, they decided to settle in Shansi. But when they came to the Yellow River, to cross over into that province, the official, for some reason or other, would not permit them to pass. On their returning to the place where they had been staying, they heard that land was very cheap in Shensi, and decided to go there.

At first, they were too poor to buy land, even at one dollar an acre, some of them living in a broken-down temple and others in caves. It was while they were living in a filthy temple, that both Pastor Liu and his mother became seriously ill, his mother dying in a few days. But during all these trials, their faith in God did not waver.

After the party had acquired some property, they founded a village, and called it "Gospel Village." Here they established Christian schools for their children, and from here they let their light shine forth into the country about them.

EXPERIENCES OF PASTOR LIU

It is interesting to hear old Pastor Liu relate some of the experiences they had when opening chapels in various cities, and especially in Sianfu, the capital. The difficulties were many, as the people were very suspicious, although not anti-foreign. It was hard for a foreigner to enter the city.

One day, Pastor Liu and one of the foreign missionaries started off to visit Sianfu. Knowing that they would be hindered from going in if the police knew a foreigner was along, they stopped before coming to the city. The missionary took off his coat, and wrapping his head in a towel, told Mr. Liu to put on his coat and to mount their horse. The foreigner, leading the horse, passed on into the city without being suspected, the police thinking he was only a coolie. At this time, the missionary and Pastor Liu remained several days, scattering tracts. Another time when they were visiting the city, the people found

PASTOR LIU AND A GOSPEL VILLAGE CONVERT

out who they were, and came in a mob, and with the clashing of gongs, drove them from the place.

Of course, it was difficult to find any one who would rent a place to them. And the official required some person known in the city to be a "guarantee man" for them. They were acquainted with no one; but they decided to do all their business with one merchant, who at last became friendly. When they told him they were seeking a place to rent, he let them have one of his own houses, and also became their "guarantee man." Their first strong foothold was secured in 1894.

As we rode along one day in our Chinese cart over the Sian Plain, Pastor Liu said he had seen much of the power of the evil one. In his father's home, before they were Christians, if at any time they neglected to worship the devil, or cursed him, there was trouble in the house. Heavy stones or bricks would fall on the table before which they were sitting, or they would hear a heavy tramping through the house. Pastor Liu said that this was a common occurrence. "No wonder," he said, "that when one knows nothing of the power of God, he fears and serves the devil." But after he had become a Christian, none of these things bothered him, and he has had the privilege of helping others break the bands of the evil one.

There was one woman who was especially possessed of the devil; but as she used this power to her own advantage, she did not care to break away from it. She said the only person she feared was Pastor Liu. One day, when this woman was in one of her fits of devil possession, a relative of hers, a heathen, came

TWO COMMON METHODS OF TRAVEL IN CHINA

to the pastor, and pleaded that he come and heal her. Others in the chapel said that the woman had great power, and that if he could not cast out the evil one, it would bring the gospel into disgrace. But he answered them that it was not he who was able to do this great work, but God. He prayed earnestly for the woman, and the evil spirit immediately left her.

ANSWERING THE CALL

Many and varied are the calls for help which come to the missionary. But the calls which must have precedence over everything else are those which urge us to come to some village or city, near or far distant, to give instruction in the truth to hungering souls. Often temporal labors intrude to hinder, or dangers stand in the way; but a true missionary must be ready, if need be, to give the truth at the peril of his life.

The most arduous labors of the missionary are those which he performs in the slow and difficult work of visiting outstations, and answering the calls which come to him from far-away places. If you want to see the *missionary at work*, do not visit him at a central station, where he enjoys a few of the comforts of the homeland, but go with him when he leaves all that behind, and travels long and tedious hours by mule cart, wheelbarrow, sedan chair, house boat, etc., to strange cities and villages.

REVOLUTION IN SHENSI

One year from the time I received the letter mentioned in the first part of this chapter, we planned to visit Shensi.

Just at this time (the spring of 1916), revolution was springing up in many provinces. We also heard rumors that thousands of bandits were taking advantage of the unstable government, and raiding towns and cities in all northern Shensi. However, we wrote to the inquirers that we were coming, and would hold a ten days' meeting with them.

Much thought and preparation were necessary before we started on the journey. Folding cots, bedding, and food must be taken, and nothing must be forgotten. One time, through carelessness, my cot was left behind; and during a two weeks' journey, I bought straw at each place where I stopped, spread it on the ground, and slept on that.

Finally all was ready. Bedding and cots were rolled up in oilcloth covers; cracker crumbs, canned milk, rice, and cereal coffee, the staples of many an itinerating trip, were packed. We were ready for the call to start in the early morning hours.

"Mu shi, chi lai, chi lai!" ("Pastor, get up, get up!")

It seemed to me that I had only closed my eyes when this call sounded beneath my bedroom window; and as I did not immediately respond, it came again: *"Mu shi, kwai, kwai, chi lai!"*

With that I called back, and was soon dressed and ready to start. Many of our Chinese friends were at the door to take our baggage, which was placed on a wheelbarrow and pushed to the station.

Most of the time, the missionary must travel with only native helpers; so he is happy when he can have the company of a white friend. Such a treat I had on this trip; for Dr. A. C. Selmon, a veteran in China, was my companion.

It is not far to the railway station, and soon we are there. All is hustle and fuss. Many soldiers and police are standing about. Our baggage is thrown on the scales, and we must pay for every ounce overweight. Soon the crowded train pulls in, and there is a grand scramble to find some way of getting on. Without a "system," this is hard to do when traveling third-class. Crowds are getting off and on, and all have their arms full of baggage of every variety. Boxes and suit cases and hand bags become entangled, men and women become jammed in the doorway, and there is much shouting.

We leave our baggage outside the train, with friends who have come with us, jump on the train empty-handed, and rush to an open window, through which our baggage is tossed. Even then we are puzzled as to where to put it, and a portion of it is dropped unintentionally into some one's lap, or is piled up in the aisle. We must get it all on before the train starts, and naturally we are anxious. When it is stowed away, we look around for a seat, and perhaps cannot find one except on top of our baggage. Here in these crowded cars are scores of unwashed Chinese, packed in like bees in a hive, smoking, spitting, blowing the nose, picking lively objects running about their bodies, laughing, joking, talking loudly, and having a general good time, while riding on the "fire wagon."

Soon the conductor and his lieutenants come edging their way through the crowd. Quite a procession they make — two conductors, three policemen, and three or more soldiers. The conductor punches the tickets, the policemen peer behind the baggage on the shelf above our heads for some one who may be trying to

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POVERTY NO BAR TO HAPPINESS

smuggle a ride, and the soldiers look severe to scare those who think they can get a ride without paying the fee. Away they go, one, two, three, in all the dignity their ill fitting uniforms can give.

Once the police discover a little boy riding behind some baggage on the broad shelf. As they roughly pull him down, the poor little fellow cries aloud, and gives all sorts of excuses; but off he is tumbled at the next station, whether far from home or near we know not. Three hours we ride on this crowded train, alighting finally at a city where we have an out-station, and where we must change cars for the west.

AT THE "SABBATH HALL"

Up the narrow and dirty streets we go, searching for the little street chapel. "Can you tell us where the Sabbath Hall is?" we ask a shopkeeper.

"Oh, yes," he replies. "Go east to the second street, and then turn and go south, and you will find it near the south gate."

With a deep bow, we thank him and proceed. Arriving at the chapel, the front of which is open to the street, we find a meeting going on. The evangelist is loudly singing, and thus attracting a crowd, who come in, sit down on the long benches provided for them, and look at the wonderful pictures on the walls. Prayer is offered, while the heathen audience look on in amazement. Soon the preacher is deep in his sermon, telling the listeners the uselessness of an idol. "It cannot hear, see, talk, nor walk. The temple roof sags down over its head, endangering the august one, but it sits there helpless. The chair on which the idol is sitting rots away, and it falls indifferently to the

ground. Oh, how helpless the poor thing is! How foolish it is to expect assistance from such an object as that!"

So the preacher talks to his audience, who sit with blank stare, not taking in half that is said. One or two become interested, however, and stay after the meeting, to ask questions about the pictures on the wall. The names and addresses of these persons are taken, and later they are visited. Gradually they accept the truths of the gospel, the blank eyes become clear and bright, the bowed bodies stand more erect. The whole appearance of one making the great change from heathenism to the gospel is transformed; he becomes indeed a new man. And this change is coming to hundreds, yes, thousands, of men and women in China.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE

Again we return to our train, and start west. For some reason, there is no one at the station to weigh our baggage, so we get on without having that important ceremony performed. But we must never expect to get ahead of the vigilant guards on a Chinese railway train. Soon the conductor and the baggageman come marching through; and the latter, seeing our many packages scattered about, steps up and asks us if we have had our baggage weighed. No, it has not been weighed; there was no one at the station to weigh it.

With this, he went off without saying a word, and we felt that our troubles in that direction were over. Instead, they were only beginning.

When the train stopped at the next station, several policemen came in, and ordered us to take our bag-

gage off to be weighed. The train waited until every piece was weighed, checked up, and put back. After a while, the agent came in with his excess bill. As he was charging a two dollar fine besides the excess, we refused to pay. He argued with us for an hour; but we were determined, and said we would talk with the station agent at the end of the line. The baggageman then left us, and detailed a policeman to watch us and our baggage to the end of the road, where he took us and it in charge, and led us to the station agent. There we haggled and wrangled for half an hour; and when we saw there would be no relenting, we paid the unjust charge and went away.

ONWARD BY FREIGHT TRAIN AND MULE CART

Next morning, we were ready to go on. We traveled by freight train this time. It was very slow, and took from 7 a. m. until 2 p. m. to reach the end of the line, sixty miles away. This was the terminus of all railroads, so we had to look for other traveling conveniences from there on. Arriving at the Chinese inn about the middle of the afternoon, we sent our Chinese friends to look for a mule cart, by which conveyance we must travel the next six or seven days.

Now a mule cart is neither the best nor the worst of the modes of travel in the Orient. It is not so good nor swift as the slow freight train, nor so bad as the wheelbarrow, on which we have been pushed many a mile. Nevertheless, it is bad enough, being a heavy, "bunglesome" affair, on two huge wheels, with a top, which is like a dog kennel, directly above the axle. No springs are provided to absorb the shocks that the traveler receives on the rough roads.

Apparently the Chinese, having no nerves, have never thought of shock absorbers.

It is indeed a problem to secure one of these carts, especially if the mule driver knows that his prospective passenger is anxious to move. At first, he will ask prices entirely beyond reason; but after some hours of wrangling, a price is fixed, and a contract is made by which he agrees to deliver us to a certain village at a fixed price, of course expecting that we will give him a little more at the end of the line. We breathe a sigh of relief when these diplomatic disputations are over, and we are again on our way.

But never be too sure of a Chinese carter. He has tricks you never dreamed of, and schemes you will never find out. We have learned, when he turns up any of his excuses, and with a bland expression says that the cart is too heavily loaded, and that he cannot go another step, to keep calm, and tell him, "*Buh yao gin*" ("It makes no difference to us whether you take us or not"), then sit quietly, saying nothing. Soon he will begin swearing a blue streak, and taking up his whip, will give the poor mules a crack under the hind legs, and with a leap the animals start off at a gallop. Soon, however, they settle down to a more moderate pace, and we are going at the rate of about thirty miles a day.

NOT A PLEASURE TRIP

We have six "stages" ahead of us, each one a long day's journey. We must arise before daylight, roll up our bedding, fold up our cot, take a sip of cereal coffee and a few bites of cracker, pack up our dishes, and load the cart. As the first tints of dawn are seen

in the east, we are traveling down the dark and lonely road. We keep on the way until noon, at which time the mules must be fed, and we too need something to eat.

We stop for an hour, off comes our lunch box, the oil stove is set up, the water is soon boiling, and the "dinner" of tinned milk, cracker crumbs, and cereal coffee is waiting to be eaten.

After dinner, we try to take a little rest; but just as we fall asleep, a yell from the carter announces that we must be going. So on we go until evening, when we arrive at a desolate little village in the foothills, and turn into the muddy courtyard of a tumbledown inn. Being glad, after a hard day's ride, to have

COOLIES IN SUMMER DRESS, SHANGHAI

even such a shelter,— with the cattle, barnyard fowls, and vermin-covered coolies,— we jump down from our cart, unload our baggage, open up our cots, unroll our bedding, and proceed to make our beds.

Oh, how we would like to roll right in! But after riding all day in clouds of dust, we have other business to attend to first. We must shake ourselves, and dust ourselves, and brush ourselves, and scrub ourselves, then wash and rinse ourselves, after which we have a little feeling of cleanliness. Then we must have a moment or two to eat, and to write in our diaries. After reading a chapter in the Bible, and kneeling to ask God's guidance and protection, we lie down to rest.

Many such a day does the missionary spend when answering the calls that come to him. The gift of adaptability is one of the most desirable to be found in his pack. With it he can become accustomed to strange methods of travel, and to inconveniences and hardships that stagger the beginner. And when he is not thinking of the obstacles in the way, he finds time to observe and enjoy many strange sights.

A COUNTRY OF CAVE DWELLERS

On this trip to Shensi, I was especially interested in the homes of the cave dwellers. For three days, we traveled through a portion of western Honan, where thousands of Chinese live in the ground. During these days, we rarely saw a house. I remember especially a view from the top of one high plateau. We could see long distances in several directions, but there was no sign of a human dwelling, in spite of the waving fields of grain all through the valleys and on the terraced hills.

Observing closely, we saw persons coming out of the openings on the sides of the plateaus. In other places, clusters of trees hid the cave homes from view. Intelligent, kindly, and susceptible to the gospel are these cave dwellers. But they are poor, and unable to afford homes built of straw, wood, or brick. The condition of the earth has helped these poverty-stricken people. Caves can be easily dug, and made into cozy though dark homes. There are now some families of Adventists who live in such caves; and they are as earnest, and love this truth as sincerely, as any of us.

The soil here has a peculiar and very adhesive formation, called the loess formation, being composed of fine particles of sand, clay, and lime. There is one stratum of this earth, often considerably more than a thousand feet thick, which, because of the cohesiveness of the substance, is very solid. If the outer coating of an embankment is scraped off, the exposed surface looks like a concrete wall. However, when particles or chunks are broken off, they are easily crushed to a very fine powder; and this, with the least wind, is carried up in dense clouds of dust and blown away. Naturally this condition has greatly affected the roads, which in this territory are very old.

A "GOOD ROADS" MOVEMENT NEEDED

The traffic of a thousand years, with the heavy cart wheels grinding a little of the surface soil to powder at every turn, the winds, and the rains, have through the years worn the roadbeds away from thirty to fifty feet below the surrounding territory. In some places where the route leads up the sides of the plateau, we traveled in a cañon-like road a hundred feet deep. For

three days, at one time, we journeyed on these roads, in most places hardly wide enough for two carts to pass. For two hours at one stretch, we rode along in the heavy clouds of dust stirred up by the dozen or more carts that were often ahead of us, without coming out into the open. We donned our goggles, and tied handkerchiefs over our noses and mouths; but still the dust sifted into our lungs.

After some time, we discovered a little footpath leading from the road away up the sides to the top of the cañon, one hundred feet above us. Jumping from the cart, we hurried up the path, and were surprised at the change. Here was a high plateau, many miles wide, covered with fields of waving green. The air was clear, and the soft breezes were cool. What a change one short moment of rising above the dust and darkness beneath had brought us! We turned and looked below, where, through the cloud of dust, we could see the long line of carts moving slowly through the deep lane; and we decided to walk until we were tired, at least. Many times the path led back to the cañon below, but up again it would turn to the fresh air above.

WHEN TWO CARTS MEET

We had an amusing experience as we traveled along these roads. One is constantly afraid that a cart will swing around the bend of the road just ahead, and the two will meet in some place where they cannot pass. Hence the carters keep up an almost continual call. This call is peculiar to the carters on these roads, and "carries" for a long distance.

We often wondered what would happen if two carts should come together in one of these narrow passes,

for it is almost impossible to "back" one of these heavy Chinese carts. As it happened, we were destined to have our curiosity on this point satisfied. We were moving slowly along an uphill stretch, where the road was very narrow and about forty feet deep, when suddenly a cart came around the bend just ahead. The two carts were blocked, there being no way for them to pass. Our carter, a veteran mule driver, jumped down from his seat, and began belaboring the other carter with invectives. He said: "Now you can find a way out. I will not move a step." The two "discussed" earnestly for several minutes; but our man, being more fluent of speech, gained the victory, and the newcomer unhitched his forward mule, leaving the other on the shaft.

We wondered what was to be done. Surely there was no way to back that cart uphill, and equally no way to turn it around. Imagine our surprise when the man hitched the forward mule to the back of the cart, and made it pull the cart and the companion mule backward up the hill for some distance, to a place where our cart could pass.

After traveling one hundred miles along such roads,— this being a three days' journey,— we came down a deep and very long gulch, which grew deeper and darker as we descended, and led us finally to the gate of the border city of Shensi. This most interesting town sits right in a pass leading to the open plains of the province. The mountains high on the south and the broad yellow river on the north give the city a most strategic situation. Many times since the first revolution in 1911, it has been captured and recaptured by organized armies and organized bandits.

We stopped here for a rest over the Sabbath. During our stay, we heard rumors of the devastation the bandits were making in the north of the province. However, when Sunday morning came, we were ready bright and early to start on our journey in this, another province entered for the first time by representatives of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission. After three more days of travel, we arrived in Gospel Village, and were warmly received.

A VISIT TO SIANFU

While arranging for a meeting place, Dr. Selmon and I, with Pastor Liu, took a trip to Sianfu, which is forty miles from Gospel Village. Travelers have no view of the city until they come out on the highland directly in front of it. We were struck with awe as we suddenly came in sight of this stately city, which has seen the reign of the most ancient and glorious dynasties of China,— a city that is reputed to have had a high type of civilization in the time of Samuel. Not only the thought of the great antiquity which surrounds the place, but also the beautiful symmetry of the city, impresses one. The massive walls, stretching out over the plain for four miles, the high gates, the deep moat, together with the green tints of the growing things round about, and the high mountains in the background, make a scene of rare beauty. We came upon the place with the growing dusk, as quiet was sinking down upon the city; so we had to hasten, lest we arrive too late, and the gates be shut.

The following day, we took a view of the city from the bell tower, which is in its exact center. This ancient tower, in which is a bell over one thousand years old, is now used as a telephone office for the city. The

southern half of the city is entirely Chinese, the northern half being divided between the Mohammedan quarter and the Tartar city. Within the walls of the Tartar city is another walled space, which was the royal city of the Tang dynasty.

In this Tartar city lived about 50,000 Manchus; but now the city lay before us in ruins. During the Chinese revolution of 1911, practically forty thousand of these Manchus were massacred, many fled, and now the few remaining are housed in a building in the center of the Tartar city.

We also visited the Hall of Tablets, where we saw the famous Nestorian Tablet, with many other ancient slabs.

FIRST GENERAL MEETING IN SHENSI

After remaining in Sianfu for two days, we returned to Gospel Village and began meetings. We held four Bible studies a day, Dr. Selmon and I sharing the time equally. What an opportunity it was! Here were more than forty persons who had been Christians for many years, earnestly listening to the truths we had to teach. Many times they exclaimed that they had never before heard such plain and convincing teaching.

Regular meetings continued for nine days. At the end of that time, the brigands, who had gained control of North Shensi, were nearing the southern cities, and planning raids upon them. For this reason, it seemed the part of wisdom to leave, and we quickly made the best arrangements we could under the circumstances.

During the next few days, we learned a little more deeply the meaning of Paul's phrase, "in perils often." The story of our return journey, with its escapes and deliverances, is told elsewhere in these pages. They

A CAMEL TRAIN BY THE TARTAR WALL, PEKING

proved anew to us that God will fulfill His promises to His servants, and though trials and dangers may be encountered, those who are under His direction will be protected by Him till their work is done.

THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF SHENSI

Shensi is the strategic center from which to open up the unentered fields to the west. When one talks of taking the truth to Chinese Turkestan, on the roof of Asia, that seems like an inaccessible summit, which we may never reach. But with the opening of Shensi, one has taken a long step toward this far-off land. There is constant intercourse with these provinces to the west. Our cart driver has been to Lan-Chau, the capital of Kansu, many times, and he has also been to Turkestan. As I talked with him regarding the place, and he told me the distances, it seemed to me that all that was needed would be plenty of patience and time, and we would easily get there. From Sianfu to Lan-Chau is a run of "eighteen stages" ("stage" means one day), and from Lan-Chau to Turkestan is a run of "three eighteen stages"; or in all from Sianfu to Turkestan, it would take seventy-two days by cart. We met a foreigner who had been all through this territory.

But if we have not the men to send to this distant place, there is another agency that will take the truth — an agency that is just as sure and much quicker. This is the printed page. When Shensi is opened, erelong Kansu will have believers; and then comes Turkestan, at the end of the earth. Here we shall be able to clasp hands with our Indian and Russian brethren.

Revolutionary Experiences

Mrs. Myrtie Cottrell

We are told that a painting called "Cloudland" may be seen in one of the European picture galleries. "It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, however, the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto.' If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim! How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub face it would see, 'Whom I love, I chasten.' Another angel would say, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' In still another sweet face the heavenly words are coming forth: 'Let not your heart be troubled: . . . believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions. . . . Where I am, there ye may be also.' "

Severe physical affliction, even to endangering the life, often proves in the end to have been a wholesome process. Paul's thorn in the flesh, his beatings, scourgings, and imprisonments, together with his life perils on land and sea, by robbers and the heathen, although exceedingly unpleasant experiences, seem to have played a necessary part in the great missionary's life.

"Fiery trials make golden Christians," says Dr. Cuyler; and ground watered by martyrs' blood often bears the greatest amount of fruit.

In China, the efforts put forth by Seventh-day Adventist missionaries have not been free from serious trials, many times threatening their lives. But the angel of His presence has been graciously near to deliver, while the truth of the saying, "The hour of the Christian's extremity is the hour of Christ's opportunity," has often been put to the test and proved true. To His glory, by answered prayer and loving protection, we wish to recall some of these instances, which, as we take the retrospective glance, have come to stand out as high lights in missionary experience. In order to assist the reader to obtain an intelligent idea of the political conditions "behind the scenes" in the events that follow, it has seemed fitting to say a few words about the causes which led up to revolutionary troubles.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

For many years prior to 1911, there had been more or less friction between the Northern and the Southern provinces of China. Kwangtung Province, whose capital is Canton, ever the seat of hatred for the North, had been forced to tolerate foreigners to some extent, and Western ideas in education and advancement were slowly permeating the minds of the better classes. Many of Canton's progressive business men were seeking wealth in foreign countries, while their promising students received a modern education in American or European colleges. It is small wonder that all these influences combined to make the more enlightened Southerner antagonistic to the staid and circumscribed

Northern government, which permitted little advancement in social, political, or commercial circles.

During the extended regency of the empress dowager Tsi Hsi, occasional though largely futile efforts were made by some of the Southern party to bring

A MERCHANT AND HIS FAMILY—ONCE CONSIDERED OF THE LOWEST CLASS, NOW THE BACKBONE OF THE REPUBLIC

about reformation. Even the emperor Kuang Hsu, contrary to the empress dowager's wishes, was influenced by some of his Southern advisers to enter upon a course of such radical reform that the last three and one half months of his absolute sovereignty

are known in history as the "hundred days of reform." For some of these bold proclamations, he afterward paid dearly, when the "old Buddha" (as Empress Dowager Tsi Hsi is often called) marshaled the forces of conservatism, and effected a *coup d'état*, forcing him into seclusion, and permitting him to remain emperor in name only.

However, it is interesting to note that this spirit of reform could not long be suppressed. Although at heart always conservative and opposed strictly to amelioration, yet in order to regain the good will of foreigners following the Boxer uprising of 1900, the empress dowager herself afterward actually approved some of the very improvements for promulgation of which the emperor Kuang Hsu had been so severely punished.

As years passed, the gulf between the conservative North and the progressive South was widening. A revolutionary party had developed in the South, which was secretly organizing its men and means, ready to strike the blow for republicanism when the opportune time should arrive. The dark night of despotism was passing, while already above the horizon could be seen the faint gleams of democracy's light glimmering over the hills of the Far East.

THE OUTBREAK

It was on a somber, chilly autumn day in the early part of October, 1911, that after a few weeks' rest and recuperation in Shanghai, Pastor and Mrs. R. F. Cottrell arrived in Hankow, Hupeh, *en route* to their home in Changsha, Hunan. The Seventh-day Adventist resident missionaries then in Hankow were Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Larson, and Mr. and Mrs. Esta Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were living temporarily in a semi-Chinese flat, which was located in one of two long rows of similar buildings facing each other, with a narrow alley between. At the several entrances of this alley were iron gates, ordinarily closed and locked at night, but open during the day.

In the afternoon, as some of us were returning from shopping, we were surprised to find these iron gates closed; but we could see through the grating a company of greatly excited Chinese, and several municipal police, in the alley near the Miller home. We asked, "What is the trouble?" and were told, "They are catching a thief who appeared when fire broke out in one of the tenements." However, it was soon known that the house where the fire broke out had been used for some time as a manufactory for bombs and revolutionary flags and emblems, and that the fire had been caused by the igniting of some explosives. It was one of these revolutionists whom we saw being arrested, and who, with some of his fellows, was executed the same night.

Although the secret plans of the revolutionists hitherto had been to restrain the outbreak until some two months later, upon finding that their plans were detected, they decided to make the attack at once. Accordingly, the first demonstration of the revolution — the burning of the public buildings in Wuchang, opposite Hankow — began about 10 o'clock of the night following this incident. As we left Hankow two hours before the outbreak, we knew nothing of what was happening until several days after we reached Changsha.

It was with great anticipation and pleasure that we returned to Changsha, as we had heard from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Harris, during our absence, that the new homes for workers were nearing completion. We began moving into and settling them as soon as we returned, and were as happy as only those know how to be who, after having lived for months in a dark Chinese house in a Chinese city, suddenly find themselves in a comfortable home built out in the open.

But our "nest making" was soon to be cut short. A few days after our arrival, rumors reached us of trouble in Hankow,— rumors that were confirmed and enlarged upon as the days passed. Soon we learned that a revolution was really taking place, and that other cities were turning over to the republican party.

THE PEACEABLE CAPTURE OF CHANGSHA

We knew not what might take place at any time in Changsha, but the report was that the city was soon to join Hankow in the attempt to throw off the Manchu yoke. The British consul residing in Changsha sent a notice to all European and American residents of that port, stating that trouble might break out at any time, and that every family should keep some one on the watch by night and day for certain signals which were to be given from the customs flagpole. In the meantime, most of the women and children left the city, and repaired to the island upon which our cottages, together with three other foreign houses, stood. In anticipation that there might be an anti-foreign demonstration, a fortification of sandbags was thrown up about one of the foreign houses, and at the signal above mentioned, all foreigners were to leave the city, and come within easy access of this improvised fort.

TOMB OF THE FIRST MANCHU EMPEROR OF CHINA, MUKDEN

The expected crisis came early Sunday morning, October 22. Two of the leading military officials, and a few soldiers who tried to defend them, were killed. Civil rulers either fled or declared for the revolutionists. The Manchu families in the city were in great terror, and either kept themselves in hiding or escaped by night. For a few days, consular orders forbade foreigners' entering the city, and the one hundred Europeans and Americans of Changsha found temporary homes by crowding into the houses on the island, or securing house boats lying along the shore. Our cottages accommodated twelve persons aside from those of our own mission.

In the meantime, the date for our general meeting arrived, and, despite the political threatenings, a goodly number of believers gathered in Changsha. We were able to gain admittance to the city and conduct the meetings most of the time; but, owing to differences between the revolutionary leaders, a fight broke out, and all foreigners who were in the city again hastened out pell-mell. However, the provincial assembly that took charge of affairs when the city turned over to the new administration, soon succeeded in establishing order. During this disturbance, the city gates were again closed, and we were unable to enter the city; but as the native evangelists at our chapel filled in the breach, the meetings were not seriously interrupted. On the closing day, twelve received baptism.

Large numbers of volunteer soldiers often lined the streets on their way to Hankow. It came to be quite common for Mr. Cottrell to remark, "Well, to-day I

REBEL SOLDIERS, MOSTLY YOUNG MEN

saw two or three thousand more soldiers going on board boat for Hankow."

From the first outbreak, a real money panic began. Nearly all notes issued by either the imperial or the provincial government were regarded as worthless, or unusable. Many banks failed, and all others suspended payment. Practically nothing was considered good except silver or copper coins, and these were almost unobtainable. Of course, this situation added to our perplexities.

With the war still raging in Hankow, and the unrest and trouble spreading throughout China, the consuls decided to ask all women and children to leave the interior, and go to some port city, where they could be properly protected. No one knew just what to expect, as robbers and pirates invariably take advantage of such opportunities for deeds of violence.

Brethren Gibson and Harris decided to accompany their wives to Shanghai; but as it seemed necessary for Mr. Cottrell to remain by the work in Changsha, I had planned to stay with him. However, my trunk was packed, so that in case of sudden trouble, I might leave at any time.

The night on which our friends were to leave us was a sad one. We accompanied them to the steamer, which we found already crowded. Returning home about midnight, we decided that it was best for me to go with the others. It was nearly 3 a. m. when, my preparations completed, I took one last lingering look at the new homes which we had entered with such joy only one month before, and which we now must leave under conditions of so great uncertainty. But of course the greatest trial was for me to leave my hus-

band in Changsha, while I attempted to reach a place of safety. Nevertheless, as this seemed best, with an uttered prayer, the good-bys were quickly said, and I found myself alone on the deck, watching with tear-dimmed eyes what otherwise might have been distinctly seen in the beautiful moonlight,— his little rowboat fading away in the distance,— and then he was gone.

AMID SHOT AND SHELL

Our trip to Hankow was made on schedule time by one of the Japanese steamers, which carried a few large bullet holes made by some soldiers who fired when she refused to halt for them to search her passengers on a former trip. Although the steamship company compelled all foreign passengers to travel first-class, we were obliged to put up with soiled linen on our beds, and the tablecloth and the napkins bore manifest proof of the servants' statement that they had been unable to have any laundry work done since the revolution began.

As we neared Hankow, all eyes were turned toward the still smoking city. Ever and anon could be heard the distinct booming of cannon, while the usually crowded river front was almost destitute of boats, and every face wore the troubled and anxious look that made us realize we were in the real war center of the revolution.

During the war thus far, no large merchant vessels had ventured up the river as far as Hankow, passengers for Shanghai being conveyed by launches a few miles down the Yangtze Kiang to connect with regular river boats. Hence we expected that we should not have to remain within the danger line more than a few

hours at most. But what was our surprise to find that in order to remove to a place of safety a large cargo of tea, the steamer that was to convey us to Shanghai had ventured up into the harbor. With cross-river bombardment above and below us, we went aboard this steamer, were shown to our staterooms, and waited the time of departure, which we were told would be that afternoon. But not having made up the cargo by the specified time, we remained in port overnight and until afternoon of the following day, making in all thirty-six hours amid shot and shell.

On the afternoon of our arrival in Hankow, we went on shore to notify the American consul general, Mr. Greene, of the whereabouts of our Changsha workers. In our walk along the bund (or street on the water front), in many places we saw holes that had been scooped out of the brick walls by flying shells; and on one street corner, a crowd had gathered about a Chinese who had just been killed by a stray bullet, only a few rods from where we were walking. We also called at the post office to try to recover some of the missing letters that had been accumulating during the uprising in Hankow.

Some missionary acquaintances from Changsha were invited out to dinner by Hankow friends, and returned to the boat quite excited, late in the evening, saying that as they stood talking on their friends' piazza, a bullet whizzed between them. However, it was most remarkable that not a foreigner was killed during the whole siege in Hankow.

As the sun lowered in the west, cannonading began in earnest. We sat out on the deck of the steamer, and watched such animated and nerve-racking fireworks

A PART OF THE HANYANG IRON AND STEEL WORKS

as I trust I shall never again be compelled to behold. As the shadows deepened, more and more often we would see the distant flash, then hear the report; and a swish in the water near us would tell of a falling shell. Sometimes a whizzing through the air just over our heads sent us all running into the saloon, which in reality afforded no protection.

After an evening of this experience, we realized more than ever that our only safety lay in the hands of Him whose business had led us to this far country amid such dangers; and with His promise of "Lo, I am with you alway," and the sweet assurances of the ninety-first psalm, we lay down to rest. Again the truth of the saying that "God's promises, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest night," was forcibly brought to mind, and we were glad to cast our helpless selves upon them.

OTHER EXPERIENCES

During the day upon which we were to leave Hankow, there was considerable cannonading back and forth across the river below us, and we began to wonder how our boat was going to be able to pass safely through the cross fire. But here again God protected us; and as the soldiers stopped firing to sup their afternoon tea,— for such was said to be their custom,— our boat passed safely between the fortifications. With hearts full of thanksgiving that we were at last beyond the danger line, we again began to breathe normally.

Sharing my stateroom on this trip, was a noted Red Cross nurse, who had worked almost unceasingly night and day since the war began, and was now on her way to take a short rest. She told of several

extraordinary experiences and narrow escapes from death in her work among the wounded. Another passenger, a former Manchu official, was traveling incognito from far Szechuan, having saved his life by purporting to be a special letter carrier for foreigners, on an important mission to Shanghai.

The remainder of our journey to Shanghai was quite uneventful, except that at the different ports along the Yangtze Kiang, we saw many warships of various nations.

As we reached Shanghai, a warm welcome was given us by our friends, who told us that, with the exception of F. A. Allum and Mr. Cottrell, all the missionaries from the interior had previously arrived. Brother Allum followed in a few weeks, and Mr. Cottrell reached Shanghai shortly before Christmas. One large rented tenement afforded homes for five families, while others found vacant rooms elsewhere; and, by renting some of the bare necessities in furniture, we were soon able to care for ourselves comfortably, making the most of the privileges afforded us of together studying the language and seeking God.

Our workers from Cheo Chia K'o, Honan, came to Shanghai by way of Peking, thus traveling largely outside the war area. Of their experiences *en route*, Mrs. O. A. Hall writes:

"Aside from the trainload after trainload of soldiers, horses, and cannons that we saw, there was but little by which one would know that the country was in a state of revolution. . . . It truly seemed a remarkable thing that a country which had been for so many years an empire, should so quietly and deliberately throw off its yoke, and establish its new form of government."

Our workers in Nanking were not so fortunate, as will be seen from the following experience, written by Mrs. Frederick Lee:

"As soon as we learned that fighting had begun in Nanking, Mr. Lee and I went to the American consulate for further information. The consul informed us that all American women and children must leave *at once* for Shanghai. He urged that the men follow as soon as possible.

"We immediately hurried home to assist in moving Dr. Kay, who was very ill at the time. Inside of two hours, all had reached the consulate, and were ready to start for the train. The consul headed our procession, which was escorted by sixty American marines. When we reached the city gates, permission to pass through was refused us, as a ruling had been made that no one was to pass out or in. An immense crowd of anxious Chinese were standing there night and day, vainly hoping to get outside the city. However, by some persuasion on the part of the consul, we were permitted to leave. With great difficulty, the waiting mob was held back until the foreigners passed out. Then the gates closed again.

"All along the way to Shanghai we passed companies of rebel soldiers marching on to Nanking.

"Mr. Lee remained behind to find a safer place to store our goods, hoping to follow me soon. During the days he remained in the city, fighting was going on outside, while looting and killing went on inside at an alarming rate. The city gates were still closed; and with Mr. Lee, the question was, How can I get out? The consul told him that if he would be at a certain small gate at a certain time of day, he might

ONE OF THE SMALLER GATES OF PEKING

get out with some American soldiers who were daily carrying mail. He lost no time in following the consul's suggestion, and we were soon together again in Shanghai, where we spent the next three months.

"Shortly after our return to Nanking, some soldiers who had not received their pay began looting. Other soldiers soon fired upon these, and the result was a real battle. About twenty soldiers were killed. Mr. Lee and I chanced to be outside the city at that time, and had to pass the battle fields in order to reach home. It was a sickening sight to see the dead and bleeding lying in the streets. The following Sabbath, our eyes beheld a still more horrifying sight — a basketful of the heads of the looters. The next week, this was quite common. Heads were displayed here and there, as upward of one thousand had been killed for looting. The reason for displaying these heads was to warn the beholders that persons committing like crimes would be punished in like manner."

All through the revolution, God's care was manifest in a special way for His own — not only for the foreigners, but also for the Chinese brethren and sisters. When the revolt was at its height, our principal mission station in Honan being in need of silver, it was necessary for some one to carry them money. Evangelist Liu Djen Bang volunteered to make the hazardous journey of more than seven hundred miles overland from Shanghai to Cheo Chia K'o, walking much of the way. "God will protect," he said; and He did protect His faithful servant.

For holding the silver dollars that he was to carry, some of our foreign sisters in Shanghai made little cloth sacks, or pouches, which were sewed to a girdle

and worn around his waist. All went well until he reached Cheng Yuan Gwan, where, without any reason known to him, he felt impressed to stop for two or three days. When he resumed his journey, he found that during the time he had been stopping, the soldiers had been busy ridding the road over which he must pass of highway robbers. Although previously travelers — even school children — had been robbed of everything they possessed, including the clothing they wore, all that now remained to testify of the fearful deeds were the dead bodies of the robbers scattered along the road. Brother Liu, with several hundred dollars on his person, went safely on his way, and completed the trip, thereby bringing the much-needed funds to support the native workers while the foreign brethren were forced to gather in Shanghai.

So many of our missionaries being gathered in Shanghai, a call was made for a general meeting of the China Union Mission, to be held January 24 to February 10, 1912. All the foreign workers in that field were present, together with representatives from Korea, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and the Philippines. During this meeting, the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in a marked degree; and at its close, conditions throughout the country had improved to such an extent that nearly all our workers could safely return to their respective stations.

SIX HOURS OF PRAYER BRINGS DELIVERANCE IN SOUTH CHINA

Some of our workers in South China also had thrilling experiences. We shall let Chinese Pastor Ang tell the story, as translated from his own words:

RED CROSS HOSPITAL, SHANGHAI, DEVOTED TO OUR MEDICAL WORK

"Before the republican form of government could fully take charge of the dissenters, and restore order in the Southern provinces, there were factions quarreling for control of different sections of the country, to further their own interests. Two generals of the people's army in Chao Chow Fu were clamoring for the honors in that part of Kwangtung Province; and although the provincial authorities asked them to come to a settlement, the passing of each day only added fuel to the fire.

"So the provincial government decided to send Lim Kit Tsin from Wai Chow with his Hakka troops, to settle matters. On arriving at Swatow, he was soon made to understand that he was regarded as an intruder. To oppose their new enemy, the quarreling factions temporarily forgot their differences, while Lim, seeing that trouble was ahead, sent his soldiers to camp across the bay from Swatow, at a place called Chao Yang. At an unexpected time, he came upon the Swatowese, and took possession of the newly built part of Swatow.

"Being very short of ammunition, the self-styled defenders of Swatow sent some men to Chao Chow Fu, where it could be procured; but these men, on their return, found that Lim had soldiers waiting to take possession of their source of strength. From that time on, wherever members of the opposing parties met, a fight ensued, which resulted in the death of one or the other. The two armies soon met in open battle near the place where our chapel was then located.

"At this time, my family and I lived over the chapel; but I was absent, having been called to attend a general meeting in Amoy. As I was leaving my home, the

children asked what they should do in case of trouble. I replied, 'If they begin to fight, you go downstairs and lie down on the tile floor.' [In Swatow, the houses are made of soft concrete, the walls are about a foot in thickness, and the ground story has very few windows.]

"In the course of a few days, seeing that nothing had occurred, my wife and third daughter went out to see how other members of the mission were faring. But while she was away, the battle took place on the street in front of the chapel. The five girls, obedient to my advice, went downstairs, lay down close together on the tile floor, and prayed. When a bullet struck the house, they were terror-stricken for a moment; then they would calm themselves, and pray again. This situation continued from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock at night. During this time, several tens of soldiers were killed, and the house was covered with bullet holes, many of which may still be seen.

"Our chapel has been moved to another location, and the girls are much older; but the experience of that afternoon is still fresh in their memory. They believe and know that the words of the psalmist are true, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' "

A CHINESE CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN RECOGNITION

The revolution over, and republicanism becoming more and more an established fact as the days passed by, it is not strange that congratulations in the form of recognition from other nations should be proudly and gratefully received by the young Chinese republic.

"As Lhasa to Tibet, so Hunan to China," is an apt simile portraying the feeling of Hunan toward the foreigner through a long course of years. Intelligent, but haughty and conservative, her doors, until twelve years ago so successfully closed to all foreign nations, now vie with those of the other foremost of China's provinces in opening to welcome all who come to promote and conserve her well-being. Especially was this

A PROMINENT CHINESE OFFICIAL OF SOOCHOW ABOUT TO BOARD THE TRAIN FOR SHANGHAI

manifest toward Americans in 1913, in the festivities following American recognition of the Chinese republic.

The first of the series of receptions accorded Americans in Changsha by the Chinese, was announced soon after the recognition was known in Hunan; but as it was given on Sabbath, we were not privileged to attend. On Friday of the week following, the Americans responded to the cordiality of the Chinese by

giving a "recognition tea" to about seventy invited guests, among whom were included all the chief men in governmental and political circles.

This *fete* was held in one of the fine, large private residences owned by a wealthy Chinese, with which Changsha abounds. Walking along the narrow, congested Chinese street, with nothing in view but shops and high cement walls on either side, a stranger would hardly be prepared for the surprise which would greet his eyes if he turned to enter, through the ordinary looking gateway off the street, the Chua Gardens. Having passed the gate, we were conducted down beautiful walks, through a seeming lavish waste of land devoted to the courts and fine gardens surrounding the owner's home. These had been decorated for the occasion with American and Chinese flags, bunting, etc.; while at one end, in an honored niche, reposed large portraits of Presidents Wilson and Yuan Shi Kai amid their respective flags.

Professor Brownell Gage, dean of Yale College in China, who was master of American ceremonies for the day, occupied a seat at the left and head of the room, while at his right sat Tan Tatu, governor of Hunan Province. At the left of each of these gentlemen was arranged a long row of chairs, in which were seated other noted men, including the ex-civil commissioner (who has also been the governor's teacher), the provincial treasurer, the new civil commissioner, the president of the provincial assembly, the heads of the two political parties, and the head of foreign affairs.

The Americans felt the presence of the governor in person to be a special honor, as he usually sends his

representative to attend such functions in his place. It was all the more unusual on account of the unsettled condition of the country at that time, when it was feared that civil war between the North and the South might break out at any time. We could not help noting the change that had come to China along with her transition from empire to republic. Formerly, when the governor left his palace, it was with great pomp and splendor; but this man was carried in a common sedan chair, and, but for his bodyguard of thirty soldiers with fixed bayonets, one would not have been able to distinguish his from the hundreds of other ordinary chairs carried through the streets.

When all the guests had arrived, the ten American ladies in attendance were asked to march between the two rows of distinguished guests, where each one was separately presented to the governor, Mrs. C. P. Lillie and the writer being introduced as representatives of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission in Hunan. As each one was presented, instead of shaking hands as in America, we simply made a formal bow, which the governor returned. Mr. Tan and many of the other Chinese present were dressed in European clothes.

While the American ladies present were serving sandwiches, tea, and cake to the guests, the governor's private military band of skilled Chinese was enlivening the occasion by playing American patriotic selections in a near-by court. When I tell you that we had heard these martial airs of our homeland played only two or three times during our residence in the interior, you will the better understand how much they were appreciated by some of us.

After the refreshments, Professor Gage called on several Chinese and Americans for short speeches. Governor Tan spoke very appreciatively not only of America's recognition, but also of her friendly attitude toward China. He referred to China's feeling toward America, under the figure of a child-student republic, desirous of sitting at the feet of the world's greatest republican teacher, to be taught wisdom by her. He extended a most hearty welcome to all Americans living in Hunan.

Dr. C. N. Dubbs, as the senior American resident of the city, responded to the governor's address. He mentioned some of the unpleasantness that occurred when he first arrived in Hunan, because he, not understanding them, nor they him, had not seen things as they were. But he rejoiced that the Hunanese now understood that missionaries had come among them, and established schools, hospitals, and chapels, not to act as "spies for their government, to obtain China's goodly land," or to "store up merit" for themselves, but to help relieve suffering, make better citizens of the sons and daughters intrusted to their schools, and point the people to the true God, who holds in His hands the rise and fall of nations.

After several other short remarks by prominent Chinese, interspersed with such songs as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Marching Through Georgia," sung by an American, Mr. Gage made the concluding speech. He assured the governor that we as Americans were glad to recognize China, not as a child republic, but as a sister, full-grown republic. He spoke of some of the mistakes made by our nation in its early history, mentioning Patrick Henry's fears,

and how Thomas Jefferson at first prophesied that it would be utterly unsafe to vest in the hands of one man as much power as the president was to receive. Incidentally he noted the fact that when Mr. Jefferson became president afterward, he was the first one to exceed his authority in making the Louisiana Purchase.

Mr. Gage sincerely hoped that China would take courage just now, when the launching of the "ship of state" seemed so difficult, remembering and profiting by the mistakes of others. He was highly applauded when he emphasized the principle that "union is necessary to liberty."

"Such," he continued, "is the lesson I believe America has learned in the hard school of experience. Our separate communities have been welded together in the burning forge of suffering. It is the prayer of America, as she welcomes you to the family of self-governing nations, that you may be spared her mistakes, her losses, and her suffering."

He closed by saying that he was sure he stated the desire of not only all the Americans present, but also the American nation, that "you and we, the great republic of the East and the great republic of the West, may join hands and work together, so that, as Lincoln said, 'Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' "

SHENSI EXPERIENCES IN THE ANTI-MONARCHY REVOLUTION OF 1916

But even in the rapidly moving twentieth century, a republic cannot be born in a day, with no further annoyances threatening. Ever and anon the Chinese

monarchial dragon lifted his sleepy head, and troubles broke out in various places. Dr. Bertha Selmon describes the harrowing experiences of her husband when he was caught in the throes of one of these minor revolutions:

"The province of Shensi is situated to the west of the famous Tungkwan Pass. The name Shensi means 'West of the Passes,' and the province is called the 'cradle of the Chinese race.' Tungkwan is a high-walled city, with only two gates. One opens upon the highway eastward to the railway; but between these two points lies three days of dusty travel in the lowest cañon road. The west gate of Tungkwan opens out on the pass itself, toward the plain of North Shensi and the ancient capital of China, Sianfu, the present capital of the province. Sianfu, the city of ancient stone records, with its Nestorian Tablet, has a history all its own.

"But it is about Tungkwan that our story lies. Tungkwan, with its high wall, and its mountains on the north and south, has been the scene of many battles. Sometime in 1915, a printed page had found its way through the ancient pass, and told the story of the coming King. On April 21, 1916, four dusty travelers followed the path of the printed messenger through the east gate into the city. They spent the Sabbath there, then passed on to Gospel Village, where the seeds of truth had borne their fruit. Pleasant days were spent in giving the bread of life to those who already had learned to 'search the Scriptures,' and were hungry for the help these messengers could give. Pastor Frederick Lee, Dr. A. C. Selmon, and Pastor Liu Djen Bang were the messengers.

PASTOR LIU DJEN BANG

"As the happy days passed quickly, they gave little thought to the gathering cloud of trouble caused by the movement on foot to change the new republic back into a monarchy. This was the signal for independent movements in individual provinces; and Shensi, determined always to have a part in Chinese affairs, had declared against the monarchy. Sad to say, her own government, not too strong, had allied itself with the men of the mountains — powerful bandit leaders — and their robber hordes.

"On May 12, Pastor Liu entered the west gate of Tungkwan on foot, hastened to the telegraph office, and wrote two messages to the wives of the two foreign pastors, saying that the men were in the hands of bandits, and asking that the United States consulate be informed at once. He had one difficulty: the man in the office wanted pay, as usual, in advance; but Pastor Liu did not have a cent of money.

"Finally, however, he succeeded in persuading the agent that the lives of foreigners were at stake, and that the money would come later.

"Just then, a cart rumbled along the street, and Pastor Liu looked out to see his companions driving down the narrow street. Less than five minutes afterward, the man in the telegraph office had fled, Tungkwan was in the hands of the bandits, and in fifteen minutes, all the wires were cut. If that message had gone, anxious days would have passed before another message could have been sent.

"Twelve miles west of Tungkwan, our party had met a band of twenty-five mounted bandits, who searched the carts for ammunition, thinking the brethren might have some connection with the government soldiers.

They found no arms, still they insisted that Pastor Lee's cook was a soldier in disguise. One of the men cocked his rifle to shoot the lad; but one of the pastors pushed it aside, and pleaded his case so urgently that the bandits finally allowed the party to pass on."

Three miles farther on, our workers met a second band of robbers. We will let Dr. A. C. Selmon tell the rest of the story:

"This band was made up of a tougher lot of fellows than the first ones we met. They stopped the cart, and one of them leveled his rifle on Brother Lee and me, and made us get down out of the cart and stand to one side. He vowed he would put a hole through both of us if we stirred. Then he and another robber searched each of us, and took our watches. One man climbed into the cart, and began emptying out our goods, and taking everything he desired. All this time, Brother Lee and I were standing in the road, while the man who was covering us with his rifle reviled us with everything he could think of. Every now and then he would bring his rifle up to shoot. He was a red-faced, rough looking specimen, with a turban around his head, and two strings of cartridges across his shoulders. He acted like a drunken man. One of the bandits, upon asking me if we had any silver, and not getting my reply as quickly as he desired, jumped down from the cart, and struck me a couple of blows with a large club.

"Finally a squad of armed bandits came up and joined the ones who were robbing us. They consulted as to whether to shoot us or not, but finally decided to make us go back to the west for a mile or two, and turn us over to the robber chief, who was coming along.

One of their number was put in charge of us. We did not walk fast enough to suit him, and he told us to move faster. Thus we marched along through the street of that market place in front of the fellow. The inhabitants were all lined up on either side, taking in the show. It was just about noon, and fearfully hot and dusty.

"After going about a mile, we came up to where the robber chief and his bodyguard were holding a council of war. We addressed him in the most polite Chinese we could command, and he told us to climb into his cart. I climbed up by his side, and Brother Lee got up on the cart of his *aide*. The chief was a tough specimen, blind in one eye, and with two big army pistols stuck in his belt, and surrounded by as typical a set of 'rough necks' as the 'Wild West' ever produced. He said he would protect us; but we were not sure just what he meant to protect us from. I entered into conversation with him; and as soon as he found out that we were from the section where the trouble started, and knew the circumstances and leaders in the movement, he began to talk quite freely.

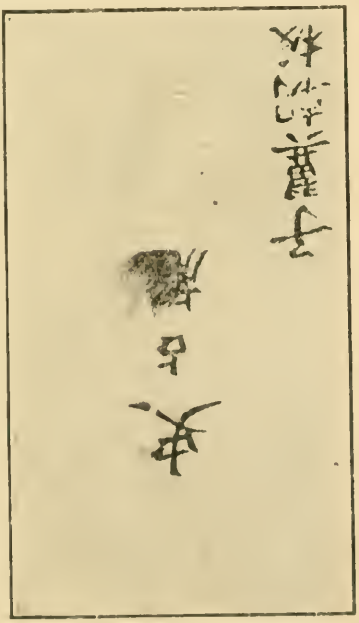
"I asked him what object they had in robbing and wanting to shoot missionaries passing through that section. He said his men were a hard lot to handle, and they did not recognize us. He was sorry we had been handled so roughly. He said they were fighting against the regular army, and they thought we were connected with the army in some way.

"Needless to say, I did not argue with him as to what they thought or what I thought, but tried in every way possible to ingratiate us with him. Finally I asked if he would be willing to return our watches.

He said he would see to it. All this time, we were going toward the place where we had left our cart. When we came to it, we found that everything had been ransacked.

"The old chief called to the man who had our watches, and ordered him to return them. The fellow swore he did not have them, and said he was sorry now he had not shot us. The chief had his hand on one of his pistols, however; so the fellow turned over our watches and part of our money — all but $20. Things looked as if there were going to be more trouble over this matter, and we began to wish that we had not mentioned it. But the chief gave me his name card, and told us that if we hurried, we could get into Tungkwan before he attacked the place.

"There is only one road in all that section,— the east and west road, which goes through the mountain pass at Tungkwan. And when I tell you that this road is over two thousand years old, and that it is worn down so that the



ROBBER CHIEF'S NAME CARD

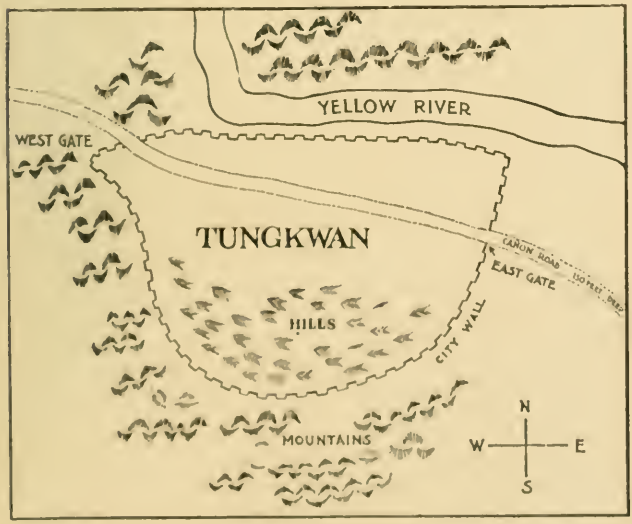
bottom is just wide enough for one cart, and the sides are like walls, almost perpendicular, rising in places to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, you can see that a man in a cart cannot have much choice as to the road he takes.

"Naturally enough, we proceeded with all haste to Tungkwan. The gates were closed and locked; but by pushing my card through a crevice, and telling the soldiers who we were, we persuaded them to let us through. We knew that the place would soon be attacked by the robbers; and since there were only about two hundred regular soldiers there, we felt sure they would retreat without making much of a fight. We wanted to push on to the east at once, and cross through the mountain pass and get into Honan.

"But the road to the west of Tungkwan is over a foot wider than to the east, consequently at this place it was necessary to change the axle on our cart before we could proceed. So we drove up to an inn, and dumped off our stuff. There was a panic in the place, for the people knew they would soon be at the mercy of the robbers. Everything was shut, and we had difficulty in finding a carpenter to change our axle. While we were at work changing it, we heard firing at the west gate, and knew that the robbers were attacking it. As soon as the firing began, people took to their heels, and so there was nothing for us to do but to wait in the inn, and trust the Lord to deliver us again.

"I should mention that as soon as we entered Tungkwan, and reported to the soldiers that we had met the robbers, the defenders of the city gathered up bag and baggage and made a bee line for the east gate, leaving the city entirely without protection. In fifteen minutes

after the soldiers had marched out of the east gate, the robbers were firing on the west gate. Evidently they had accomplices in the city, for it was only a matter of a few minutes until we saw them running in through the gate. Some were afoot, and stripped to the waist, with long cartridge belts around their necks; but most of them were mounted. All wore white turbans; and in addition to rifles, some carried knives. They fired promiscuously, and shot many people, and in a very short time had full possession of the city. They set a guard at the east gate, and any one trying to get out was relieved of everything he had except the clothes on his back.



OUTLINE MAP OF TUNGKWAN AND ITS ENVIRONS

"We saw that there was no hope of our running the gauntlet of the band of plunderers who were stationed at the east gate; and as there was no other way to get out, we simply waited. It was dusk by this time, and every one was keyed up to a high pitch of anxiety, because they were absolutely certain that looting would soon begin.

"We were in a big inn, with thirty or forty rooms, and fine furnishings for a Chinese inn; but there was not a soul in it save Brother Lee, Pastor Liu, our cook, and me — all those in charge had fled. There could be no doubt that the robbers would begin looting as soon as they had eaten; so we began to plan on what to do, for we knew that when looting began, the robber chief would be as powerless to control his men as he would be to govern the wind.

"Feeling sure that the guard stationed on the city wall would come down to share in the plunder, we decided that as soon as we heard firing, which would necessarily accompany the looting, we would jump down from the back wall of the inn, and make a run on the city wall. We had already picked out some of the things that would be most needed in our wanderings through the mountains, and each man had made up a small bundle, which he could carry on his back. We had also found a long rope in the inn; and this we planned to fasten at the top of the wall, and slide down on the outside, a distance of over fifty feet.

"While we waited, expecting at any minute to hear shooting, suddenly there came a crash of thunder, and it began to rain very hard, and it rained from about half past ten that night until daylight next morning. The day of miracles is not past. We know the Lord

sent that rain to prevent the looters from breaking loose. The streets of the mountain pass were also flooded by the storm.

"Early next morning, we began looking for the robber chief, to see if he could devise some way by which we would get out of the city; and about eleven o'clock, we succeeded in finding him. He said he would send one of his secretaries with us, also one of his 'trusties,' and he thought he could get us through the east gate. Hurriedly we got our stuff together; but before we had it out of the inn, a force of over a thousand of the mounted bandits entered the city, and took possession of all inns and important business places. Almost before we were aware of it, there were a dozen horses and mules, and as many men, in the rooms that we were occupying. The men at once began helping themselves to our stuff. But just then a man came from the chief, and told them the chief had pledged himself to protect us; so they put most of it back.

"When we reached the east gate, the looters were there in full force, stripping every one clean. Those who tried to get through with a cart managed to get the empty cart through by pulling it themselves. They had to leave their horses, mules, and baggage with the looters. As soon as we came up to the gate, they ordered us to get down out of the cart, and leave all our goods with them. The chief's secretary expostulated, but they paid no attention whatever to him, and began to get ugly because we did not instantly comply with their demand. Just then one of the squad of looters asked, 'Aren't you the people we cleaned out yesterday back there on the road?' We assured him that we were the identical ones. Then he spoke to the crowd, and

said, 'We cleaned them up yesterday; let them go.' At this, the crowd stepped back, and we drove out. We did not take the trouble to tell that looter that after they cleaned us out, we got part of our stuff back.

"We got out of the city and across the pass, and saw no more of the robbers; but all along the road, we came up with people who had been robbed of everything they possessed, down to the few hundred cash they were carrying for road expenses. And to the east of Tungkwan the officials, at a distance of as much as sixty and eighty English miles, were sending their families and their valuables on farther east, for fear the robber band would push on east into Honan."

Such was the story as it came to the ears of the waiting ones at home.

Mrs. Selmon adds:

"Glad? Yes, we are glad that our times are in His hands, and that until our work is finished, we may trust our all in the care of Him who cares for us, and for all His messengers."

ITINERATING EXPERIENCES

Revolutions are not the only trials in which the missionaries are made to feel the need of God's special protecting care. Mr. Cottrell thus describes some of the difficulties encountered in an ordinary itinerary among the outstations of Central China:

"On a rainy day in October, 1912, Brother Hwang and I started from Changsha, Hunan, to visit the company at Liu Yang, a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, in the mountain region to the eastward two days' journey by sedan chair. On the first day of the

trip, mud and rain caused slow progress, and at last we found lodging for the night in a little village inn.

"The second day's journey was uneventful until late in the afternoon. Then, while we were crossing a mountain range, the coolie who was carrying my folding cot, bedding, and food box lingered behind, and without being noticed, took a side path and ran away with my belongings. Long we waited for him to catch up with us, the chair bearers meanwhile assuring me that theft among the registered and bonded coolies of the transportation company was practically unheard of. Nevertheless, we saw no more of him, and finally continued our journey to Liu Yang, reaching our little chapel in the city at a late hour in the evening. The theft was reported to the city authorities, and searching parties were at once organized; but though they spent several days searching for the rascal, their efforts were fruitless.

"During the week that followed, I ate Chinese food in Chinese style, and slept on native beds having only native bedding. I also discovered how much trouble we foreigners usually are to ourselves; for the only article of clothing necessary to remove on retiring at night was my hat, and sometimes my shoes. Only once in this time did I remove my clothing, and that was in preparation for the baptismal service, when I borrowed a complete outfit of native wearing apparel for the occasion.

"But the Lord gave us a precious time with the company at Liu Yang. A three days' meeting was held, most of those in attendance being from the surrounding country and villages. So hungry were they for the bread of life, that we greatly enjoyed the privilege

of breaking it to them. On Sabbath afternoon, following baptism, a church of fourteen members was organized, and the ordinances were celebrated.

"Returning to Changsha by sedan chair, we remained but two nights, when, with Evangelist Hwang, Evangelist and Mrs. Djang, and two colporteurs, I started on a trip to the westward, this time traveling on a crowded steam launch for eighteen hours. Our first objective was Iyang, where we held meetings for a number of days, solemnized baptism, and organized a church of over twenty members. From this place, we journeyed by small native boat, and planned on reaching the Tung Ting Lake to cross to the northern side by steamer. But we found that some days previously, disbanded soldiers, after raising a disturbance in the town, had commandeered the steamer, and no one knew when to expect its return.

IMPROVING THE TIME IN SIMPLE STYLE

"Next morning, 'when the south wind blew softly,' we hired a small sailboat, and proceeded on our journey, making fair progress throughout the day and the night. By three o'clock in the morning, we reached the northern shore, and were entering the mouth of a large stream, when suddenly a furious gale struck us. The sailors threw out the anchor, and tried with might and main to hold the boat near land; but all to no avail. Despite their efforts, we were being blown out into the lake. The heathen captain cried out, 'Pray, pastor! Pray to your God, else we shall all perish!' No one aboard who knew how to pray needed such a request, for all were sending up silent petitions.

"Backward to the southeast shores we were blown at a tremendous speed, and after about an hour and a half, found shelter in a little inlet only a few miles from the place we had left the morning before. As soon as all danger was past, our hearts turned to God in thanksgiving, and our little company knelt together on the boat, praising our heavenly Father for deliverance. Mrs. Djang said, 'I felt, all the time, that we would be spared, for I could not believe that God would let a pastor drown.'

"As the time for the China Union Mission Committee meeting was drawing near, it was necessary for me to let the native workers go on to Hwa Yung when the wind should be more favorable, with the promise to the company there that I would visit them at my first opportunity. So, taking native boat for the east end of the lake, I boarded a steamer for Hankow, and proceeded to Shanghai without further special incident.

"Several weeks later, following my return to Changsha, the Liu Yang magistrate returned to me some of

my goods that had been found, together with thirty strings of cash (about ten dollars in United States currency). In an accompanying letter, he expressed his regret for the unfortunate incident, and the hope that the partial restitution might be acceptable."

SAVED FROM A MOB

The circumstances under which an outstation had been established at Hwa Yung (referred to above by Pastor Cottrell) are in themselves interesting evidences of an all-seeing and protecting Guide.

For many years, the Catholic Mission had been the only Christian representative the district about Hwa Yung knew. Twice Protestant missions had endeavored to establish an outstation; but in each case, they had been driven out by the Catholic adherents, who contended that priority in occupation gave them undisputed and exclusive rights to the place.

However, the printed page of truth had reached some honest-hearted persons; and as these studied, their zeal led them to provide a chapel, and invite us to send an evangelist.

In June, 1912, Mr. Cottrell and I made our first visit to Hwa Yung, and were entertained in the chapel compound. As I was the first white woman who had ever visited their town, the people flocked in from miles about,— the young, the old, the lame, the nearly blind, the sick, and the strong,— all wanting to see the "foreign woman." Many cherished the hope that we could cure their diseases.

We spent two very busy days, teaching the people, visiting at their homes, and doing what we could to relieve their sufferings. On Sunday morning, the last

BROTHER AND SISTER DJOU WEN HSUIN

day of our stay, Mr. Cottrell was just opening the eleven o'clock service, when a man came running in, shouting: "The Catholics are coming! The Catholics are coming!" The large chapel doors were quickly closed and barricaded, while at the same time Mr. Cottrell gave his card to one of our Chinese believers, who escaped, unknown to the Catholics, through the back door, and ran directly to the Chinese magistrate with a request for one hundred soldiers to come at once and protect the chapel.

The hooting, yelling mob outside were trying to gain entrance, and at last succeeded in pushing open the front doors. Then our friends caught up chairs, benches, and pieces of lumber, with which to defend themselves. Mr. Cottrell went to the doors, and urged the people not to use violence; but one tall young man, who had previously been in the magistrate's employ, turned and said: "Pastor, do you suppose we are going to let those fellows in to destroy this place and kill us all? Never! We will fight first."

So our friends stood their ground at the door. Later, when it seemed the surging mob outside would certainly break in, we asked Evangelist Hwang if he would dare attempt to address and reason with the crowd. He at once responded, and thus a few more minutes of time were gained. Then a few of the Catholics broke through past the guard at the doors, and began breaking up lamps, benches, etc. A realization of the danger by which we were surrounded drove us to God; and while Mr. Cottrell stood on guard, I was in a back room pleading for God's protection.

Soon the mob was completely surprised to see a company of soldiers come running down the narrow street,

and almost immediately it dispersed. Perhaps the reader can imagine our relief as the soldiers marched abreast into the chapel, where they lined up in four rows, while the captain saluted Mr. Cottrell, saying, "Pastor, your danger is over; I have come to protect you."

We saw no more of the Catholics; but they were so infuriated to think the soldiers would protect a Protestant chapel, that as soon as they were driven away, they hastened to the soldiers' barracks. Here they found the tables set for the noonday meal; and going in, they overturned tables and smashed up things generally.

When the soldiers heard of this, they were so angry that they said, "Come, let's go and destroy the Catholic Mission compound, and kill the priest." They fully intended to carry out their threat, but were prevented by the importunity of the district magistrate, who went in person to prevent violence. The priest was so thoroughly frightened that he sent a fast runner to the nearest telegraph office, and wired the French consul in Hankow that there was an insurrection of the people against him, that his life was in danger, and asked for help.

However, the courage and firmness of the magistrate prevented further trouble. No one was seriously hurt; but the Catholics were forced by the magistrate to pay dearly for the things they had destroyed, both in our chapel and in the soldiers' barracks. The strife was over, and our mission has never since been molested. Out of that persecution, many friends were born, and a good harvest of believers has been the result.

"The pull at the oar of duty is often a long and tedious one. The flesh grows weary and the spirit faints when the waves smite the bow and hinder our headway. Impatient and discouraged, we sometimes threaten to throw down the oars and 'let her drift.' But the voice of the divine Helmsman utters the kind but strong rebuke, 'O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?' And before we are aware, the bow strikes the strand, and we are at the very land whither the blessed Pilot was guiding us."

DOES IT PAY?

Friends, does it pay to launch and support the missionary enterprise? Does it pay to pull hard at the oar when the waves of strife and trial hinder our progress? Ask the native Christian who formerly bowed down to wood and stone. Ask the pioneer missionary who has passed through many hardships for the cross of Christ. Ask the fathers and mothers who have given their sons and daughters to the Lord for work in foreign lands. Ask the great Prince of missionaries, who left His home in glory to yield His life upon the cross. And from one and all will come the chorus, "We have seen the travail of our souls, and are well satisfied."

Beginnings at Amoy

Mrs. W. C. Hankins

In the little, humble, mud-daubed cottage, there is joy and rejoicing; for at last a baby boy has come to take up his abode with his happy Chinese parents.

They have but recently begun to lose faith in the gods of their forefathers, to whom they had knelt reverently in prayer so many times in days gone by.

Had they not a glass case set up in their central guest room, in which they kept their household gods? and had they not, every morning and evening, set before these revered relics the burning incense sticks, with the smoke of which they were wont to send up their fervent petitions to the father of heaven for protection from evil influences, wicked spirits, and injury from their enemies, as well as for help to obtain a better livelihood?

And the poor little heathen mother — how earnestly she had pleaded with the goddess of heaven to grant her eager petitions for a son! Day after day the incense had burned before the placid faces of the earthen images of the father and mother of heaven, but no son had come to rejoice the hearts of the young parents. True, they had two little girls; but the minister before the heathen gods had confidently averred that unless one of these little girl babes was given over to their idol worship, the gods would never grant their petitions. So the older of the little girls was taken away from the sorrowing mother, and only little Chrysanthemum was left to toddle about in her lonely play.

But now a ray of light has begun to shine into the little home. Word has come to them of a new God, one

of whom they had never heard before, one who so loved this world that He gave His only-begotten Son to come and live in it as a man, and teach the way of life to the poor people of the earth.

What a marvelous story!

Then, too, this God was not pleased to have the earth people bow down and pray to gods of wood and stone; for they were not true, but only false gods.

What strange thing was this?

Surely it were better to study more about this God in the heavens, who was even said to have made the sun and the moon and the stars, the earth and the sea and the sky, and all that is in the earth, and the people also.

The Chinese father and mother talk it over and reason about it from all sides. If God made us, then we are His children, and we should obey and worship Him, they say. So after hearing and studying more in the wonderful Book this new God has given, they decide to put away the images of wood and stone, before which they have been bowing, and turn to the God who has so much power. And now little Chrysanthemum will not be lonely any longer; for Gift Come will soon be old enough to tumble about on the old earthen floor as happily as she herself.

With what love was the Gift from heaven carefully trained in the new-found teachings of the all-powerful God and His dear Son! As Chrysanthemum and Gift sat on their little stools, with their bowls of rice and chopsticks placed before them on the little square table, they were taught to bow their heads reverently and thank God for the good food He had given to them.

BRIDGE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING

This ceremony became an important part of the meal; and unless the little heads were first bowed in prayer, and the blessing of God was asked upon the food, the little ones would not eat. At night, the prayers were offered like incense before the throne, ere the little ones were put to their rest. Thus the father and the mother strove carefully to train the Gift and Chrysanthemum.

Very soon the faithfulness of these newly made Christian parents was rewarded.

One evening, four years after the birth of the little son, he was missed from his accustomed place. Then the parents began searching through the neighborhood, but no trace of the little boy could they find. In vain Chrysanthemum called her little brother, for he was nowhere near.

What should the poor parents do? Was it possible that their God would desert them now, after He had been so kind to them all these years? — for another son had come to gladden their hearts, and they felt that they had indeed received the grace of God.

Neighbors and friends joined in the search, for all knew and loved the bright little fellow, who, with his sweet baby ways, had endeared himself to many hearts.

So the news of the loss of Gift went out all over the country. The father went to the foreign teachers to ask for their aid, still no trace of the child was found.

In the meantime, the sorrowing parents pleaded with their God for help; and He who never slumbers nor sleeps, rewarded His servants according to their faith and obedience. As the father journeyed from town to town and from village to village in his search for their

treasure, a man met him who began plying him with questions. He said:

"Are you a believer in this Jesus religion?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Do you and your children kneel down and shut your eyes when you talk to your God?"

Again the father answered, "Yes."

The questions were continued: "Do you all shut your eyes and talk to your God before you eat your rice?"

When he received an affirmative reply, the man eagerly informed the wondering and sorrowing father that he had seen a little boy of that description who was very quick and bright, and who always bent his head down, shut his eyes, and talked to a Jesus God before he would eat his rice, no matter how hungry he might be, and this in spite of the fact that those with whom he lived tried to persuade him not to do so. He added that the child's habit was the marvel of all the heathen people around.

With this meager information, the father made an immediate investigation; and soon the little Gift was returned to the overjoyed parents. How great was their happiness can be imagined!

But now the message of the third angel is gradually nearing the home of little Gift and Chrysanthemum. When it comes, the interest of the parents is quickly aroused, and after thorough consideration, they gladly receive it.

Then how to tell the good news to friends and neighbors becomes an absorbing thought in the heart of the father. After much prayer and some discussion with the little mother, he decides to give the best years

of his life to the work of helping to teach this wonderful message to his own people.

Little ones have been added to the home, and now there has come the imperative need that Gift and the younger children receive a good education, so that they too may help to carry this great truth to those in darkness.

After consultation with the foreign pastors and the Chinese evangelist, a small school was opened in the city of Amoy. This was for the education of the girls, and was in charge of Mrs. B. L. Anderson; while one for the education of the boys, in charge of Pastor B. L. Anderson, was opened on the island of Kulangsu.

In the meantime, Chrysanthemum, whose education had been begun some time before in a Christian school, was nearing the time of her graduation, and had become well able to fill the place of teacher to her younger sisters and to any others who might wish to attend the school.

The very first day, there were four little girls in attendance. The young teacher, Chrysanthemum, entered upon her duties with great anxiety to do her very best for the pupils sent to her for instruction. Soon more little girls came to this school; and by the close of the school year, there were eleven in attendance.

Here the Word of God was every day read and taught; and its teachings were a surprise to those children, some of whom had never heard the wondrous story of a Saviour's love, and that He was the Creator of the world, the sun, the moon, and the stars, and every living creature.

YUNG KUNG AND YUNG WAH

One thing that especially interested them was the thought that none of those gods before whom they had been burning incense every night and morning, and to whom they and their relatives had offered numberless petitions, was the God who had made all things. Their gods were not like this God who loved even a poor little ignorant girl, but were gods who had to be propitiated with all sorts of dainty foods, incense, and fine-sounding prayers, or they would become angry and destroy their worshipers. Then, too, their gods caused all sorts of terrible epidemics, storms, and disasters, to take revenge upon their helpless victims.

Yes, truly, this new God was a strange one, who noticed if even a little sparrow fell to the ground.

The foreign lady who was in charge of the school came and told them of the wonderful love of Jesus — how He loved the little children, held them in His arms, and blessed them. Surely it was better to love and obey such a God.

The little girls went home with the marvelous stories.

One little child, having heard that God created the world and all the people in it, and that He was not pleased to have His children worship the graven images, went home to her parents and pleaded with them to take down their heathen gods. When the time came for the worship of these worthless relics, she said she dared not worship them, for it would make her dear Lord sad and ashamed of her. So in spite of persuasions and punishments, the little girl stood faithful to her beloved Saviour.

As the news of this school was spread throughout that section of the city, the attendance was increased to thirty, then forty, then seventy.

The mothers and relatives of these girls were visited by the Chinese teachers and the foreign ladies, and some were persuaded to attend the Sabbath services. For those who were afraid to leave home, meetings were held in their homes.

Many times, the mothers and friends of the little girls conversed together about the school, and the great benefit it had been to their girls; how kind and obedient they had become since they had gone to hear about the new God. Thus lights were lighted in hundreds of homes. During the ten years that this school has been open, nearly a thousand girls have therein received instruction in the truths of God's Word, and as many homes have heard the story of a Saviour's love.

Some of these girls have in turn become teachers in our schools, who are willing to bear burdens in the cause of the Saviour they love. Some have married Adventist young men, and are helping to hold up the light of truth before their neighbors and friends by their humble Christian behavior.

In one large heathen family, there was a young man who had heard the truth at the chapel near the school. Later he married one of our most earnest Christian girls from the school, and they erected the family altar of worship to the only true God, and in that heathen home held up the light of truth.

One day, the scourge of smallpox came into their community, and three of the young children of the elder brother were brought near death's door. The mother was determined to call on the idols and inquire of them; but these two consecrated young people, in faith believing the promise of our Saviour to two who

are agreed as touching anything, that if they ask in faith, they shall receive, pleaded with God for help, and at last persuaded the mother to let them call the Christian pastor in to pray for them.

The pastor called the church together for fasting and prayer in behalf of these three heathen children, that God's power and glory might be made manifest. God heard those tried and praying ones, and the children were healed. This is but one of the many instances of how God is using every means to glorify His name among the heathen.

Gift was the Christian pastor called in to pray for the children.

Chrysanthemum, who has now a home of her own, with little ones and her home burdens, still spends hours during the day in visiting the homes of her former pupils, and teaching those of their relatives who will hear the word of life.

Pressing Toward the Border of Tibet

Dr. J. N. Andrews

Mountain-girt Tibet lies in the heart of Asia, north of India and west of China. It is still "the great closed land." Few Europeans have ever been inside its borders. No other country has so isolated itself from contact with the modern world.

For a century, missions have sought to get into this land of the Grand Lama, the head of Tibetan Buddhism, a religious system that has barred all the gateways to missionary approach. The Moravians long laid siege to one entrance, on the North India border, in the Himalayas — and still they are waiting.

Miss Annie Taylor, of England, seems to have come nearest to passing the barriers. She got into Tibet by the road from Darjiling, the Northeast India hill station. She had learned Tibetan, and had won a helper from among the Tibetans who have settled along the Indian side of the border. Braving the ire of the Lama priests, she crossed into Tibet, and preached from village to village. When the priests at one period forbade any one to sell her food, women whose hearts had been touched by her ministry secretly dropped handfuls of parched corn in the roadway as they passed; and so her wants were supplied. Miss Taylor also attempted entrance from China. But at last, she was worn out by the battle and forced to retreat.

From the West China border, Dr. and Mrs. Rijnhart pressed in some years ago in the effort to open a way if possible. One of the most intense scenes in missionary annals is that pictured in Susie Rijnhart's narrative, telling how one day, in a hostile country, Dr. Rijnhart left her in their tent by the roadway while he went forward to a village, around a spur of mountain, to see if he could get supplies. She watched her husband disappear around the turn of the road — and he never came back. She wrote:

"The cattle and the sheep spread out over the hills across the river, and all nature basked in the sunshine; but as the hours of the second day sped on, and no trace of him was seen, my heart almost ceased beating. Well it was that we had learned to trust God in hard and difficult places. What else supported me through the leaden hours of that day but the thought that I was in God's hands?

"'Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.'

"But I must admit it was a faith amidst a darkness so thick and black that I could not enjoy the sunshine. Evening found me still alone with God, just as I had been the night before."

A MOSO SHEPHERD, FROM A SEMI-TIBETAN TRIBE

Mrs. Rijnhart could get no news of her lost companion, and could only turn back alone.

More recently there are signs of a weakening of the age-long resistance. Meanwhile, at several points, mission outposts have been planted among the Tibetans in West China, along the borderlands. The province of Szechuan, China, is mainly Tibetan west of Tatsienlu. In fact, the old border of Tibet reached to Tatsienlu, which was the frontier trading station between China and Tibet.

Now our own outpost in West China is Tatsienlu, and we are at last among the Tibetans. A few years ago Missionaries Warren, Andrews, and Blandford made a tour on foot to spy out the land in western Szechuan. They went as far as Tatsienlu. When the plan of a Tibetan mission was later proposed, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews volunteered to pioneer the way. They had been located in Chungking, on the Yangtze, in dispensary and evangelistic work. Their route lay up the Yangtze, by boat, to its junction with the Min River, thence up the Min to Kiatingfu, thence overland to Tatsienlu. In the following letter, written to our Shanghai office, Dr. Andrews described the journey. Editor.

Our boat was large and roomy, both to carry our many things and to make the summer traveling as comfortable as possible. We were very comfortable during most of the trip by boat.

We were towed upstream by ten men, who usually worked long hours; but the boat was heavily loaded, the current swift in many places, and frequent crossing of the wide river would carry us long distances downstream. All together, progress was slow. Fifteen days (including Sabbath stops) brought us to Suifu. This section of the Yangtze has no high gorges like those below Chungking, but the green hills and many towns and villages along its banks are nevertheless interesting and beautiful. Several points we watched for were places where one year before, on a trip into Yunnan and Kweichow, Elder Warren and I had been shot at or made to stop by robbers who held the river.

This time, these points were quiet, and we neither met nor heard of any robbers in that section. At Suifu, we turned up the river Min, smaller than the Yangtze, but swift and with many turns. Our first day upon it proved too much for our towline, which broke, the boat turning around and around, and floating back to the bigger river and nearly out of sight of Suifu before being brought to a stop.

The Min Kiang had much of interest for us. We were told that just back from the banks, much opium is grown, notwithstanding the law prohibits poppy cultivation. It is done a bit under cover. Also on some islands in the river it is grown, though because of the late season, we saw none on this trip. The effects of its cheapness were seen in the workmen everywhere, though not till later were we brought up against the full effects of this drug on the poor people.

The water was high, at one point covering a house where our carpenter brother, who accompanies us, had stayed overnight a few months before when canvassing. Several wrecked junks lay along the banks, where the swift current and abrupt turns had thrown them against rocks. On Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of our trip, we packed what loose things we could spare, and prepared to arrive at Kiatingfu either that night or the next day. There our journey by water would end. We were counting the li [a li is one third of a mile] remaining of our boat trip — 30 li, 25 li, 20 li — when the boat jolted a bit. We hardly noticed it; but the men opened the holds and found water pouring in. We had struck a rock, and our boat was sinking. We got a few things to the deck floor, and called for boats to help us; but very soon we rested on the bot-

tom, our four feet of holds nearly full of water. In time, a boat or two came; and by dark, our things were piled on them. The next day — the fourth of July — after long and strenuous urging, the three little boats

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A NATIVE CARPENTER

we had hired set out for Kiatingfu in the rain. We had a can of peaches and some condensed milk, to aid our lunch, and had a pleasant twenty li on top of our wet boxes, a matting covering us to keep out the rain.

About two o'clock, we reached Kiatingfu. Soon we had two rooms in a hotel. They were dark rooms, but became quite light when our clotheslines, weighted with our wet things, pulled out part of the wall, which opened into a little court. By sundown, we had nearly all our clothes hung out. The next week was spent in hanging out more things, opening up books (which were covered thickly with mold, as most of them had now had two river soakings), and wiping metal ware. The dispensary supplies were generally intact, our drugs having been put into bottles for such an emergency. Our stores of sugar and flour did not come through so well.

We were very glad to be at hand when such a thing happened, if it had to come. Being able to take things in hand at once, we really lost but little. We thought how much less would have been lost in our wreck two years ago on the lower Yangtze, if we could have opened the goods up and cared for them at the time rather than not see them (as it then happened) till two months after the accident occurred.

From Kiatingfu, we had planned to raft our goods to Yachowfu,— the usual method,— we going by land to await the goods at that place. But the river was high, and no rafts dared start out; and also, we didn't feel like trusting our goods out of our sight after the experience we had just had. So we had all our goods taken by road. It made a great caravan — sixty-nine coolies and an escort of twelve soldiers.

Our first day out showed how really the Lord was directing in delaying us those few days at Kiatingfu. Just a few days before, during the time we were in the hotel, the river up which we were following had suddenly risen one day, rising sixteen or eighteen feet, and covering all the roads fully five feet. The water went down in about two days. If we had been caught out along this road at that time, our company and goods would have fared very badly indeed.

It was here that the experience with the hotels began. Some were almost comfortable. Some were just dirty holes, next to pigpens, which we paid forty cash [four cents] a family for — and felt they were dear at that. At some places, the people were helpful, and seemed glad to have us come to their inns; but usually no one wanted to let us in, fearing the responsibility of so large a company. It rained a good deal these few days. The walking was not at all good. We had a quantity of oiled silk, and kept most of our goods fairly dry. We followed along the river bank for five days, crossing and recrossing once or twice a day in small boats. I enjoyed the walk very much; but because of one or two very hot days, I took a sedan chair from Yachowfu.

The responsibility of keeping track of all these men rested with the firm with which we dealt in hiring the carriers. However, the care of the goods was entirely ours, as a coolie's idea of adequate carefulness is very, very small. A few little matters like opening up our oilcloth wrapping around bedding to put in the corn stolen along the road, or putting a bunch of filthy clothes in our food box to protect them from the rain, seemed to them entirely proper.

The scenery was beautiful — and we did enjoy it immensely.

We reached Yachow Thursday morning, found a nice new hotel, and settled for the Sabbath. Friday we bargained with a *li lang* ("strength company"), and we put in a long day Sunday weighing up loads for seventy-seven men. Because of the high mountain passes ahead, the men are very careful, on this stage, to keep to their fixed limit of weight for each load, and we had to add several men to the previous number. Yachow is the farthest point west for navigation on these rivers. Because of great rapids and falls, even rafts do not go farther than this place. It is a large city. The Baptists have a station here. A good hospital is conducted by them; but just at present, it is closed for lack of a doctor. The city has been canvassed on two occasions by our colporteurs, with good success.

It was Monday noon (July 21) before we could get our new company on the move. We had a climb immediately outside the city, following up a rushing stream into the mountains. We made only forty li this day. The second day, after the men "ate" their opium (some of them eat it several times a day), we started again, and climbed again. The road crossed and recrossed the roaring stream, going up and up. We walked some distance, but it soon began to rain. That it rains here almost continuously, the rank vegetation clearly shows. Wherever possible, corn and rice are raised; and bamboo is quite plentiful. The road became steeper and steeper, till at about five o'clock we reached the top of this highest pass on the road, about 11,000 feet high. The rain stopped just before

we reached the top, and the clouds and mists rolling around the mountain tops were a wonderful sight.

The wind was cold, and we headed down straightway. This side of the mountain is much drier than the other, and shrubs and trees are much less common. We greatly admire the wide stone road, which ascends to the very tops of this pass — built as the main military road to Tibet. Except the main road from Chungking to Chengtu, we have not seen so good a highway anywhere else in West China.

But our wonderful scenery must be paid for. We reached Chin Chi Hsien after dark — but our bedding did not. It was not warm that night, but we slept on oilcloth rather than use native bedding. Of course, our nets did not arrive either; but fortunately the mosquitoes were few. Little Bobby had his usual good night, as we take no chances with his outfit, but keep his blankets and net with us on the sedan chair.

The next days, we were high in the mountains, wading swollen streams, stopping at little villages with poor hotels and little to eat. Four nights we went without our bedding, and sometimes also without our food boxes. Urging on the stragglers and changing carriers seemed of no use. We stopped Sabbath at Ni Tou, a town blessed with a clean, large hotel. We took the rooms supposed to be used by officials in passing through (at least they are called officials' rooms), much to the surprise of our coolies, but did not feel unduly honored. There are few "official" rooms that could be endured long by a foreigner.

Sunday we crossed the second high pass. It was a steady climb all day, high on a bank beside a small river, now and then making long, deep drops at right

angles to the main road, to go around a gully or little stream running in. In the afternoon, the trail became steeper and steeper, till at 4:30 we zigzagged up a thirty degree incline and were really at the top. A snow-capped peak showed itself among the clouds far to the west. The rolling clouds below and around us and the great mountains in all directions were a wonderful sight.

But the wind was cold, and we started down toward the valley. A steep drop for hours took us through wild brush, with strawberries and raspberries, and through little towns surrounded by opium poppy fields in full bloom which have done their worst for a shiftless population. A soldier guard in rags presided over the trade, some with no hats or guns, but extracting what money they could from the people for their precious weed. The old-time punishments being still carried out, one poor man whose opium appetite had driven him to thieving, swung in the doorway of the yamen, hung up by his wrists tied behind him.

We were pleased to meet in one village some members of the Lolo tribes who had come to market. The Lolo country is to the southward, still inaccessible on account of the fierce opposition of its people to any travelers. One Lolo tribesman whom we saw could speak good Chinese, and we hastily held a preaching service for his benefit. We were happy to see the interest he seemed to manifest. These were the first of these people I had seen in Szechuan, and doubtless they were the first to hear our message.

Throughout the trip, we were so sorry for the coolies along the road, hundreds — thousands — of them struggling along a few steps at a time under

great loads of tea for Tibet. They earn just enough to buy the coarse corn cakes, the only article of diet here, and to supply their opium. Little boys begin with what they can carry, getting their backs toughened while young, for the long road that ends only when, a mere skeleton remaining, and no money for opium, their days come to an end. One poor man I

AN OLD BUDDHIST PRIEST TAPPING A STRANGE FISH-MOUTHED GONG FOR THE TEMPLE SERVICES

heard complaining of the high cost of keeping supplied with straw sandals (at one or two cents a pair!) — his whole living going into opium.

From the foot of this mountain, we turn to the right (northwest) up a great cañon, which we follow for nearly two days. The river here is a large stream, which finds its way to Kiatingfu. Our road is sometimes high above it on rocky cliffs, and again down near the level of the water. This section grows little useful vegetation, the hills being sandy and the road lined with cactus. Twenty miles from our journey's end, we turn to the left up a roaring river, which is one continuous dashing waterfall for the whole sixty li of our last day. We climb up and up continuously, spending one night without our food boxes or bedding, in a little room with one bed, while the cold wind howled outside. In the morning, the wind still blew hard; but the sun was bright, and in two hours we came in sight of this little town of Tatsienlu, toward which we had looked for so long.

The members of the China Inland Mission here met us most cordially. They had rented rooms for us in a Chinese house, and had them cleaned and papered, to make us comfortable on our arrival. We felt very grateful, at the end of fifty-two days on the road, to meet this very kind reception. It was a great blessing that we found immediate shelter for ourselves and goods. This small city has not the conveniences of larger places in China; but we have a nice little building and compound, are getting settled and having furniture made, and hope soon to be working in earnest for the long neglected Tibetan people we find here.

Tatsienlu, August 24, 1919.

FROM MANY PENS

The Test of Faith

Mrs. Myrtie B. Cottrell

In a small city of Hunan where we have an outstation, a young married woman had been groping her way from heathenism into Christianity. Mrs. Li, our Bible woman, had been teaching her to read the Gospels, that she might more perfectly understand the way of life. For some time, she had been looking forward with joy to the time when the "foreign pastor" would come to their town, so that she might follow her Lord in baptism.

But now her one child, a little son, fell ill. The mother, in her new-found trust in our heavenly Father, prayed for the little one's restoration, and her prayer was answered. This greatly increased her faith.

At last, the long expected day came when the foreign pastor visited the city; and it was announced that the next morning, opportunity would be given for those who were prepared, to take part in the baptismal rite. Again this mother's little one was violently ill. She brought him to the mission for special prayer, trusting that it would please God to raise him as before; but the child died that same night.

Here came the great test for the mother and the relatives. Ordinarily, the mother would have given herself up to loud mourning and wailing, refusing to be comforted for days. Many times we have seen Chinese women throw themselves down, tearing themselves away from the friends who were trying to support and comfort them in their grief, wailing in a

most distressing manner. What would the religion of Jesus Christ do for this poor woman, who had all her days been surrounded by heathenism and its customs? Would her experience stand the test?

The child was buried before nine o'clock the next morning, and this sad young mother soon after presented herself silently among the candidates for baptism. The test had been a severe one, but Jesus had been sufficient and had comforted her heart. Her calm, peaceful demeanor as she entered the baptismal waters was regarded by all her friends as a miracle of the Lord's grace, and testified more loudly than could many sermons to the peace and comfort found in Christ, and to the power of His grace, even amid heathen surroundings, to transform the life.

School Around a Rice Sieve

HUNG HEI YING

While visiting among the country villages back in the interior from my home, I was surprised to find the children in one village intelligent in Bible knowledge. They seemed to know about the Bible characters, and could answer readily a great many questions. This was very strange indeed, for the women and even many of the men did not know how to read. Where, then, had these children learned?

I asked if they had a school in their village.— No, there was no school there. A chapel, then? — No, there was no chapel in that part. Where, then, have you learned these things? One boy answered that a

certain man in the village taught the boys a little every evening.

I made it in my way to search out this man, and this is what I saw: He was a farmer, and lived in a little mud-brick house with a straw roof and no floor. He was a poor man, too, for he must pay a high rent on the fields he tilled. But every day, after the evening meal was finished, he gathered into his little home his own children, and as many others as were willing and free to come. The big rice sieve was turned over on the bottom of a grain basket, and the children clustered around it for their lesson. This was their table, and the plain farmer was their teacher. The school went merrily on for an hour or more, the teacher naming the characters, and the children, all together, repeating them after him. Afterward each child took turn in reading by himself, after which their teacher spent a few minutes explaining the meaning of what had been studied.

The table was then inverted, and became a rice sieve again, and the teacher was transformed into the farmer. "Come, children, we must work the harder now to make up for the time spent in reading. All hands move fast." The children flew to their work with the same willing spirit they had shown in their study.

These people were too poor to spare the children from work during the daytime, too poor to help support a school, or even to afford a table upon which to lay their books; but earnestness and zeal made up for the lack of these things, and eternity alone will reveal the influence of that faithful farmer and his school around the rice sieve.

The "Flavor" in the Word

MRS. MYRTIE COTTRELL

One of our evangelists was lately in a place in Honan where he could get no water except in a heathen temple. As he went for it, he found himself in the hands of a band of robbers.

"Who are you?" they demanded.

He told them.

"Are you from the church in Cheo Chia K'o?" they asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh," they said, "that is a good church! They do good and help people."

They gave him water, and he went on his way rejoicing that the work done had given the station a good name even among the robbers.

WHAT THE BLIND WOMAN SAW

In South China, one of our workers baptized a blind woman who was sixty-two years of age. As she stood for about twenty minutes answering the questions as to why she wanted to be a Christian, God's Spirit came in and melted hearts. Tears dampened every eye before she sat down. Not one question did she fail to answer, and intelligently, too.

"She said she could not see us, and had never seen the Bible, and could not read a word of it, even if she had her eyesight, but was happy that she could see as far into the kingdom by the eyes of faith as any one of us. She said that some day she should be able to see Jesus, and that when He gave her eyes to see, she wanted Him to be the first one upon whom they should look, then next she wanted to see the man who had

spent so many hours in teaching her the way to heaven."

About four hundred persons saw this aged woman buried in the watery grave. As she came up from the water, she stopped to tell the people why she had decided to go into the back street, into the little room, to worship with the few Christians, instead of going with the multitude, as she had always done before.

A Girl in China

A. L. Ham

Some of our young people in the mission field have real trials, greater than most of our young people in the homeland are called to endure. It will be a source of encouragement to you to know that they are usually faithful. The strength to withstand the temptations which come to them is obtained in the same way that you may overcome the assaults of Satan; namely, by prayer. This is shown in the following letter from a young girl in our school:

"My name is Chan Wan Heung, and I was born in China in the year 1896. While I lived with my mother, she used to worship idols, and I did not know anything about the true God. I have an older brother and sister, but they still worship idols.

"My father went to America to work, and was baptized while there. In 1912, he came home to China, and has lived here since.

"When he came back, and the people found that he was a Christian, he was treated very badly, so he moved his family to another place. When I was sixteen years of age, I went to a school where we lived,

until vacation time, when Pastor Wilbur and his family went to Macou for a vacation. They lived next door to us. We often heard them singing hymns and praying to God. They were very kind to us, and when they had time, they came over and talked with us about the Bible. I was very glad to hear about the Bible, but my father did not like it so well, as he said that Mr. Wilbur did as the Jews. Pastor Wilbur asked me to attend the Sabbath school; so every week, I heard about the Bible and learned to pray to God.

"My father did not like to have me attend the meetings, but later I went to Canton to Bethel Girls' School, and was baptized when I was seventeen years of age. One month after I was baptized, I was taken sick, and my mother came to the school and took me home; but while I was home, I continually prayed to God just the same. When my folks saw me pray, they became angry. One day, when we were having our dinner, I prayed to thank God first. When they saw me do this, they threw the food on my head.

"I am very sorry that my family do not know God. I am wishing all the time for an opportunity to tell them more about the Bible and God. I thank God because He blessed me and keeps me well.

"I have been here in school nearly three years, and I hope that all the brothers and sisters will pray for me that I may learn to preach the Bible truths to other people, and I pray that God will bless all the brothers and sisters till Jesus comes back to this earth."

Notice, if you will, the *family thought*, that we are all "brothers and sisters" to these Chinese people, and as such should pray for them as they are praying for us.

CHAN WAN HEUNG

Returning from a Pilgrimage

BERNHARD PETERSEN

Only a few days ago we were visited by a very devout Buddhist by the name of Li, who was returning from a pilgrimage to the well-known holy mountain, Wu Tai Shan, in the vicinity of Peking. There are many who go to this mountain annually to worship. It is said to take several years to reach the place, if the regular rules are followed, one of which is to make a bow for every step, even when passing a stream. If one makes such a pilgrimage to this mountain, he is supposed to obtain eternal blessings.

This man Li had spent seven days on the mountain, worshiping every day, when, on account of a false alarm, he was directed homeward. One day after he had reached Mukden and was walking down the street, he passed our chapel, and being attracted by the sign hanging outside the door, went in, desiring to make investigation. He sat down and studied with the evangelist, and became very much interested in the Bible. He exclaimed several times: "This is surely the true doctrine. I never heard anything like it before." When he left, he purchased several books, saying that he was going to study deeper into these truths. There are many like him, sitting in heathen darkness, only waiting for some one to direct them to the true path.

Beaten by a Mob; Now an Evangelist

R. F. COTTRELL

In the early summer of 1912, Mrs. Cottrell and the writer responded to an invitation to visit Hwa Yung, a small city in northern Hunan. We conducted a three

THE BUTTRESSED WALLS OF PEKING

days' meeting in a hall that had been fitted up as a chapel by the inquirers. Large numbers attended the services, and everything passed off without unusual occurrence until Sunday morning, when Mr. Djou's younger son, a boy of some sixteen years, came running into the chapel, his clothes smeared with mud, telling us that he had been caught, beaten, and kicked about in the street by a mob.

Since that day in June, a growing church has been organized in Hwa Yung; and from that place, several workers have gone forth into the Lord's vineyard. Among these is Djou Wen Hsuen — the son of Mr. Djou, who first opened his home to a passing colporteur — the boy who was beaten on that Sunday morning.

Brother Djou Wen Hsuen spent considerable time in selling literature. He also spent two years at the China Mission Training School in Shanghai. His present place of labor is not in his native Hunan, but in the southernmost prefecture of Kiangsi, where, with his wife, he is located, and is in charge of a flourishing interest. Heaven is smiling upon the efforts put forth at Kanchau, Kiangsi. Already about twenty of the company at that place have been baptized, and some very intelligent young people from their number are attending the Shanghai school.

Varied Experiences

S. A. Nagel

THE WATCHMAN WHO QUIT

During the greater part of 1915, I was alone in Wai Chow — the only white person in the country — my wife having returned to the United States on furlough.

We are always having more or less trouble from robbers and pirates in the Hakka field, but that period was worse than usual. Almost every night, I was awakened by cries, shouting, shooting, etc., in villages round about, which were being attacked by robbers. Though we live just outside the Little East Gate, the parents were afraid to send their children out to school for fear of their being kidnaped. I thought to help matters by hiring a watchman to remain on duty all night. In China, a watchman beats his drum at short intervals — perhaps to give intruders fair warning that he is near, perhaps to let his master know that he is not asleep. This man beat the drum only one night. The next morning, he came to me in great excitement, and said he would not dare to come again, because he heard three devils crying all that night. He never returned, though I explained that he heard only the wind blowing in the bamboo.

TWO FUNERALS

Two funerals I have conducted of late have had some things, at least, quite out of the ordinary. In China, those who can afford to do so, get their coffins years before death; and in many homes, one may see them stored away ready for use. Not long ago I was visiting one of our outstations, and arrived at the place on the very morning one of our believers died. His wife came to me in great sorrow, saying the man had been too poor to buy a coffin, but if I would assure her neighbor that I would provide another, she could borrow a coffin for this occasion. I told her I would stand good for it, so the man was buried in a borrowed coffin. The other sermon, I preached in a magistrate's

yamen, or rather, in the jail part of the yamen. One of our brethren had been put in the prison because of a family feud in which he was not concerned, and had died there. I took advantage of the occasion to tell the officials and the soldiers of the time now right upon us when all must give account of their actions to the coming King. As I spoke of judgment *come*, I thought of Paul before Felix, and I have reason to believe that some "trembled."

DRIVEN FROM HOME

While I was home on furlough in 1916, one of our Chinese preachers died. Shortly before his death, his girl-wife gave birth to a baby girl. She was driven from home by his heathen parents, who said her husband had died because her baby was a girl instead of a boy. She has now placed the little one in a Christian home, and she is in Canton Bethel Girls' School, studying to be a Bible woman.

Twice during our absence, Wai Chow was surrounded by rebel soldiers. Our homes were right in the firing line, and two cannon balls went through the roofs of our mission homes, and hundreds of rifle balls were imbedded in the walls. We feel indeed thankful to return, and find nothing missing. The faithful Chinese caretaker, with God's blessing, kept everything securely.

RIVER PIRATES

During the years I have worked in China, I have had several experiences with Chinese pirates on the East River. One such experience occurred just after the close of our general meeting in the spring of 1915. I was returning to Wai Chow from Shanghai. In

Hongkong I met Brother Floyd Ashbaugh; and as he had to wait several days for a boat for Manila, I invited him to take a trip with me into interior China, and to visit at Wai Chow. For some months, I had kept all my clothing and valuables at Canton; but as we went through Canton, I took them on the boat for Wai Chow, having heard that that country was a bit more quiet. We were going along nicely the next day, when all at once a deal of shooting took place on the deck over our heads. The boat stopped, and I thought to myself, "Everything is gone again."

Soon some of the crew came to our cabin, and said a number of men had compelled them to stop the boat, pretending to wait there for an official. We all knew that there was no official in that desert country, and that they were merely holding the boat till a land force should arrive to help them. The officers said if we foreigners could not get them off, all was lost. I told Brother Ashbaugh to follow me; and with a prayer in our hearts, we went boldly up to the deck, and surprised the robbers, who had not known that any foreigners were on board. I pretended to be angry at them for stopping the boat, and with my hands in my pockets, and good Brother Ashbaugh at my back, I asked them what they meant by shooting around that way, like a lot of wild men. They told me, as they had told the captain, that they were holding the boat for an official. I laughed at them,— a laugh has power in it sometimes,— and asked them for their evidence, which I knew they did not have. Then I turned to the captain, and said: "You start this boat *at once*. I have no time to wait for anybody." I watched the men closely to see what they would do. It was all

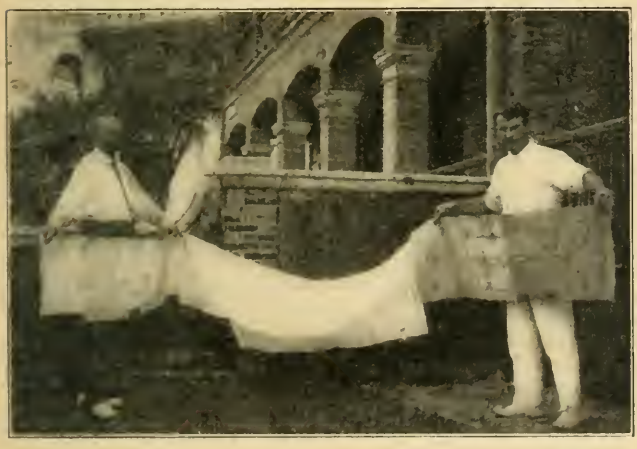
"bluff" on our part. Shortly they said, "If you are going on, let us off." This we were only too happy to do, and hurried away as quickly as possible.

My first experience with river pirates occurred shortly after I went to China. We arrived November 14, 1909, and stayed three months in Shanghai; then we left for our field of labor — the Hakka land of South China. (Not being able to rent any Chinese houses in Wai Chow, we were kept out of the field until the money arrived with which to buy land and build our mission homes. We have the first houses built from the large fund raised a few years ago for that purpose.) In the winter of 1911, I started from Wai Chow to go to Canton for an order of freight from the United States. On my return trip up the river with this freight, I passed through my hardest experience with river pirates.

Two other missionaries — Germans of the Berlin Mission — were the only foreigners besides me on board the ship. We were making good time, and I was anxious to get home, for I knew that the women of the station were alone. It was almost noon. The three of us were walking the deck, when crack! crack! crack! came the report of many guns. Rifle balls whizzed all about us. One of the Germans was hit in the head at the first shot, and dropped on the deck. Though fortunately not hit, I also dropped flat. The robbers kept on shooting until the boat stopped. We were in a very narrow place in the river. When the shooting ceased, I looked up, and saw the robbers lined up and down the bank of the river for, I should say, a half mile. They had been hidden in the rice fields along the shore. Now they were shouting orders like madmen; and as

we moved over near the shore, they came out — or rather part of them — in small boats, and boarded our ship. The rest stood watch on shore. I had never seen such wicked looking men before, nor have I since.

The thieves began looting the boat. Immediately I went down to my cabin. Presently one big fellow



A CHINESE DEED TO MISSION PROPERTY

opened my cabin door, and pointed a gun at me. I could not understand Chinese very well then, but I tried to obey quickly. One after another came, and they kept me with my hands in the air for more than an hour. Sometimes they would cock their guns, and I felt that my end had come. Each crowd stripped me down a little closer. They took my watch, money, overcoat, undercoat, shoes, hat, bedding, baggage,— everything but my Bible, which I had been reading.

Finally they left. I ordered the boat to return at once to Canton with the wounded missionary, and did what I could for him on the way. He had me write what he supposed was his last letter to his family, but he recovered in the hospital. I was later paid for my loss in full by the Chinese government. These things have grown more common to us since; but I confess that at the time, the episode made a great impression — on my nerves at least.

Shortly after that, there was a battle one night in front of our house, between soldiers and robbers; and a little later, another all around our house. We are indeed thankful for a loving Father's constant care.

The Children of China

ADELAIDE BEE EVANS

To tell all that there is to tell about the children of China would take a whole little library of books, and very interesting books they would be, too.

There are so many children in China! Every year, hundreds of thousands of them die — no one knows how many; still there are millions left,— children of well-to-do parents, whose fathers and mothers love them and are proud of them; children of poorer homes, who work in little shops or are apprenticed to some trade; children of the coolie class, who will grow up to lives of poverty and bitter toil; city children, playing in the streets and alleys; river children, living in house boats the year round, and, when the tide is low, picking up the refuse on the slimy river bed; country children, spending their lives from babyhood to old age in some small, hedge-inclosed village, going out to the fields

with the early light, and returning when the day's work is finished; and we must not forget the beggar children, with their shrewd devices for drawing the reluctant coppers from the fingers of the foreigners. Many of these beggar children, in Shanghai at least, are plump, and rosy (under the dirt), and well fed. Begging is their *trade;* but occasionally one meets a child whose deformity or illness is made to serve the purpose of his clan,— a child actually suffering made

ALL ABOARD

to beg on the streets,— and this is a sight to sadden the heart.

So many children — some with fairer skins than others, and big dark eyes that look so solemnly at the foreigner; others with smaller eyes, twinkling with mischief, or smiling in friendly response to a cheerful greeting; glad children, sad children, clean children (a few), and dirty children; and most to be pitied of all, perhaps, the poor little slave children — uncombed, uncared for, utterly unloved, and made to toil from morning till night.

In the warm weather, many little ones are frequently bitten by mosquitoes and other pests, and the ever-present germs find a ready lodging place in their tender skins, with the result that terrible sores often disfigure the little brown faces and bodies. Frequently the whole head is covered with dreadful sores, which, if they heal, leave scars where the hair never grows. With the custom of cutting the hair, which has now come into vogue, there will, we hope, be fewer little boys thus disfigured.

The children of China love bright colors, and on the great New Year's holiday, they are clad in the brightest and gayest garments their parents can procure. The boys wear short jackets, and long trousers reaching to the ankles. The little girls wear trousers, too, shaped a little differently from those worn by the boys, and sometimes trimmed around the bottom. Their jackets are longer than those worn by boys. In the winter, people who can afford it buy cotton to pad their children's clothes. Often the little ones wear so many of these wadded garments that they can hardly walk. People who have more money get fur-lined

coats for their children, and these are light in weight and very warm and comfortable.

Even the babies wear little trousers and jackets. When they are very tiny, they are wrapped up snugly, with their arms folded down by their sides. A young Chinese girl told me that the reason for this was that if the arms were not thus held down, the babies would grow up to be noisy and rough, "arms all waving around"; but if the arms were tied down for a little while, the babies would be quiet and sedate children when they were older. However this may be, it is undeniably true that the children of China are, as a rule, far more quiet than American children.

Just the other day, I received a picture of a dear little Chinese baby. His father and mother are Christians, and they keep the baby clean, and will do all they can to bring him up well. He is a little "better baby" of new China, and looks plump enough and bright enough to deserve a medal.

Chinese parents have many customs in regard to naming their children. Sometimes those who are very poor do not name them, even the boys, at all; again, they call them by names that have a bad meaning. One little lad who came to the mission school in Honan had always been called by a name that means Beans; and one of his first requests on his arrival was that now he might have a school name. Other parents give their children names that have good meanings. Wong Foh Sang is one little boy's name. His father's name is Wong Sien Sen, or Mr. Wong. *Foh* means happiness, and *Sang* means life; so this boy's name is really Happy Life Wong. Mr. Lee, a Christian Chinese man in Shanghai, calls his little son Kao Wang, which

means High Hope. A little girl may be called by a name meaning something as sweet as Spring Fragrance, or Pleasant Morning, or Happy Moonlight.

Many Chinese fathers and mothers love their children dearly, and hold them in their arms for hours at a time when they are small, playing with them, and carrying them up and down the road in the evening when the day's work is over. Often a poor Chinese mother, with bound feet, goes staggering along carrying her seven-year-old son, who surely looks much more able to trot along on his own sturdy little legs than his mother does to carry him.

Sometimes the mothers bring their plump, smiling babies to the mission compound, and offer to give them to the women of the compound to bring up. This is only when the parents are poor; when they have money to care for their children and educate them, they prize them highly. One day, I met a proud grandfather with twin grandsons about twelve years old. Pretty youngsters they were, comparatively clean, and very bright-eyed. The old man could speak a little English, and he told me with pride that the boys were going to school — they would have an education. "That is the great thing," he said. More and more, too, the girls of the better classes are going to school, and learning how to help the children of their own land.

China does not have such schools as there are in Christian lands. Only a very few out of the millions of children can go to school at all. Some learn only a few characters; others go longer, and learn a little more. Those who have opportunity to continue their studies, often prove excellent students; and in some lines, they particularly excel.

The wise men of China are anxious that the children of that great republic shall have an opportunity to study, and more schools are opened every year. There are many mission schools, too, where the children and the youth receive excellent training.

Near one place where we lived in Shanghai, there is a boys' school, where perhaps a hundred boys attend every day. Early in the morning, they began to pass our gate, and they would stay till evening. If the amount of noise they made in the schoolroom was fair indication of their progress, they must have advanced very fast indeed. They all wore a sort of uniform,— a long coat, a stiff-visored dark blue cap (which they kept on their heads all day long),— and carried a school bag containing their books. A serious looking lot of boys they were — it is a great thing to be set apart in a Chinese family to enjoy the privilege of gaining an education.

Not far from this boys' school was a kindergarten, where the dear little boys and girls just past babyhood were gathered in, and had at least a glimpse of brighter things than come into most of their sordid homes. The teacher was a sweet, quiet Chinese girl, and it was a pleasant thing to see her playing the kindergarten games with these little ones.

In the schoolbooks of China, the children study the simple writings of their great teacher, Confucius, who lived about twenty-five hundred years ago. Here is one of these stories:

"During the Northern Sung dynasty, there lived a little girl whose name was Chen Sing Chao. One day when she was playing with a company of children, one of them happened to fall into a large jar full of water.

All the other boys and girls, except Chen Sing Chao, were too frightened to know what to do, so they all ran away. She, taking a stone, broke the jar, and saved her playmate's life by letting the water escape. Every one who heard of the circumstance admired the girl's uncommon wisdom and presence of mind."

PORCH OF THE TEMPLE BEFORE THE TOMB OF CONFUCIUS AT CHIFU, HIS BIRTHPLACE

There is much that I should like to tell you about the children of China; but as I said at first, it would take many books to tell you all about them. There is one thing, however, that I should like to have you remember,— *they are just like the children in your own land in many ways.* They like sweetmeats, and games, and pretty clothes; they have bodies that suffer pain; they have hearts that know what it is to be lonely and

sad; and they love those who love them and are kind to them.

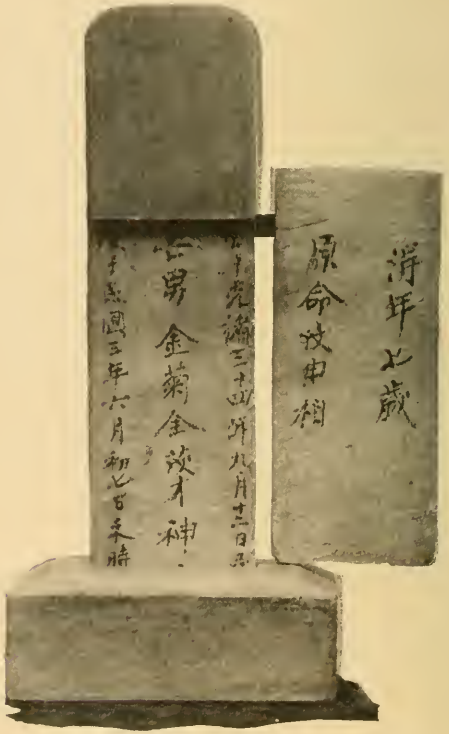
But in this they are different: They do not know the gospel story. Should we not be willing to deny ourselves a few of the good things we enjoy, in order to send teachers to tell them about the Saviour, and to teach them to read the Bible and other good books?

A Village Home Near Shanghai

ADELAIDE BEE EVANS

It is Sabbath afternoon in early spring, and we will take a little stroll through the fields that lie east of our mission station. We walk single file along the narrow path, or two by two over some wider footpath. By and by we reach a little village, and the children call out their none too complimentary greetings. We pause to look inside a humble home, the one room of which is quite open to our gaze. The floor is of earth, and covered with litter; chickens run in and out; all the household furniture, including an outworn cradle, is jumbled together without any attempt at order. The nearest approach to adornment is the crude table on the wall that faces the street. On it are a few cheap ornaments and incense jars, and above it hang the ancestral tablets. An old, old grandmother is spinning cotton thread; and a baby is hanging by its arms in the "baby tender," which looks more like a large, old-fashioned wooden churn than anything else. About halfway down, the churn is partitioned, so there may be a place for the baby to sit,— without falling over,— and later to stand up in, clutching the edges with his fingers.

A hopeless home; for its members have never heard the gospel. But the entrance of the Word will give light, and bring an infinite change for the better, even in such homes of penury as this.



ONE OF THE MULTITUDE OF ANCESTRAL TABLETS

A Heathen Home in Szechuan

Mrs. Eva Allum

How would some of our busy housewives enjoy housekeeping in a home where there were no washing days, ironing days, or baking days; no carpets to sweep or floors to wax or oil; no windows to clean, or curtains to wash and hang; no silverware or glass to polish? Wouldn't housekeeping be easy with all these eliminated?

On the other hand, how would you enjoy having only two dresses, both of coarse, dark blue goods, one to wear while the other is being washed; rice three times a day, every day in the week; beaten earth floors entirely bare of carpets, linoleum, or even boards; no windows, except tiny openings in the wall, with a few bars to keep out intruders; chopsticks and bowls in place of silverware and china; no decorations on the wall except festoons of soot-laden cobwebs; no magazines or books; nothing to make home bright and attractive?

This is as it is in thousands, yes, millions, of Chinese homes. Directly opposite us in this city is an ordinary Chinese family, living in two rooms with mud walls and mud floors. This is a family of four,— the grandfather, his son, his daughter-in-law, and a little grandson. The front room serves as a shop; and at daylight, the shutters, which are the upper half of the front wall, are taken down and placed across some benches to form tables or stalls. On these, a number of articles are exhibited for sale,— peanuts arranged in handfuls (you get thirty handfuls for one cent gold), lengths of sugar cane, pomeloes, matches, dried tobacco

leaves, cigarettes, grass shoes, straw hats, string, eggs, pipe lighters, and various other odds and ends. The old man and his son attend to any early customers, while the daughter-in-law prepares the breakfast of rice and a bowl or two of relish.

MOVING TIME IN CHINA

After breakfast, the morning's housework is soon finished. There are only six bowls and four pairs of chopsticks to wash; then the large rice cooker is scrubbed with a brush made of split bamboo, the earth floor is swept in the center, and the chairs are wiped off. If the weather is fine, the mother may do any washing that is waiting. As the few pieces are mostly coarse blue cloth, they need no boiling or bluing, and

water strained from the rice is used to stiffen any that need starching. The washing must be strung on bamboo poles across the front of the shop, as this home, like the majority of homes in this city, has no courtyard, and the only outlet is on the street. Her household duties done, she then helps in the shop, arranging peanuts in handfuls, peeling and quartering pomeloes, weaving grass shoes, or braiding straw hats. She has also to care for the small boy. Any spare minutes are used in sewing and embroidery; for she must make shoes, stockings, and hats for the family, as well as cut and make their garments, and pad comforts for the winter. Not many idle moments are hers, although many of her less industrious neighbors visit and gossip over their needlework.

The old man attends to the sprinkling of the tobacco leaves on the stand by filling his mouth with water and ejecting it over the leaves; then he neatly piles the boxes of cigarettes and matches, his shaking hands finding it no small task to get the boxes just where he wants them. He then sits down to his string-making stand, which is about four feet high, with six bamboo pins around the top, and one reel of cotton suspended from each pin. He throws one reel across another, and keeps crossing the reels in turn, the finished string being similar to the tubular cord we used to make in our younger days by knitting on four pins in a spool. He makes three or four yards of this in a day, and it sells for about one cent gold a yard. But he is happy doing his share toward the support of the family. His son earns about ten cents a day as a sedan chair bearer.

Because of their diligence and economy, this family are able to "go over the days" without actual want.

They are a poor family, but there are thousands of poorer ones in this city. This family is hardly representative of those around; for in the surrounding homes, gambling, wine drinking, and quarreling are part of the daily life, while the women spend a large part of their time gossiping with their neighbors.

We find that the inhabitants of Szechuan are most superstitious, and have a deep-rooted faith in their idol worship. If Paul had come to this field, he might well have said, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Their worship for the most part is for mundane purposes, and seldom for moral or spiritual development. Once a month the family described above light several candles and small sticks of incense,

CHINESE JUNKS ON THE RIVER NEAR SHANGHAI

and place them in the cracks of their stand, fire off a string or two of firecrackers, and burn some sheets of paper — and consider their duty toward the gods as done for that month. There is no communion with God in prayer, no yearning to partake of His moral and spiritual nature and share in His holiness, no looking for the blessed hope which is ours. How thankful we are that the light has shone into several homes, and is giving "the knowledge of the glory of God," and of His soon coming!

Teaching the Gospel Through Chinese Characters

F. A. Allum

The characters of the Chinese language are ideographic. That is, they are pictures of the thought they are intended to convey. There are said to be six classes of characters. One of these is called *huei ih dy dzi,* which literally means "think of the thought characters." It is with this class of characters that we will deal.

A character is usually made up of two parts. The more important part is called the radical, and gives a clue to the meaning; the other part is phonetic, and gives a clue to the sound.

Some one has said that "the Chinese language was invented by the devil to prevent the easy spread of the gospel." However, from the characters herein used, it will be seen that this is not so, but that, on the contrary, the ancient Chinese characters can be used to teach in a forceful way the fundamental truths of the gospel.

From Fu Hsi, the first of the "five monarchs," who, according to Chinese records, lived nearly three thousand years before Christ, the Chinese date the ceremony of marriage, the slaying of animals for clothing, writing, and the commencement of learning, also music. It is stated, too, on high authority, that at that time, the Chinese did not worship idols, but that they worshiped the one true God, idol worship being introduced at a much later period. Certain it is that the Chinese characters give abundant evidence that they are not of satanic origin, but that, on the contrary, God has not left Himself without a witness even in this ancient language.

With these thoughts in mind, let us now proceed to examine that wonderful word, "righteousness." Righteousness by faith is the fundamental thought of the gospel; for without it, no man can see God. The Chinese character for "righteousness" (see Fig. 1) is made up of two characters. The first of these is the radical of the character, and is the word for "sheep" (see Fig. 2). The second word is placed under the "sheep" character, and is the character for the pronoun "I" or "me" (see Fig. 3). Thus "righteousness" in the Chinese language literally means, "I under the sheep, or lamb" (see Fig. 1). This thought readily suggests that beautiful text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (or, personally, my sin). John 1:29. See also Isa. 53:7.

A further lesson can be learned from the position these two words occupy to make up the character "righteousness." The precise order must be maintained; for if the pronoun "I" were placed on top of the word "sheep," no Chinese would read that word as

"righteousness." In fact, to him, it would have no meaning at all. In like manner, no Christian will ever be taken, or read (for we are the only Bibles some people will ever read), for a true Christian, who does not exalt the Lamb of God, putting "I" or "self" out of sight, or under the "Lamb." In other words, "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30); and then "I [Christ], if I be lifted up, . . . will draw all men unto Me." John 12:32.

Another character which shows that the word "sheep," when associated with other characters, usually has a good meaning, is the word for "good" (see Fig. 4). This word is made up of two characters. The top one is "sheep" (see Fig. 5), and under the "sheep" character is the character for "words" (see Fig. 6). Thus a good man is one who is lamblike in his bearing, and his words are in harmony with his lamblike character. This is in distinct contrast to the figure used in Rev. 13:11, which is understood to represent apostasy, and is a sheep speaking with the voice of the dragon.

Those who understand the prophecy of Rev. 13:11 as applying in a particular way to the United States of America will be surprised to know that the character which has been selected to represent that country in Chinese is the character *mei*, which means "good" (Fig. 7). This is made up of two characters. One is the word "sheep" (see Fig. 8); and the other, which is placed under the word "sheep," is the character for "great" (see Fig. 9). Thus the character that stands for America in Chinese means literally "a great sheep," and thus reveals the peaceful nature of the principles on which the American republic was founded.

To represent the idea of "falseness" (see Fig. 10), the Chinese use a character which has on one side the word for "man" (see Fig. 11), and on the other side the word for "sheep" (see Fig. 12). Thus, for a man to pretend to be a "sheep" when he is not really so harmless, is the Chinese idea of falseness or pretense. It makes one think of the Saviour's words about the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Let us now examine the words for "Holy Spirit." These are important words; for it is only through the mighty agency of the Holy Spirit that sin can be overcome and the sinful man become righteous.

The word "holy" (see Fig. 13) is made up of three distinct characters. The first is the word for "ear" (see Fig. 14); the second, the word for "mouth" (see Fig. 15); and the third, according to the ancient form of writing, is the character for "hand" (see Fig. 16). An intelligent Chinese teacher who is not a Christian told me that the meaning of this combination of characters is that a man who is truly "holy" is one whose ear hears only that which is good, whose mouth speaks only that which is good, and whose hand does only that which is good. What better definition of holiness can be found anywhere? To listen to truth is not enough, to preach truth is not enough; we must be *doers* of the Word.

The word "spirit" (see Fig. 17) has for its radical the character for "rain" (see Fig. 18); and under the "rain" character, the word for "mouth" (see Fig. 19) is written thrice; under these three mouths, the word "work" (see Fig. 20) is written; and finally, to complete the word, the character for "man" (see Fig. 21) is used twice. Thus the word "spirit" in the Chinese

THIRTY-EIGHT CHINESE CHARACTERS

See accompanying text for description.

contains a stirring lesson to those who are acquainted with the Bible and understand the operations of the Holy Spirit. According to the Bible, the people of God are to look for a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, before the end of the world comes, to ripen the harvest. This is termed the "latter rain." The radical of the character, being "rain," can be used to indicate the source and the abundance of the supply. The three mouths also signify the abundance of the gift, and suggest the receptive attitude that the Christian should maintain. The word "work" denotes that when the Spirit is received in all its fullness, it will do its work. And the object of the work it does it clearly shown in the word for "man," which is written twice, thus suggesting that the Holy Spirit will do its work not only upon the outer man, but also upon the inner man, and the whole man will become holy in the sense given above.

The character for "peace" is a very suggestive one (see Fig. 22). The radical is the word for "roof" (see Fig. 23). Under the "roof" is the word for "woman" (see Fig. 24). Thus, according to the Chinese idea, peace can be maintained only when the woman attends strictly to home duties. This is in keeping with Paul's advice that the young women be "discreet, chaste, *keepers at home*, good, . . . that the Word of God be not blasphemed." Titus 2: 5. It also suggests that woman amid the many duties of the home can have the peace of God abiding in her heart, and thus keep the peace of the home.

The word "home" (see Fig. 25) is very dear to the heart of the Occidental. In the Chinese, the top part of this character is "roof" (see Fig. 26), and under

the "roof" character is the word for "pigs" (see Fig. 27), the idea being that the home that is well supplied with pigs is the ideal home. The writer has seen as many as a dozen pigs quartered in the same house with the family.

The character *hung,* which means a "great noise" (see Fig. 28), is made up of the character for "cart" (see Fig. 29) used thrice. Three Chinese carts on a Chinese road do indeed make a dreadful noise, for they have no springs.

The idea of "brightness" (see Fig. 30) is made clear by first writing the character for "sun" (see Fig. 31), and then placing the word for "moon" (see Fig. 32) alongside it, the inference being that if the sun and the moon were both shining at the same time, it would be very bright indeed.

The word "wickedness" (see Fig. 33) has for its radical the word "heart" (see Fig. 35), thus clearly indicating the source of all wickedness. Above the word "heart" is written the character *ya,* which is defined in the dictionary as ugly, inferior, secondary (see Fig. 34). Thus wickedness is literally an "ugly heart."

In conclusion, let us examine the word "sin" (see Fig. 36). This word is composed of two very significant characters. The radical is the word for "net" (see Fig. 37). Under the net is written another character, which is defined as "wrong" (see Fig. 38). Thus we learn that by continuing in "wrong," we fall into Satan's "net" and are bound. What a warning of the power of sin is contained in this character!

The Dragon Festival

F. E. Stafford

In May, 1914, we set up a tent made of mats and bamboo poles in the town of Nantziang, about twelve miles from Shanghai, and held a profitable series of gospel meetings. The last week for the meetings was the time of the annual dragon festival, the fifth day of the fifth moon.

Hundreds of the country people came from miles around to Nantziang to see the dragon boats; and being in town, they naturally came to the big tent to see what was going on. So the attendance at the meetings was a record one right up to the last day.

This dragon boat festival is supposed to have originated some 2,500 years ago, when one of the court counselors, named Chu Yuan, incurred the displeasure of the emperor, and was commanded to go to the river and fish for the moon, which was a polite way of asking him to commit suicide. When he went to obey the emperor's command, he of course fell into the water and was drowned.

After a time, Chu Yuan's wise counsels were greatly missed. The empire rapidly declined in power, and eventually passed to a new dynasty. The former counselor was then remembered, and greatly honored for his fidelity to the emperor's commands; and the people all over the empire were ordered to prepare boats and search the rivers for his spirit on the anniversary of his death.

From that time till now, the boats have gone out every year. The people have forgotten what they are hunting for, and the day has become a mere holiday. The boats in use at the present time are made with a

DRAGONS SEEKING TO SWALLOW THE MOON — A CHINESE FESTIVAL

dragon's head at the prow, and the other end projects high in the air, like the dragon's tail sticking up out of the water. The boats themselves are painted in variegated colors, and decorated with many beautiful

CANAL STREET, NANTZIANG

flags and embroidered silk streamers. A band of Chinese musicians is seated inside each boat, which is paddled up and down the canals, whirling and twisting like a dragon.

In some of the larger cities, there are costly boats. It is claimed that the people in Wusih spend one thousand dollars to fit out one boat. In some places, they have many boats, and they race, and carry on imitation warfare. They go so fast that the men who are paddling seem to lose their senses, and work themselves up into a frenzy, so that the boats often collide, and sometimes sink, and many persons are drowned. For this reason, the dragon boat races have been prohibited of late years in such places as Shanghai and Hongkong.

During the time of the 1914 festival, a boat loaded with spectators was overturned at Nantziang, and two little children were drowned. The water was not very deep, and they might have been saved if any one had tried; but according to long established custom, no effort is made to save any who may fall into the water on this day. They are regarded as a sacrifice to the dragon, and to rescue them would be to incur his displeasure and bring worse misfortune upon the rescuers.

Mokanshan

F. E. Stafford

There are two ways of reaching Mokanshan from Shanghai. One way is to go in a house boat all the way to the foot of the mountains. This requires two days, but is a very convenient way to travel when much baggage is to be taken, as the house boat can

store away a great amount of luggage and provisions. The other way is to make the first part of the journey by rail. One taking this route, and leaving Shanghai at noon, comes by evening to Hangchow, the "City of Heaven," with its picturesque surroundings

A STRING OF HOUSE BOATS ON SOOCHOW CREEK, IN SHANGHAI
A Party of Missionaries Ready to Start for Mokanshan

and beautiful "West Lake." A common proverb says: "Above is heaven. Below are Soochow and Hangchow." Another says that to be happy, one should be born in Soochow, live in Hangchow, and die in Canton; for in the first are the handsomest people, in the second the costliest luxuries, and in the third the best coffins.

The district through which we pass is one of China's greatest silk-producing centers; and for miles and

miles, we journey through groves of flourishing mulberry trees, the leaves of which form the food that sustains the silkworm during its silk-producing period.

The vivid green foliage of these trees, intersected by hundreds of small square plots of rice, which is a brilliant yellow color when first sprouting, with an occasional field of red clover, or a small orchard with pink and white blossoms, gives a kaleidoscopic color effect that is very pleasant; while the native houses of mud with thatched roofs of rice straw, the ancient pagodas and temples, the innumerable grave mounds mossy with age, and everywhere present the half-clad natives, men, women, and children, all working in the fields, or the women on their knees washing and pounding their clothes on the smooth stones by the side of the canals, and the men plowing their rice fields with the aid of a crooked-stick plow and the water buffalo,— all combine to give to the scene a charm which makes it long remembered.

The country is densely populated, many walled cities being passed *en route*. At every station where we stop, great crowds come down to the fence surrounding the station, and gaze with curiosity on the "fire wagon," which is the literal translation for the Chinese name of a train.

Arriving at Hangchow, we are besieged by the owners of various boats; and selecting a small house boat, we transfer our baggage, and store most of it under the floor, thus giving ourselves more room to move about. When all is ready, we start on the next stage of our journey, traveling on one of the innumerable canals that form a network all over the plain country of China.

The boat is propelled by a scull, which also acts as a rudder in the hands of the experienced boatman. In the case of large house boats, they are usually hitched to a steam launch, or pulled along with a tow-rope by coolies walking on the bank.

On either bank are seen the familiar chain and paddle pumps, which are the main reliance of the farmers for irrigation of their rice fields. Some are driven by the patient buffalo, blindfolded, trudging round a never ending circle, while to others is given the necessary

A PRIMITIVE IRRIGATING PLANT

impulse by men, women, or children, climbing the spindles arranged about the driving-shaft.

Alternating with the pumps are huge stand dip-nets, so large that it is quite a task for one man to operate the bamboo pole which lifts them. It would seem that a few of them would clean up all the fish in the canals.

Occasionally we pass a small boat with its crew of black fishing cormorants. These birds are about the size of a large chicken, and they stand on the edge of the boat, looking very wise, with their attention fixed on the water. Every little while one will dive, and come up with a fish in its mouth. The fish is promptly deposited in the bottom of the boat, and the bird is then ready for another dive.

Some of the most interesting sights on the canals are the arched bridges under which we pass. These arches, common all over China, circular in form, and with no prominent keystone, are in many cases fine examples of the stonemason's skill. Some of them have stood now for hundreds of years, and seem to be good for many more.

Traveling all night in the house boat, early in the morning we reach Sanjapoo, the end of the canal; while directly before us is Mokanshan, towering two thousand feet above us, the houses at the top being plainly visible, but appearing as tiny white stars in the reflection of the morning sun.

Here begins the real climbing. Our baggage is all given over to the care of Chinese coolies, each coolie taking from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, which he fastens on both ends of a bamboo pole, and swings the pole over his shoulder.

Then, securing sedan chairs for ourselves, we begin the climb. The chairs are very light, being made of willow or bamboo, and rest on two bamboo poles. The poles have a crossbar at each end, and these rest upon the shoulders of the coolies, two coolies being

STONE BRIDGE OUTSIDE THE WEST GATE, KADING

enough for a person weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. Heavy persons often have three or four coolies.

The sensation of this ride is both exhilarating and delightful. At every step, the bamboo poles spring, and we go literally bouncing up the hill. At times, the path is very steep and rugged, and the coolies must step carefully or we would go tumbling down on

the rocks. Eventually we are landed safe at our destination.

It is difficult to describe the delights of a bamboo grove, to one who has never experienced them. The trees are from two to six inches in diameter, growing straight up for thirty-five or forty feet before branching. They are in such close proximity that the branches form a heavy shade overhead, making an effectual protection from the sun, yet leaving many small openings through which the light streams, giving a sparkling effect underneath.

One of the great luxuries of the mountain is the cold water that flows from numerous springs. In one cañon, the water rushes out in such volume as to create a pretty fall. The outlook from the mountain is beautiful, commanding a view of the surrounding country for miles in every direction.

The whole top of the mountain is covered with houses, most of them owned by missionaries, representing various denominations, who spend their summers here. All together there are between two and three hundred houses.

Mokanshan! How good the word sounds! To all missionaries in Shanghai and vicinity, it means a haven of rest. It means pure, fresh air, and cool mountain breezes, in contrast to the disease-laden atmosphere and terrible heat and suffocating humidity of the plains during the months of July and August. To behold the beautiful mountain scenery and delightfully graceful bamboo trees, after having been shut up for a year to the repulsive sights and sounds and nauseating smells incident to a Chinese city, is a feast

for the eyes. This is a place where tense nerves relax, and tired bodies find rest and recuperation, an atmosphere that encourages quiet communion with God and nature.

Little Five's Image

C. P. Lillie

Recently I spent the Sabbath at a village in the northeastern part of Shantung, China. The season was dry, the crops were suffering severely, and the people were complaining bitterly. "We have been praying for rain daily," they said, "but it does not come, and our crops are drying up. Why does not Tien Has Ye [lord of heaven] send rain?"

The occasion brought to my mind a simple little story told by my language teacher. He says the tale is true, and the incident happened near his home.

About fifteen years ago, in a little country village in Shantung, lived a family by the name of Djang. In fact, almost every one that lived there was named Djang, so the place was called Djang Village.

This particular Mr. Djang and his family kept a little shop where paper houses, horses, cows, and servants were made, to be burned at funerals. To make these wonderful creations of paper and bamboo takes long, weary hours; but they "go up in smoke" in a very short time. The Chinese think that by being burned, these articles are wafted into the spirit world, there to minister to the comfort of the departed.

No village of any size in China would be complete without its shop where these paper things are made.

Sometimes the proprietor of the shop sells coffins also. I met a Chinese a few weeks ago, who was doctor, undertaker, and dealer in funeral trappings, all at the same time. Rather a suspicious combination of affairs, it seemed to me!

To return to the subject: Mr. Djang had five sons. I do not know how many daughters, because I did not ask especially, and in China, when you ask for the number of children in the family, girls are not included in the answer unless your inquiry is quite specific.

One of Mr. Djang's sons is the hero of this story. He was called Little Five, after the way boys are mentioned in this country — according to the order of their coming. I suppose his father and mother called him Little Dog, or something like that; for he was only a small boy, and had not received a real name yet.

One day, Little Five was out in search of some way to amuse himself, and came to the almost dried-up bed of a pond. He saw great possibilities in the moist clay that was there, and an idea occurred to him. He would make an image out of the clay, and call it the Lung Wang, or dragon king.

So he set to work to fashion the image. Being a clever boy, he did his work well. After the image had stood in the hot sun for some time and become quite hard, he pasted yellow paper on its forehead and cheeks, in imitation of the gilded faces of the idols in the temples. The Lung Wang was complete.

The Lung Wang, or dragon king of the Chinese, is the god of rain. In nearly every village in dry Shantung, there is a temple dedicated to this rain god. If

the season is dry, the people always appeal to Lung Wang to help them.

Sometimes, in case of extreme drought, they form a procession to escort the image through the villages. As the escorting party, heralded by the beating of drums and the clanging of cymbals, enters a village street, all the people uncover their heads. And as the image passes by each house, some of the inmates rush out with water and dash it upon the image, or more frequently on the men who bear it. Other ceremonies are connected with the occasion.

Little Five had observed such a demonstration some previous year. He knew that the crops were suffering. He himself had made a rain god, and would take in hand the matter of making special appeal for rain. He gathered his comrades together, and they escorted the little clay image through the village streets, as nearly as they could after the fashion of their elders. It was fun.

The village people paid little attention to the childish prank. They were probably too busy moaning about their parched fields. No one honored the image that Little Five had made, by throwing water upon it. I think Little Five took care that his comrades didn't throw water; for his image was made of clay, and not of wood, like the regular rain god of the village.

That night, it rained. It was a fine rain, and came just in time to save the crops. In the midst of general rejoicing, some one suggested that Little Five's image, which had been borne through the streets, was the cause of the rainfall. The idea, once broached, immediately found favor. One and all declared that Little

Five's image was possessed of special favor. It was reverently placed in a shed prepared for it, and a thanksgiving service was held in its presence. It was worshiped.

Following this occasion, the people began to make up a subscription fund; and after the crops were harvested, it was expended in a theatrical performance expressive of their gratitude to the dragon king. In the meantime, how about Little Five's image? — Why, he had long ago come and demanded it, and had taken it home with him to play with. No one hindered him, for it was his. They had already honored the little idol, and what more did it matter? Did they not already have a rain god in the village shrine? and was not one rain god enough? If the fields needed rain again, they could go to him, as they had done so many times before.

Here the story closes, unless this narrative, as I trust it will, may excite pity and love in some heart for these poor people who are living in such dense darkness, and whose grasp on divine things is so frail.

The Homes of China

BYRON A. MEEKER

Above many of the doorways in China may be seen four Chinese characters, which, translated, read, "Five blessings descend upon this house." The five blessings which the Chinese people want are long life, riches, soundness of body and serenity of mind, love of virtue, and an end crowning the life.

As a matter of fact, nearly every one of these blessings is sadly lacking in most households. The Chinese people do not know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the source of every blessing. Only the Saviour can supply their needs. Honest hearts are waiting to hear the story of Jesus' love.

FIVE CHINESE BLESSINGS

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